

HITHER AND YON



MARGARET J. M. SWEAT

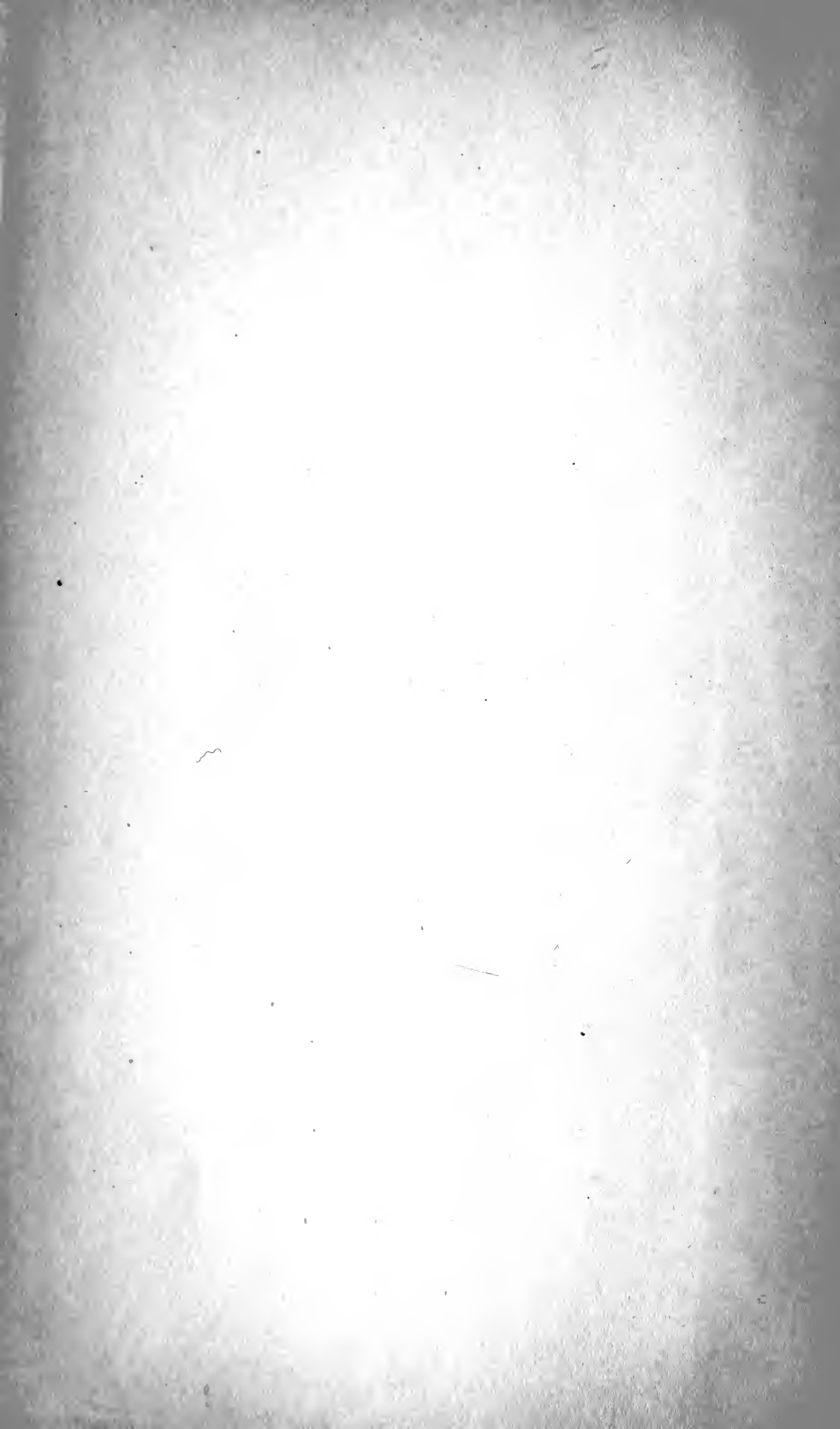


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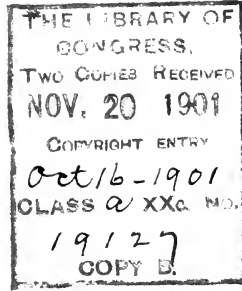
By Margaret J. M. Sweat



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HITHER AND YON

MEDITERRANEAN PICTURES

I SHALL have to give only a rough and sketchy account of this voyage for many reasons. In the first place, much of it had to be hastily written without books, and in the next a so-called round trip is something like a tramp, the pauses being many but brief, and therefore superficial in the impressions they produce. But superficial impressions are often very vivid, and are etched very sharply into the memory, so I may hope to give you a few interesting pictures from the many that I collected.

I have told you in previous travel-papers of the solemn dignity of Egypt, of the barbaric splendors of India, of the wonderful picturesqueness of Japan, of the tropical luxuriance of Mexico and the decaying glories of Spain.¹

I now bring you what I was able to gather from a rapid survey of the countries bordering

¹ The papers referred to were read at the Washington Club, Washington, D. C.

on the Mediterranean, which involved dashes into Europe, Asia, and Africa, and many scenes as full of historic interest as of picturesque beauty.

A round trip differs from an ordinary crossing of the Atlantic in that its beginning is like its ending and you hold by your ship all the while. This begets a sense of residence, as it were, a homeishness in your cabin as you develop its conveniences and learn to be indulgent of its limitations. You lay aside your sense of responsibility, because your life is rounded out for you by the powers that have taken you in charge. The ship is your temporary home, and the passengers gradually become actual and separate individuals, instead of remaining the mere lantern-slides of the brief passage to Europe.

You become attached to the good ship which bears you over so many waves, which welcomes your return after each excursion, and which gives you "The Star Spangled Banner" in defiant notes if your patriotism weakens under the spell of foreign dominations.

Never was the resemblance to a floating hotel more visible than on the *Auguste Victoria* upon this voyage, with three hundred and seventy-five passengers gathered from everywhere and destined to equally thorough dispersion.

The promenade deck was as crowded as Broadway when the five days of rough weather

and the misery of seasickness were over. To one of her passengers who does not suffer this especial pang, these five days were a season of welcome rest and of silent communion with the mighty deep, most welcome and most prized.

The rough and turbulent sea has infinite charm under such circumstances, and its apparent monotony is full of variations for a close observer.

Sea pictures have been too often described for me to trespass on your patience with my remembrances, but there was one especial mid-ocean sunset I would gladly paint.

The western sky was softly flushed with delicate tints only, but beneath and near the horizon and meeting the darkening shadows of the ocean-line there sprang the grand archway of a perfect bridge spanning a broad river of molten gold, which seemed to bring the treasures of some heavenly Pactolus to enrich and adorn the sombre waves of the solemn Atlantic.

Our two days at Madeira (February 2 and 3) gave us opportunity for the usual experiences of the rapid traveler. We drove in the quaint bullock carts and rather admired the odd little trot of animals that with us would not be expected to deviate from the sedate walk of those accustomed to draw heavy burdens.

We ascended to Mount Church by the so-called Funicular Railway, and could judge of the

amazing fertility of the island by the lush vegetation of bananas and sugar-canes, of fig-trees and orange-trees, of pomegranates and the queer fruits of the tropics, which as a general thing are very mawkish to a northern palate. Custard apples or alligator pears do not compare with New Jersey peaches or California cherries.

But the island, even on a brief survey, presents an enchanting picture and fills the eye with its various floral beauties, satisfies the artistic sense by the heaven-kissing hills, the sunny valleys, the cosmopolitan population, and the mixture of the very old with the very new.

As the first day of our visit was the Feast of the Purification, we found at the church on the hill many devout worshipers, most of whom had climbed on foot up the weary way of which we heretics complained when we were forced to walk for a very small proportion of the distance.

When the time came to descend the mountain, we found at our disposal a large number of wicker chairs on wooden runners, in which the descent of the mountain is made. They are guided by men who stand on the runners when the speed is too great for them to keep up on foot. Passengers give the order "slow" or "fast." Having chosen the latter, we started over the stony way worn smooth and slippery by long, long usage, and with constantly increasing speed flew along as if on a toboggan. Occasion-

ally we came to a sudden curve in the narrow pathway, and but for the skill of our guides would have bounced out of our primitive equipage.

We reached the bottom far in advance of the crowd, though we had started well in the rear, and it is certain that my order to go fast was very literally obeyed.

Hammocks are also much used in Madeira, and when adorned with pretty hangings and borne by well-trained bearers they have quite an aristocratic effect.

But the bullock sledges are really unique, and with the aid of an occasional grease-bag thrown in front of the runners a very steep ascent can be climbed by the docile animals.

Madeira has had its charms often sung in glowing words. It is called one of the Isles of the Blest, and has other flattering titles. "Neither the frost of winter nips its buds, nor the heat of summer fades its hues; perennial verdure greets the eye."

The English poet Myers says of it, —

"Atlantic island, phantom fair
Throned on the solitary sea."

At our hotel (the Carmo) we found a garden which seemed to have escaped all contamination from modern innovation. All the old-time flowers were there in a sweet tangle of growth, strange trees with gnarled trunks and mighty branches, lofty palms and the delicate foliage of

tamarisk and pepper-trees, while century-old vines clasped all within their reach in strong but perilous embrace.

Above all, the steps and the borders of the walls were adorned with fine old tiles, many of them of ancient Spanish excellence, and violently tempting the beholder to appropriate some of them.

It was indeed a contrast to go from this spot, so suggestive of dreamy acceptance of things as they have always been, to the French shops outside, where every modern gewgaw finds a place and the song of birds is exchanged for the clamor of commerce and the clink of coin.

On Sunday we reached Gibraltar, once so formidable in invulnerable strength, and still scowling like an old man's face when he gets angry but is too feeble to fight.

Something of the prestige of its old importance remains, for the rock is still lionlike in attitude, and fronts all comers to the Mediterranean with lordly dignity.

From Gibraltar we passed to beautiful Algiers on a sea of glassy smoothness. The storms which were then harrowing the Atlantic roused no adverse billows for us. The approach to the city, which crowns the crags and spreads at the foot of precipices, is grandly picturesque, and the sunshine lies upon its pale yellow walls like a veil of golden gauze.

We were soon on shore, and our large contingent of shipmates absorbed the crowd of carriages which seemed to spring up from the ground, as Cook's much maligned but powerful agents uttered the words which put them at our disposal.

Algiers begins to merit its name of La Nouvelle France, and as one approaches it from the sea, bears much resemblance to other Mediterranean ports which have climbed over the hills and terraced the steep mountain-sides.

But it is a wonderfully attractive specimen of its class, and "offers scenes of absorbing interest to the tourist."

The French Quarter is a transplanted bit of Paris. The Moorish portion retains in an unusual degree its original characteristics, and its narrow footways meander up hill and down dale in Oriental love of shadows and hatred of ventilation.

The patient Arab sits in the little cupboard of the shop where his great-grandfather bargained with equally patient customers for a handful of dates or a pair of yellow slippers.

The modern city has many fine hotels and the airs of a fashionable watering-place, but the charm of sea and sky remains undisturbed by the inventions of man.

A delightful drive of more than two hours gave near and distant views, as we went first through the lower town, where commerce holds its sway,

and then up over the hills and among the fertile fields and blossoming gardens.

The homes of the wealthy present a succession of Edens ; the clouds by turns rise lightly above the mountains or soften their outlines with a gauzy mist. Every tint may be found in the sweet landscape as in a delicate water-color ; the rainbow primitive colors cease to be too vivid and palpitating, and tone themselves to perfect harmony with each other, wooing the eye and telling their story to the imagination, till the present moment passes gently into the historic past and we people the scene with the strange figures of by-gone ages, rather than with the prosaic people of to-day.

The trolley system of locomotion seems an intrusive anomaly in such a scene of sylvan beauty and romantic associations, but it is nevertheless a material advantage for those who need every moment of allotted time, if they are to see beautiful localities distant from each other.

It gives miles for minutes ; it rests the limbs, weary with walking, and offers an ever-changing panorama not to be seen otherwise. So we put aside for a more convenient season our sentimental regrets over the more primitive and characteristic features of the past and embrace the opportunity for seeing as much as possible of this earthly paradise, by taking a car to the suburb of Sta. Eugenia. And it is precisely this sort

of excursion which affords opportunity for estimating the growth, the prosperity, and the solidity of a foreign colony like Algeria.

Algiers is a place where very marked contrasts touch each other, and we turn from the gay and spacious boulevard bordered on one side by beautiful villas set in wonderful gardens and on the other by a stone balustrade and the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and in five minutes we are in the midst of the Moorish Quarter.

Here narrow streets, not more than six or eight feet, often only four feet, wide, with paving-stones worn smooth by many feet, sloping down to a central gutter and climbing heights and descending depths in a most inconsequent fashion, bring you face to face with the tiny shops and the numerous manufactures carried on in a perpetual twilight which must be a severe strain to the weak-eyed Arabs.

The cathedral and the old mosque opposite are both fine. The mosque has been transformed into the Archbishop's palace, but retains many of its architectural beauties, its wonderful inlaid work, and its exquisite ceilings.

Nature has made Algiers very lovely, and man, modern man, is supplying by art and industry all those material luxuries which even nature lovers desire and appreciate.

The climate is delightful, the November temperature about 64°, that of May about 75°; the autumn the finest part of the year.

Only forty hours from Paris by the clock, it is centuries behind in habits, appearances, and customs, if the old town alone is allowed to testify.

Once rightly called the City of Pirates, it retains many of the features of old barbarism ; but side by side with the narrow lanes and mysterious abodes and labyrinths where crime may lurk unpunished, there has grown up a gay and sunny city of tennis-courts and golf grounds, of theatre and opera and modernity of all sorts. The hospitality to all vegetation which the fertile soil offers is seen to great advantage in the Jardin d'Essai, which presents the growths of every clime and makes a lovely picture at every turn of its many paths. There is a bewilderingly beautiful avenue of bamboos, where the very ultimate possibility of graceful foliage, and feathery lightness, and exquisite greenness, and tender pliancy are all and each claiming your admiration. Or you wander into the avenue of palms, to learn how full of personal dignity a tree can be, and how among those many tall and stately monarchs each one bears its own stamp of individuality as a race of kings has worn its crowns, all combining, as history combines the members of some famous dynasty, but each one having his own prestige, as a Charlemagne or a William the Conqueror.

It is easy to mix up centuries in such a local-

ity as this portion of Africa, which not long ago was the terror of Christendom and now hangs like a brilliant fringe on the still dark regions of that mighty continent. It hardly seems incongruous, even, that after meeting a European lady walking unattended and in the full emancipation of the latest Parisian toilette, one should on turning the next corner come upon an "Arab leaving his house and locking his door with a key a quarter of a yard long, which he puts carefully in his pocket, in order no one should visit his wives in his absence."

While lying in this magnificent harbor and looking often at the fine quays and arches and roadways by which the French are developing the boundless commercial advantages of this colony, our ship, the well-beloved *Auguste Victoria*, received a visit from a princess of Holstein, said to be aunt of the Kaiser, and therefore welcomed with all ceremony and respect. A collation was prepared for her, and leaning upon the arm of Captain Kaempff she made the tour of the ship. She was a fine-looking elderly lady with unusual dignity of bearing, and though seventy years of age was dressed in white à la Parisienne.

But a full account of the attractions of Algiers would fill a volume, and meantime the steamer whistle is sounding to collect its scattered flock.

Across the smiling sea we sail for Genoa,

where we are on familiar ground, and of which you need no description. After two days for coaling, we return upon our previous steps and anchor in the pretty harbor of Villefranche, where we find seven French men-of-war ready to punish us if we do not behave well.

Away go the passengers, — some to the Carnival at Nice, and ourselves with a fair contingent by rail to Monte Carlo. Here is the same exquisite beauty of nature and the same shamelessness of vice that has so long been triumphant on this sunny shore. It has all been worn threadbare by the poet, the novelist, and the moralist, — let it pass!

But who would venture to describe the beauty of Mount Etna as the sun arose and tinted with auroral flush her royal mantle of unsullied snow! And how different from the cheerful picturesqueness of the Corniche! The vast mass of the mountain rests with crushing weight on the surrounding country; a solemn gravity, a hushed stillness, a reverent emotion seem the fitting accompaniment.

We paid our tribute of willing homage as the sun-god kissed the mountain's snowy breast, but as we sailed on we saw that, as usual, the moment of rapture was brief and the glowing tints were fading into the prosaic light of common day.

That once greatest of Hellenic cities, Syra-

cuse, has a superb harbor, like many of these attractive Mediterranean ports. Vessels great and small, mighty steamers, richly freighted merchantmen, stately ships, and tiny water-craft alike find room and welcome.

Here also come to most travelers a thousand reminiscences of the episodes in history that were absorbed in childhood from now discarded school-books, reminiscences strongly accentuated by the terrible array of unaccustomed syllables which affronted our childish eyes and puzzled our childish brains. Here and now we meet in the flesh with Antiochus and Dionysius and their long-named friends, and they seem much more at home than we are.

We exorcise a few of these historic phantoms by giving them leave to declare themselves with historic clearness and with something of the environment in which they lived. So we look up authorities and find that the city was founded 734 B. C.; that a population of 500,000 in its palmy days has dwindled to 23,000; that the eloquent Demosthenes fought here; that the great historian Thucydides described its battles; that the Carthaginians conquered it, and so on, through ages of blood and misery. St. Paul spent three days here on his way to Rome, and his landing-place may be seen from the hills.

A single column and two or three pedestals are all that remain of the once splendid Forum,

the meeting-place for political and literary discussions. Two immense aqueducts supplied the city with water, and all the appurtenances of luxury were in full abundance. It is to the ruins of these great metropolitan constructions that the traveler turns to-day, and from which he strives to rebuild the splendid past.

The grand amphitheatre of Roman days still holds its moss-grown stonework in the form it wore in the days of Augustus ; some of the smaller stones still bear the names of the proprietors of the seats to whom they belonged.

The old drains which conveyed away the blood of victims may still be traced, and the heavens above still refuse to pass judgment on the scenes they witnessed, — when man was a bloodthirsty animal and the sterner passions held undisputed sway. But if the Roman amphitheatre is still eloquent of the combats of the arena, the ruins of the still more beautifully situated Greek amphitheatre recall the love of natural beauty inherent in the temperament of the ancient Greek.

Here are not only the remains of the admirably planned theatre, of which forty-six rows of seats still attest the enormous outpourings from the city which came to the games, but there is proof in the commanding nature of the situation that the gaze of the more refined portion of the audiences often wandered from the monotony of the

performance to the transcendent beauty of the distant view and the marvelous harmony of sea and sky which spread before the beholder in unstinted glory.

From the ruined masonry and interesting associations of these constructions, which tell of an amusement-loving people, we went to the famous Latomie, or stone quarries, from which the city has been built, and which in the vastness of their excavations, the picturesqueness which the nature of the veins of stone has imprinted upon the quarried portion of the hills, present a sort of cyclopean architecture with mighty archways, bold cornices, and projecting columns.

Everywhere are to be seen the climbing vines, the tender ferns, the smiling flowers with which nature loves to clothe her sunny places or to conceal her scars. The vast quarries cover an immense extent of ground and possess romantic and tragic traditions of their own. They have been utilized both as burial-places and as prisons, and large numbers of captives, securely confined within the gates, were forced to labor for their hard masters.

A constant moisture drops from above in many places, and here the growth of delicate foliage is really wonderful, and drapes the deep excavations with mantles which wave in the summer breeze and soften the outline of the most rugged rocks. One of the quarries bears the

name of *Latomia del Paradiso*, while the so-called *Ear of Dionysius*, claimed to be a whispering gallery of the Tyrant, enters into the mountain for more than two hundred feet. It is shaped like the letter S, and has extraordinary acoustic properties.

It is closed by an iron door of moderate size, but when this door is allowed to swing into its place the clang and the reverberation are really wonderfully deep, sonorous, and reëchoing.

An antique-looking beggar musician gathers a few coins by teasing the inner echo with the strains of his violin, and the weird sounds add to the uncanny gloom and suggestive possibilities of a place admirably adapted for the private crimes of a tyrant.

But the principal effect of this old scene of hard labor and vanished generations is of now peaceful repose, of nature coming to the rescue of its ill-treated charms, of fitness for meditation by those who visit it over a never returning past of agitation, of bloodshed and pitiless cruelty.

There are later ruins to attract attention, and the busy day seems all too short for what we wish to see. There are extensive catacombs of great interest, many remains of later construction also. One of those, the ruined church of *San Giovanni*, has the stone tracery of a remarkably beautiful rose window ; fragments of stonework appear here and there to excite question-

ing interest ; and but for the filth, the unhealthiness, and the uneatable food of Syracuse, a prolonged stay would be productive of enjoyment, and certainly of improvement. But malaria and evil smells drive off the most enthusiastic, and we prefer at any rate not to pass a night on shore.

MALTA

MALTA really comprises three islands, and covers much more territory than my own previous impression of it had permitted. Malta, Gozzo, and Comino, all apparently regarded as Malta, extend for twenty miles in length and about ten in breadth. The highest point is 590 feet above the sea, and of the 177,000 inhabitants about 10,000 are English. Incessant industry has made the originally unfertile and scanty soil to bear two crops a year. Oranges and lemons grow side by side with cotton and corn.

But perhaps the most interesting of the ancient titles to our regard is that it is believed to have been the mysterious residence of Calypso, and that here the sage Ulysses ceased to be sage and forgot poor, patient Penelope. However that may be, a long procession of warriors has tramped over the soil, and the bones of Carthaginians and Romans, of Arabs, of Goths and Normans, have helped to form the soil now under peaceful culture.

St. Paul's shipwreck also tells of old-time dangers, the date of his accident being given as

A. D. 61. Interesting as the ancient history of these Mediterranean localities is, the story of more modern days is still more stirring; and the most important event in the history of Malta was the presentation of the island by Charles V. in 1530 to the Knights of St. John, who had been expelled from Rhodes, and their magnificent Order was homeless. The deed of gift is now to be seen in the Museum among many other valuable relics of the past.

These knights became the Knights of Malta, and as such served as an invulnerable bulwark of Christianity against the eager Moslem invaders. They sustained a memorable siege in 1565. The Commander La Valette founded the city which bears his name, and strengthened the fortifications by every method then known to military art. Bonaparte captured it by a stratagem in 1798, but after a two years' siege it was taken by the English; and, as usual, the English keep what they take.

However memorable its history and however changeable its experiences, the charm of its surroundings and the majesty of its position never change. It rises from the sea in a series of embattled walls, and frowns at hostile demonstration, while at the same time it smiles in sunny light and seems to welcome newcomers with unhesitating promptness. The city is very clean, even for our modern ideas; its monuments are

protected, and evidently valued. The cathedral is gorgeous with mediæval splendors, and one steps with reverence over its marble pavement, beneath which have lain so many noble dead. The church of St. John is still more interesting, as connected with the Grand Masters of the Order; L'Isle Adam, the first Grand Master, La Valette, brave and skillful commander, and other of her best defenders are buried in the crypt, with stately monuments relating their virtues. The church itself is very sumptuous, and has some valuable paintings. The names of the chapels serve as heads to many chapters of truth stranger than fiction, and every step we take may be illuminated by the record of glorious deeds.

The drive from the port to Valetta was full of interest, and was long enough and various enough to make us feel that we had gone over much territory. There was little in the way of costume, — the wave of monotony is sweeping over the earth, — the only noticeable thing of the sort being a kind of deep cape-bonnet of old shape, from which depended a short cloak of the same material; this seemed to be very generally worn by the women.

The gardens of the Governor's palace were dreamily lovely, and a striking contrast occurs between the sternly fortified walls, the frowning parapets and muniments of war, and the reckless luxuriance of tropical flowers and fruit.

It is a pity that in most of these foreign paradises one can never get anything to eat, and yet that, beautiful as the sky and sea and hill and plain all are, they cannot assuage hunger or supply the needs of the thirsty wayfarer. The Westminster Hotel had a good sound, but it was of brass and not even a tinkling cymbal. So, hushing the pangs of an outraged nature, we turned to mental delights with heroic patience. It was the day of All Souls, and bodies were at a discount, — much preaching was going on. We went to the church of St. Paul, which stands over a grotto in which he is said to have dwelt for three months. His statue stands near the entrance to attest the fact.

The Armory deserves a long visit, for every object in it has some especially intimate and personal tradition. The helmets crowned the heads of famous warriors, and every blow that cleft their shining metal was inflicted by an antagonist whose sword ran red with pagan blood, or whose lance had borne the prize from many a tournament. The cannon, once so formidable, now win admiration as works of art; the heraldic devices, once familiar as family names, now challenge the student of forgotten records; the shields borne before the bravest breasts bear the marks of battle axe and bullet, of mace and sling. It fills the mind with almost living pictures to see so many of the actualities of war

when war was the scene of personal conflict instead of a game of skill ; and one feels a thrill in thinking of those who wore this armor, who rode into the thickest of the fight, and gave blow for blow until their life-blood ebbed away.

In the famous mortuary chapel of the Knights Templar, which in this irreverent age goes by the name of the Chapel of Bones, we found a remarkable instance of the way in which the true artist can subdue to his purpose the most unpromising materials. The Capucini at Rome is ghastly, catacombs are hideously suggestive, sepulchral monuments are gloomy ; but the Templars' skulls and arms and legs and all their tiniest bones have in this chapel lent themselves to graceful outlines and simply form a highly effective architectural finish to arch and wainscot, column and altar.

The original owners of those many bones could ask no better resting place.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

WHOEVER would see the North Cape and the Midnight Sun in perfection, must visit Norway in the month of July, and linger along the west coast on the way ; for then the shores and the seas and the skies are at their best, and their best is marvelously lovely. A good deal of geography is to be learned on the trip, and many questions get asked and answered concerning certain marked peculiarities in the earth's northern arrangements. One of these peculiarities is the great difference which exists between the climate of the west and that of the east coasts in the whole northern hemisphere. It is stated that "in the same latitude in which lies the almost uninhabitable region of East Siberia, and in which Franklin perished in the Arctic regions of America, the waters of the western fiords (in Norway) never freeze except in their upper extremities." This means, of course, that there are many minor differences which are worthy attention. We found, for instance, fruit trees in high latitudes ; the fertile beauty of the fields and flowers is wonderful, and currants and strawberries are to be found even at the North Cape.

Another feature of the Norwegian coast is the almost fantastic indentation of the shore line and the number of islands scattered about in its vicinity, as if they were fragments broken from the mainland and thrown aside by a careless hand. The deep and narrow indentations form the fiords and afford the richest variety of scenery. All the world knows of the splendor of these fiords, but all the world does not know how the stately steamer *Auguste Victoria* adapted her huge Highness to their narrow dimensions and tortuous windings. It was a most interesting occupation to watch the management of so immense a ship in places apparently inaccessible to any but the smallest craft. What the Vikings would have said to the *Auguste Victoria* we can only guess, but it is certain they would have greatly admired her skill in avoiding dangers.

One often wishes for new phrases in which to clothe the impressions of new scenes, which differ so much from those heretofore familiar, — but language is limited, and the same old adjectives are again pressed into service. The hope is faint that, by some especial rearrangement, they may present some fresh picture of the predominant characteristics of an interesting locality. For instance, — the scenery of this now present Norway is as little like that of Egypt as

the theology of Thor's hammer is like the worship of Isis; one would like to emphasize this difference and show how interwoven in both cases is the faith with the external nature of each country, — to make clear what may be called the *inevitability* of its characteristics in creating the harmony between its religion and its surroundings, while ever deepening and widening the differences between the two countries themselves. Here, in this picturesque northern land, the wild myths and sounding sagas, the tales of shipwreck, of war, of muscular achievement and godlike physical strength, are a natural sequence from the fatherland from which they sprang. As we pass by the shores where Harold the Fairhaired fought; where "Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's bright daughter;" where fire and sword were the inevitable accompaniments of national life, — the narrative of these troublous and exciting times seems fitly framed in the grand and sombre scenery in which petty strife and ignoble deeds should find no chronicler. Odin still keeps open hall for heroes, Thor has not yet dropped his thunder-hammer, and Nature, now as in those ancient days, though beautiful, is often as merciless as the crews of those old war-ships.

The men who sailed recklessly from these fiords; who climbed these hills, haunted for them with evil spirits; who gathered courage

from constant commune with these stern aspects of nature, could not be otherwise than rough and stern themselves. But they had also their seasons of softer passions than war, and were as pathetic in suffering, as faithful in devotion, as they were pitiless in battle. The blood in the veins of the most supercilious modern cannot fail to thrill at the grand old legends when they are heard among the scenes where they took place. Each frowning mountain that we pass has had its monsters for the young hero to conquer; each sunny valley had its maiden fair and pure; and every shore has witnessed the brave deeds or the braver deaths of mighty warriors. The very sunshine of to-day, the inspiring breath of the bracing winds, the booming of the northern waves, — all combine to shape the romance of this land.

A good example of the conflicting climatic peculiarities of Norway was furnished us when, after several days of keen, cold winds and a furdemanding temperature, we made a sudden turn from the open sea and anchored in the pretty harbor of Molde, a tiny town smiling in summer sunshine. It is at the head of the beneficent Gulf Stream, and would do credit to the shores of the Mediterranean. The town nestles beneath a range of green hills which shelter it from the north winds and in their verdant beauty offer brilliant contrast to a higher range of mountains

across the bay, where naked rocks and snow-capped summits remind us that we are really a great way from the tropics. We accepted the unspoken invitation of the smiling shore, landed, and took a long and lovely drive in an open carriage, with summer all around us.

It is told us that there are only forty fine days in the year in northern Norway, and although we were fortunate and got more than our share of them, we did have some of quite another sort. In fact we often jumped from January to July, only to leap back again to December cold and March wind. But it will help to understand the charm exercised by this wonderful land to know that an odd, but most convenient, sort of imperviousness seemed to set in for us when bad weather came. When it was no longer possible for us to expand in sunshine, we contracted rather cosily into our furs and water-proofs, winked off the raindrops, and found the landscapes still charming in their more sombre colors. We had many smaller experiences of this sort, but our crowning exploit was a drive of four hours under pelting showers in the Romsdal, one of the most celebrated of the Norwegian valleys. It was really all the more impressive for the impenetrable shadows in the deep ravines and the colossal masses of mist which swept over the hills like an army assailing a fortress. The glitter of the raindrops on the

nearer cliffs, the darkness of the pine-trees, the still blacker gloom of the strange mountain-peaks with the extraordinary protuberances, well called horns, which add weirdness to the effect; the white foam of dashing cascades leaping from the hills,—all combined to make a very grand picture upon one side of the road; while on the other stretched the green valley with the noisy, riotous river swelling over its rocky bed and flinging foam into the air, completing the scene as if by the hand of some great artist. How could we care for rain on our noses, or wind in our teeth, or mud on our garments, or shivers down our backs! The road was excellent, our horses full of spirit, our party friendly, and no harm came to us from what would have been a really dangerous exposure at home. Again and again, on this unique northern journey, we profited by our conviction that physical laws were interrupted for our benefit, and that we could take liberties with wind and weather without punishment.

Thronhjem (I give the spelling of Baedeker) deserves more space than I can give it. Of course its crowning glory is the grand thirteenth century cathedral, an architectural marvel in this spot so remote from the religious centres of that great century. The record of its history is rich in holy legends; its treasury has overflowed with reliquaries of silver and shrines of

gold ; its pilgrims have numbered many thousands, and its miracles vie with the best. The dear old saint Olaf lies beneath the chapter house, and we trust his sleep has been undisturbed by all the turmoil that has been made over his head. The architecture of the church is admirable, and the work of restoration bids fair to give back to the twentieth century just what brought out the genius and the faith of the thirteenth. The city lies on a peninsula at the mouth of the Nid, and the fiord called after it is very beautiful. I wish I could tell you in detail of the splendid cathedral, of the drives and walks we took on land, and the lovely scenery we passed upon the water ; of the grand waterfalls and fertile valleys and all the vivid pictures which arise in my memory, but the North Cape cannot be kept waiting any longer, and an impatience to arrive there comes over us when we are once fairly within the Arctic Circle. We sail by the Isle of Birds, where it is customary to give the poor inhabitants a scare by firing a cannon and adding a few screeches from the steam whistle. As the cliff is a thousand feet high and millions of birds dwell in its crannies and on its many ledges, the result may be imagined. A cloud of wings darkens the air, a cry of distress is heard, and the poor frightened creatures circle through the intervening spaces, unknowing where to flee. I sympathized with

their distress and pitied the sufferers, but could not help laughing to see the more experienced gulls, who had evidently learned the trick, sit undisturbed by the din and appear to regard their younger companions with cynical composure.

The weather was only moderately pleasant as we approached the Cape, beneath whose magnificent battlements we cast anchor at six o'clock on the sixth of July. A feeling of disappointment at first oppressed us at finding that we should see no Midnight Sun at this, the northern terminus of our journey; but maturer thought brought wiser conclusions, for me at least. I am sure that no grander sublimity or more impressive effect could have been reached in nature than by the picture of that mighty promontory rising bleak and bare, in naked majesty, — an impregnable barrier against the assaulting Arctic Ocean, swept by its dark waves, lashed by its fierce winds, and crowned by the impenetrable gloom of a sky wherein seemed stored the tempests of coming centuries. The unbroken harmony of the scene, its absolutely tragic dignity, its deep and mysterious significance, brought to mind a thousand tales of Arctic adventure; and it was easy to imagine the terrors and the agonies of those who should persist in passing beyond this threatening gateway to the pole. It would surely have cheapened the scene, as it were, had

a chipper and careless sunshine smiled into those cavernous depths, or gilded the fringes of those ragged rocks. It seemed the fittest spot of all the globe where man might ask for a solution of the solemn problems of human life and hear the whisper of "a still, small voice," uttering either the reply that he desires or the stern rebuke of his too presumptuous asking. We went on shore in spite of the rain that began to fall; many of the more adventurous climbed the steep and long ascent to the summit, a thousand or more feet above us. We were content with a less ambitious scramble over the rocks at the base, and the melancholy grandeur of the ocean view. I think I may say, however, that this was the only instance on this journey in which I flinched from following the stern path of duty, no matter how high it led. We found a surprising number and variety of wild flowers clothing every nook and cranny of the black rocks, and spreading their profusion of delicate blossoms in the most reckless manner under our feet. What dear things they were, — how they bade us welcome, and how the little forget-me-nots smiled when we gathered them, and the yellow ranunculus glowed with brightening gold, and the fragrant clover-blossom breathed with a heightened color as we added ever more and more to our already heaped-up armfuls! They bore to us the tender message of a *sometimes* loving na-

ture, which even amid this surrounding sterility and desolation can delight in beauty and through storm and cold find shelter for the tiny germs the winds may waft into its care. We thought over these things until our friends got back, soon after one in the morning, much fatigued and somewhat bedraggled, but sustained at a great moral height by that inward sense of having "done the thing thoroughly," which counts among the tonics accessible to the much-suffering traveler for pleasure. The air grew bitterly cold, and the morning hours brought a pelting rain and piercing winds. We bade adieu to the sombre stateliness of the North Cape and thanked him for keeping his visor down and his black armor on. Smiles would not become his grim visage; gala robes of rainbow draperies would seem trivial and inappropriate; he should always remain like his kinsmen, the mighty Norsemen, who delighted only in battle and storm, and asked no holiday.

At Hammerfest, our next stopping place, we were quite willing to believe that we were in the most northern town in the world, and to leave it to its preëminent northernness, for it was bleak and dismal enough. We landed, of course, as in duty bound, and shivered around upon its one street; we penetrated into a quaint little church, remarkable chiefly for the painful cleanliness which at once suggested the cruelly chilblained

hands from which the women who scrub it must suffer. Our memory of Hammerfest no doubt does it injustice, but is so strongly impressed that it is impossible for us to imagine it without all the discomforts of a pouring rain and completely soaked surroundings, homesick for the rarely coming sun. The weather soon improved, however, and as we sailed among the wondrously beautiful scenes, bright gleams of sunshine cleft the clouds and illuminated crag and billow with absolutely startling effect. Hour after hour passed unheeded ; our eyes could not weary when so feasted with beauty, and our imaginations kept fatigue away from our forgotten bodies. We did not leave the deck until one in the morning, and even then the spirit made strong protest against the flesh. We compromised by being on deck again before six, drawn from slumber by the floods of sunshine pouring in at our portholes. The recent rains had apparently washed the sun's face and renewed his effulgence, for his shining was as of burning flame, his light as of the upper glory.

We passed among the picturesque Lofoden Islands, which represent every form in and out of geometry, and entered the grand Lyngenfiord, which is rightly set down in Baedeker as "one of the finest parts of our northern journey." The west side is an unbroken chain of mountains, nearly 6000 feet in height, and as, in this

latitude, the snow line is only 3500, the summits are grandly robed, and produce as fine effects as many ranges of much greater height. Numerous waterfalls glisten on the lower cliffs, and immense glaciers descend into the sea. We are also in the neighborhood of the once famous Maelstrom, which, in our own childhood, was fabled to have swallowed the biggest ships, but which is now a "cataract formed by the pouring of the tide through a narrow strait." The same authority allows that it assumes a more formidable appearance when, on the occasion of a spring tide, the wind happens to be contrary and disturbs the regular flow of the water.

I may not stop to tell you of the pretty and prosperous town of Tromsøe and its fine harbor, for you must be on deck before midnight and attend only to this clearest of skies and most brilliant of descending suns. In order to watch his every movement, we asked, and obtained for our special use, one of the steam launches, and, like a little band of Argonauts, set forth for the Golden Fleece. We were soon beyond the island which interrupted the western view from the ship, and, steering to the open water, reached a point where, from our tiny craft, there stretched to the far-off horizon one unbroken pathway of golden light, irradiated and intensified by the now level rays of an apparently setting sun. But even then there was a difference between

this and the setting suns to which we were accustomed ; there was a self-restrained and leisurely dignity about the orb that implied that he had no intention of going to bed, or even of laying aside his coronation robe. No monarch ever held more regal state ; no monarch ever posed before a more appreciative audience. Across the water lay the golden sheen ; the western heavens glowed with unclouded light ; upon the sun himself we could not gaze without the friendly shelter of colored glass, but we felt his gracious benignity in every vein and responded to his promise not to leave us, with an eager thrill. Thus the slow moments passed, and silence fell upon us, for the one thing that filled the air and blessed the earth and glorified the sea, was the overwhelming sense of light and life as revealed in that resplendent sunshine which had suddenly become too glorious for mortal eyes, too perfect for mortal praise, too truly of the upper heavens to be claimed by earth. We held our breath in awe as this splendid creature paused on the horizon's verge ; the suspense grew into pain ; the too solid world seemed to dissolve and leave us alone, with nothing between us and that blazing orb but the shimmering golden road which led to him. As we gazed, however, a fainter glow, like that of morning dawn, slowly supplanted the absolutely terrible brilliancy of the declining day ; the sun, though still the same,

assumed a softer aspect as he began his ascent, "unhasting, unresting." It was as if, having shown us his strength, he would now display his tenderness, and with the sweetness of a new morning, bid us welcome once more, for our daily use and blessing, his dear familiar face, from which had passed away all that was strange, all that was terrible, all that makes the Midnight Sun unlike all other suns, and transforms it, for a time, into the glorious but appalling portent of an Everlasting Day.

A FORTNIGHT IN ST. PETERSBURG

THE Russian Empire gleams and glows and glitters before the imagination like the Aurora Borealis of the Arctic Zone. The rays of its warlike glory stream to the zenith with a fiery splendor, the pathos of its oppression and its tragedies quivers and trembles like the paler tints which die away upon the wintry sky. There is a similar mystery about its origin and growth, about its people and their heroes, about its climate and its landscape, its mythic past and its incalculable future. Among its many enigmas, its northern capital is by no means the least. Built in the brain of a monarch before its first foundations were laid, insisted upon by him in spite of the opposition of nature and the sullen unwillingness of man, conceived upon a plan that requires centuries for its development, and keeping in subjection all the elements that have assailed it, — St. Petersburg stands to-day as a majestic monument of a despot's will and of a despot's power.

I spare you, of course, all the familiar details of how the city rose from the deep marshes and frozen mud of the Neva, of the human lives sac-

rificed and the brute life tortured, as the dreary days and years passed away after the great work was begun, in 1703. Peter the Great, being a strange mixture of both man and brute, gifted with a herculean body to match his bull-dog tenacity of spirit, naturally swept away obstacles and mastered resistance. The result is to be admired in his magnificent and prosperous capital city. Rightly does his splendid equestrian statue dominate the great square of the Admiralty, and form a fitting companion to the far-famed church of St. Isaac. A few words about this impressive statue: The superb horse is rearing at the edge of a precipice, checked by the strong hand of his imperial rider, who looks earnestly forward, as if beholding the great career which was opening before him, and points with his right hand to the bank of the Neva. The colossal size of the figures, Peter being eleven feet in height and his charger seventeen feet, is in harmony with the picturesque grandeur of the great pedestal. This pedestal is an immense boulder, brought with infinite labor from the Finnish village of Sakhta, four miles away. It weighs more than a thousand tons, and might have been even more imposing had it been left in its rough, original shape. The whole effect is extremely picturesque, and touches the imagination of the spectator to an extraordinary degree. It bears only this simple but dignified

inscription : "Catharine the Second to Peter the First, MDCCLXXXII (1782)."

The present city occupies not only the peninsula formed by the tortuous river Neva, but six islands, which are connected by handsome bridges and give great variety and beauty to the drives among them. The only drawback is that they are upon a dead level. The vast plain, of which this is a beginning, stretches almost without a break to the Crimea, more than a thousand miles away. Could this immense battlefield relate the story of the tribes that have in turn swept across its bosom, and torn it with ravage, and wasted it with fire, and depopulated it with slaughter, history would present many more pages stained with blood and recite horrors that centuries after their occurrence can still wring the heart.

Such an unpromising spot having been decided upon, it is most interesting to see what a couple of centuries have made of it. Its first effect comes from the colossal plan upon which it was laid out, — the breadth of its streets, the vastness of its squares, the pretentiousness of its buildings. From the Admiralty Square, which borders on the river and which forms a sort of rough half circle, three fine streets radiate like spokes in a wheel. The finest of these is the Nevskoi Prospekt, which stretches in a straight line for two miles, and then, bending to

the right, runs on for another mile to the great monastery of St. Alexander Nevskoi.

Russia, like all other once foreign countries, has assimilated so much of modern cosmopolitanism, that little remains for the traveler of the picturesque variety once prevailing in costumes and customs. All the big cities now resemble each other, and the ready-made garments of English and French shops may be met with in India or Japan, in South America or Russia. I have in my possession a copy of "Murray's Handbook for Russia" of the year 1857, and it tells of things and ways almost forgotten by the Russians themselves, and forms a queer contrast to the descriptions in the guide-books of to-day.

Fortunately there are some things which successfully resist this tide of innovation and preserve the distinct features of a past age. In all countries edifices consecrated to religious uses rank high among the possessions prized not only by those who erected them, but more and more, as the years roll on, do they become precious to succeeding generations. Whether the shrine be within the grand nave of a Gothic cathedral, or in the vast temples of Egypt, or the minareted mosques of Mohammedanism, it is sacred and precious to its own devotees and defended with their hearts' blood from the sacrilegious hands of the unbeliever. Therefore the people of the nineteenth century are still blest with the pre-

sence of many monuments of faiths once living, and even now able to elevate the thought and chasten the imagination of the children of to-day. The atmosphere of the Russian churches adds to this sense of reverence a feeling of solemnity amounting to gloom. Upon their intrinsic historical and architectural importance there is superimposed a mysterious obscurity, a twilight of the soul which comes under the spell; an overwhelming impression as of some unseen power, a crushing weight of possible anguish and terror as if this indwelling God were the God of the dead rather than of the living. The ornamentation of the interior is of the richest, both in material and in color, and it is in the soft gloom of these over-decorated and much-encumbered churches that the Russian taste and temperament are most prominently displayed. The imagination is touched with an utterly different impression from that produced by even the grandest cathedrals which represent the more advanced Christianity of Europe. It is as if the ancient barbarism and superstition hung like a black cloud over the altar; the Tartar, the Cossack, and the Slav remain only half hidden under the mantle of the Europeanized Russian of the nineteenth century. Ancient Byzantine art still holds captive the images of the Virgin and the saints, every ikon is presented under the same pattern, each sad-eyed Madonna groans

under the weight of her jeweled robes, and the emaciated saints gaze gloomily upon the prostrate worshipers. The treasure that was wrung in the old days from the labor of thirty-six million serfs was lavished upon the churches to bribe heaven to show mercy to the crushed and the heart-broken. The ikons thus worshiped are so unlike any other Christian presentation that they produce a curious effect upon the mind as of some abnormal creation. The faces and hands are often most delicately painted, but are so weighed down by the metal drapery about them that they only add to the strange unearthliness of these spirits in prison.

The cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan is favored in the possession of an image of the Virgin that was found unharmed in the old Tartar city of Kazan after a fearful conflagration had reduced everything else in the town to ashes. The church suggests battle and bloodshed rather than heavenly contemplation, for it is an arsenal of captured spoils from conquered hosts. Torn banners stained with blood hang from the granite pillars, — the crimson flags of the Persians, the pennants borne by flying Cossacks, the silver eagles of poor Poland, and even a tattered banner of white silk captured from the French invaders, — all fading in peaceful decay, but all preaching from the same sad text, "All is vanity." The screen between the nave and altar is

made of the silver that was plundered from the churches in Moscow by the French and recaptured by the Russians. Indeed the whole church may be regarded as a memorial of the French invasion and of thankfulness to the God of Battles, whose elemental warfare did more to drive the foemen from their land than all its brave defenders could have done unaided. Although everything about it is modern except the sacred images, it has no such effect — it looks as if it might have been there ever since the marshes themselves were formed, and have been busy ever since in mellowing and blending its colors and accumulating shadows for its dim religious light. And whether or not strict architectural rules are followed, or the interior of other churches imitated, or the glory of this world rather than prophecy of a better be its theme, it is certain that few could stand in the sombre stillness of that strange edifice without yielding homage to the presence of the ideas which it suggests.

The church of St. Isaac, however, ranks as the finest church in Northern Russia, if not in Northern Europe. Its foundations required an expenditure of three million dollars to make it safe to place its weight upon the marshy ground. It is built of Finland granite, and as usual, is in the form of the Greek cross. The bases and capitals of the columns are of bronze. The

great dome is supported by thirty pillars and surmounted on the exterior by a golden cross, visible in the sunlight at a great distance from the city. Inside, all is gorgeous gloom and religious silence, save when the impressive services echo under its arches. The shrine is enclosed in a miniature temple, a wonder of precious marbles and still more precious gems. The eastern arm of the Greek cross is always the Holy of Holies, and is screened off from the rest of the building by the Eikonast, or high lattice, which is sumptuous in material and in decoration. This holy enclosure is set apart for the priests, and no woman, not even the Empress, is allowed to set foot therein. But if one rebels at this apparent barbarism, it is well to remember how short a time it is since the limitations of the galilee were in force in English cathedrals.

The wealth and variety of mosaics and bronze work, of malachite and lapis lazuli, of gold and silver and jewels, is incalculable, and the lamps which burn perpetually before the shrines gleam like stars in a cloudy night, — only when the eyes have become accustomed to the twilight can the wonderful details be even guessed at. Each church is an embodiment of religious Russia, and an offering from this reverent though superstitious nation to the deity, who manifests himself to them as stern and solemn and jealously exacting of their homage. He is like the cruel out-

ward nature with whose cold and barren antagonism they must always struggle in this arctic latitude. Some of the pillars are of solid malachite, but with a strange inconsistency towards an all-seeing God, some of them are of iron covered with a mere casing of the costly malachite. The shrine, however, has no counterfeit splendors — it cost an enormous sum, and each material employed is of the finest that the mines can supply or the lapidary furnish.

One other of the many churches I must not pass over, — that dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and standing in the citadel of the famous fortress bearing the same name. I had supposed this fortress where Peter kept his son Alexis prisoner, and which was, no doubt, a very gloomy place to him, to be of forbidding aspect, frowning with sombre stonework and threatening with mighty cannon. On the contrary, it looked smiling and comfortable as we approached on a sunny morning, and we entered its precincts with no show of warlike opposition to delay us. The fort was built by Peter the Great, and though probably of little use against modern attack, it serves to give an air of dignity and a hint of protection to the church, which is really a mausoleum, and contains the remains of Peter the Great and nearly all the sovereigns who have succeeded him. His tomb, like the others, is of white marble; opposite it is an image of himself, re-

presenting him as canonized. Also an inscription stating that his stature at his birth was nineteen inches and his breadth was five and one half inches. No wonder he grew into his gigantic proportions. His wife, Catharine I., lies beside him. Upon the tombs of the actual sovereigns is blazoned the imperial Eagle, — the double-headed eagle brought by Sophia, bride of Ivan the Great, from Constantinople. It has ever since been the Russian emblem. There is nothing of the gloom of the sepulchre about this church, and strangely enough it has a cheerful effect in comparison to the other churches, — everything is clearly to be seen and the inscriptions could be read with ease if one knew the language. The image of Alexander wears his wedding ring, that of the Grand Duke Constantine has the keys of some of the Polish fortresses. The last resting place of that most wonderful woman, Catharine II., may well suggest many contradictory thoughts to those of her own sex, who stand beside her tomb. Here, too, are to be found the tangible relics of the great wars and of the bloody pathway over which Russia marched to power. Silent and limp hang the once wild-waving Swedish flags won at Pultowa, — the Prussian eagles torn from the great Frederick, the streaming horsetails borne by countless warriors, the French eagles, and above all the keys of Paris have been treasured here. The

church was founded at the same time as the city (1703), the fortress a few years later. The only exterior beauty of the church is its tall and slender spire, which rises to a height of 424 feet with delicate clearness and decision, as if indicating the road to heaven to those who sleep below. The spire is surmounted by an angel bearing a cross, and all are covered with beaten gold. It took twenty-two pounds of pure gold, which is laid upon sheets of copper. As a fortification the armament is nothing; the fort is now used as a prison.

Next to these especial churches must be placed the ancient, honorable, and most aristocratic monastery of St. Alexander Nevskoi, at the extreme end of the Nevskoi Prospekt. It was begun by Peter and finished by Catharine. It obtains its title from the bones of the canonized Grand Duke Alexander, brought from the Volga by Peter. It occupies a spot where Peter once defeated the Swedes. The sacred bones did not enjoy transplanting, and found their way home several times. They were only restrained from wandering by Peter's order that the monks should be held responsible if their charge was found rambling at night. The church is sumptuous in the extreme; the tomb of St. Alexander is of solid silver, — of a pyramidal form, and surmounted by angels, said to be "as large as life"! Beside this tomb hang the keys of Adrianople.

There are some fine paintings by Rubens and Perugino. In the chapel are the tombs of illustrious families, the one belonging to the Naryschkyns bears the proud inscription, "From their race came Peter the Great." In the cemetery behind the church, the noblest Russians are interred, and form a most interesting historical group. The vestments worn by the ecclesiastics are the most splendid imaginable, and the pomp of the services is unsurpassed.

But it is of the music at this church that one becomes most enamored. If eminence in sanctity accompanies superiority and celestial quality of voice, this choir must indeed be blest. From that marching procession of dark-browed, long-haired men, with gleaming eyes and solemn step, there come the thrilling tones and soaring cadences which seem to seek again the heaven from which they have just been brought to earth. Such voices are only heard in Russian churches, and seem to belong only in those especial surroundings which characterize Russian religious ceremonies. Those who have visited the Russian Church in Paris have had the opportunity of listening to some of those wondrous intonations, but in the vesper service at St. Alexander Nevskoi, the very gates of heaven are opened, and waves of glorious and triumphant melody, of solemn aspiration, of penitential entreaty and overwhelming pathos, fill the air and sweep

above the heads of prostrate worshipers with power not to be described.

But we could not spend all our time even in these wonderful churches, or maintain our modern human nature at the height inhabited by the pallid madonnas and the ascetic saints, or even breathe incessantly the perfumed air of incense and of heavenly song. We returned to earth to renew our vitality, and spent much time among the actualities of this busy nineteenth century. There were the old markets to explore for antique bric-a-brac, and rich bits of tapestry, and old laces, and quaint ikons, and all the hoardings not yet impoverished by the grasping fingers of travelers. The fondness of these shopkeepers (mostly women) for their cats, and the magnificent specimens of feline suppleness and furry perfection and blissful contentedness we here beheld, form an ever-to-be-remembered feature of this wonderful accumulation of cast-off or plundered treasures. Also we found that though they may have been long in acquiring their skill, the Russian shopwomen had become experts in procuring their own prices, and though soft and supple as their own cats, their claws closed as firmly and gently upon their choicest goods. I soon understood why they were in such tender and admiring sympathy with those sleek and handsome animals, so peaceful on the surface, so strong of teeth and claws, so sleepy

in appearance, so alert at a moment's warning. The modern shops of St. Petersburg are, of course, filled with the most beautiful and costly articles, but not unlike those of Paris and London. One delightful expedition which we made was to attend the grand military review by the emperor at Krasnoseloc, about twenty miles from St. Petersburg. An early morning start, a fine day, and the company of dear American friends, filled out the measure of our contentment. Our equipage consisted of two open landaus, each drawn by four stout horses abreast, with brass-adorned and jingling harness, and on the high box a gorgeous barbarian, robed in a long blue caftan, girt about his ample waist with a broad crimson sash. Upon his head, and above a forest of coarse black locks, was placed a circular cap, surrounded with a wreath of standing peacock feathers. A face beatific with gratified vanity beamed upon us from time to time in default of other language. Various hampers and baskets provided against an open-air appetite and the long drive, — for even among the most interesting experiences, time will ultimately awaken the sensation of hunger.

The long drive, though somewhat monotonous, presented occasional picturesque scenes, and even the monotony was of a foreign and novel sort. We passed through several large villages, all of which seemed to have been touched by the mili-

tary spirit. Indeed, the assembling of so many thousand soldiers could not fail to affect the neighborhood of the camp very sensibly. The arrangement of the different divisions of the army was indicated by small flags, and the inns and farmhouses were evidently utilized as lodgings. Our stout horses took us over the excellent road at a steady pace; occasionally an unusually big cloud of dust and the sound of galloping hoofs heralded the approach of some important official, escorted by his staff, or some dignitary at ease in his carriage, at whom the moujiks by the wayside stared open-mouthed. Some of the equipages were well worth staring at, while the horses of the mounted officers were superb creatures and richly caparisoned. At last we reached the outposts, and, showing our permits, were allowed to enter the lines and drive to the foot of the small acclivity on which the spectators were grouped. We had an excellent position, and were allowed to mount our chairs whenever we liked. A pavilion just above us contained the imperial party, and many officers blazing in scarlet and gold and snowy white and brilliant blue came and went in shining array. The uniforms were as various as they were splendid, and one could hardly decide which bore the palm, the scarlet and gold, the blue and silver, or the dark greens with embroidered trimmings and drooping plumes. The emperor and his staff

were greeted with deafening huzzas, and the empress, with her ladies of honor, drove by in an open carriage just a little too far from us for a study of her face, but the emperor remained near us during the whole of the review. The pageant began with the firing of cannon and the sound of martial music. Each regiment appeared with the blare of instruments, and the fading sound of each retiring band was overpowered in turn by the swelling tones of the next on the advance. The young monarch of all this great empire sat quietly upon his horse, looking over the approaching hosts with a serious, almost melancholy gaze, occasionally lifting his white-gloved hand to his cap in acknowledgment of the salutes offered him. Seventy-five thousand men — some said a hundred thousand — passed by in magnificent equipment and unbroken order. All branches of the service were represented. Horse and foot, artillery and cavalry, lancers, engineers, Cossacks, hussars, cuirassiers, Uhlans, all were there; and the serried ranks passed on till it seemed as if a million of men had come to that great plain to acknowledge and defend the sovereignty of that slight young man on whom the destinies of Europe may some day depend.

Each mounted regiment rode horses of uniform color, one troop black, another bay, another gray, another sorrel, and so on. It was a stirring scene, and suggestive of future problems. What

is to be the fate of this interminable array of armed men, controlled and guided by a single will? What plans are germinating in the brain of that impassive young man who sits in silence, like a painted soldier upon a painted horse? Will these obedient thousands die in quarrels of his seeking, or form a barrier to his possible ambition? What is to be his own fate? Is the blade of his assassin already sharpened, or will he break the rule of Russian sovereigns and live to a serene old age among the blessings of a loving people? No other man represents quite as much in Europe, and no one yet knows what to expect from him. Meantime, the great pageant goes on, and one would suppose from the scene of to-day that the enforcement of military etiquette and the routine of courtly existence were of greater importance than the rise and fall of nations or the welfare and peace of the world.

Not being able to answer these questions, we absorbed the immediately exhilarating effects of the gorgeous display, and when the last regiment had bent its colors to the Czar and the most important dignitaries had driven away, we returned to our carriages, and seeking a quiet spot beneath some spreading trees, improvised a private fête of our own and restored exhausted nature for another hour, in a spot as restful as if no armed foot had trodden the echoing ground for centuries.

The drive home in the late afternoon was delightful. The faces of our two stolid coachmen were absolutely illuminated by the good cheer of which they had partaken and the promise that the abundant remains of the feast were to be theirs. What a fairy gift it was to them may be guessed from the fact that when the first portion of the luncheon was given to one of them he scraped all the butter from his bread to carry it home to his wife.

Another delightful excursion was made to the imperial palace and gardens of Peterhof. We went upon a neat little steamer and returned by railway. The palace is admirably situated, and from the windows there is an extensive view of the river Neva from the fortress at Cronstadt to the spires and domes of St. Petersburg. The ornamental waterworks are extensive and tasteful and the great fountain called Samson throws its sparkling spray eighty feet in the air. "Alterations and additions have been often made, but the original character is preserved, even to the yellow color, which is continually renewed." The interior is filled with the usual display of royal luxury — articles of choicest workmanship, priceless tapestries, wonderful structures of malachite and lapis lazuli and luxurious furniture. Peter surveyed from this spot his growing navy; the Empress Elizabeth amused herself by cooking her own dinner; the cottage of Catharine

remains unimpaired, and in the small building called the Hermitage the traveler may see the ingenious machinery by which the different courses were lowered and replaced at dinner without the apparent intervention of servants. The gardens are beautiful, the trees of great size, and every detail is appropriate to an imperial pleasance. Every American feels interested in one especial tree, an oak which sprang from an acorn brought, in 1830, from the home of Washington at Mount Vernon.

The great palace at Tsarskoe-Seloe is one thousand feet long, which means that feet and eyes grow weary of the endless succession of state apartments and the collected thousands of rare and beautiful wonders. The ceilings are marvels of decoration, the walls are covered with paintings. The statues, the cabinets filled with interesting bric-a-brac, the furniture of crimson and gold, of blue and of pale yellow, fill countless apartments, and the floors are inlaid in the most artistic designs. The amount of gold used in decoration is enormous, and one room has its walls entirely covered with sheets of amber. I thought it more curious than handsome. The amber was presented to Catharine by Frederick the Great. One room has all its walls covered with paintings of different degrees of merit, and all fitted into each other without the aid of frames. The effect is bizarre, but it is difficult to study

one painting without being disturbed by the too great proximity of those about it. One room is chiefly finished in mother-of-pearl, and so on till the eyes refuse to contemplate any new arrangement of color or material. The outside of the palace is quite unworthy of its magnificent interior, though a great effort was originally made to endow it with corresponding splendor by gilding immense portions of it. Millions of rubles were expended, but the harsh winters soon disposed of the superficial adornment and left visible the shabby structure. Here also are magnificent and extensive gardens, and it is a favorite court residence.

I have said nothing of the grand ceremonies in the churches, or of the fine drives about the islands, or of the crown jewels, or of a hundred other things which clamor for description, — but there are limits to writing and indeed to listening. The most interesting ceremony we saw was the Blessing of the Neva, which began with an exceedingly solemn service in the church of St. Isaac and was followed by a stately procession through the streets to the river bank. The priests and officials of various sorts then embarked on board a barge suitably adorned, and uttered the time-honored benediction upon the Neva, which sometimes requires more than the High-Priest's blessing to keep it in good order.

The crown jewels are not only kept under

lock and key of the best mechanical pattern, but surrounded with every possible protection by the construction of the treasure chambers, the multiplicity of guards, and the dignity and inaccessibility of the officials responsible for them. Only by permission obtained through diplomatic request can they be seen. The dazzling display bewilders the beholder, and to those who have seen many royal collections the wonder remains as to where they all have come from, and why no widespread spontaneous uprising of the people has ever freed these sources of untold wealth. The accumulation is simply and entirely terrible, and we come away from them to draw a long breath among the people who have no diamonds save those that Mother Nature gives in dewdrops on the grass. So whether we are fascinated by the pure gleams of the wondrous Orloff diamond, or by the exquisite gem called the Polar Star, or the delicate rose-tinted stone for which the Emperor Paul paid one hundred thousand rubles, — there is always a questioning impulse behind our admiration. It may not be a sentiment running in an anarchistic direction, and one may be glad to personally inspect such beautiful objects, — but to a practical mind the thought will come that there are more than enough to satisfy even imperial pomp, and that a portion might well be exchanged for active capital. “For centuries Russia has drawn from

the hoarded treasures of Turkey and Persia," and of late years the mines of Siberia have poured forth gems.

The imperial crown is a dome of diamonds bound with pearls. An immense ruby burns upon its top and bears a cross composed of five large diamonds. The empress's crown is a fairy creation worthy of Titania's wearing and resembling the delicate frostwork of the winter among the trees. The huge necklace of the order of St. Andrew is a marvel of jeweler's work; the single diamond called the Shah shines with innumerable facets and has a Persian inscription on one side.

Then the quaint, sometimes grotesque employment of precious stones challenges examination. There are not only necklaces and brooches and combs and bracelets, but all sorts of dainty jeweled toys and odd conceits. One especially pretty affair was in the form of a lady's hat and feathers, and it required a genius and a skill equal to Benvenuto Cellini's to execute it. And as an offset to the practical and economic suggestions of which I have just spoken, there comes a prolonged contemplation of these beauties drawn from the bosom of the earth, and fashioned into all the forms and uses of super-civilized humans, — the contrasted thought that *it is* well to have these magnificent accumulations in which the bounty of nature is enhanced and glorified by the taste and the skill of man.

From the imperial jewels to the cottage of Peter the Great is a far cry, and yet they supplement each other admirably. The original house contains only three rooms, but for protection it is built over by another house of brick. The room on the right was his study, or work-room, opening into a tiny bedroom; that on the left was his kitchen, and has been transformed into a chapel full of shrines, ikons, and burning candles. Service is daily performed and it is a favorite place of worship for the people. The big boat built by Peter's own hands is preserved in the outside corridor, and the images he worshiped are in the chapel. It was in this neighborhood that the building of the city was begun, and the little wooden church, near by, is the oldest in St. Petersburg. A great variety of articles is exhibited in the cottage as the handiwork of Peter, and when to these is added the incongruous array at the Museum, one is forced to conclude that Peter rose early and retired late and labored all day with the frenzied and inconsequent energy of a maniac. Why he should have made a chandelier, for instance, with his own hands, or manufactured his own carriage, it is hard to tell, to say nothing of other specimens of mere manual industry.

A visit to the State carriages is full of interest, not only for the beauty of many, but for the associations connected with some of them. There

are the gorgeous and ponderous and pompous carriages of Catharine II. and by way of severe contrast, there is the plain brougham in which Alexander II. was driving when the bomb of the Nihilist burst through the back. It remains as the bomb left it, — the murderous break in the back, the overturned seat, the torn trimmings preaching an eloquent sermon. The building containing the many carriages is extremely well planned and lighted, so that one can really enjoy looking at the rare and often delicate painting and decoration. Some of the carriage-panels were painted by Watteau and Boucher.

This building bears no resemblance to an ordinary carriage house, and there are many fine tapestries hung on the walls of the rooms. At the top of the main staircase is a beautiful piece of Gobelin tapestry, representing the sign of the cross appearing to Constantine. In one room there are three handsome sedan chairs, one of which is ornamented with an imperial crown with jeweled crowns at the four corners. It was made in 1856 for the Empress Alexandra. One carriage was a gift from Frederick the Great, one was brought from Paris in 1752. There is a "calash" brought from England for Catharine in 1795, — the coachman's box is upheld by two eagles, the back is guarded by figures of St. George and the Dragon, and the roof is surmounted by an imperial crown. There is a big

sledge with seats for ten persons — but the great gem of the collection is naturally “a sledge made entirely by Peter the Great’s own hands.” It is in a glass case. The Czar’s clothes and provisions, when he traveled, were kept in a trunk behind.

The collection of modern carriages is very fine and the harnesses and trappings rise to the dignity of high art.

A visit to a celebrated nunnery (the name has slipped my memory) was worth making if only to see how courteous and even friendly was the reception given to foreigners. Attached to the convent is an art school where fine embroideries, chiefly of ecclesiastical vestments, were made and many religious paintings executed. Some of the ikons were exquisitely done and the sale of these articles adds greatly to the revenues. The galleries and cells had the usual conventual nakedness, but all was scrupulously clean and quiet and the sisters who waited upon us had the gentle manner and low voices which seem always the accompaniment of their mode of life. Behind the nunnery is an extensive but exclusive cemetery, where the sanctified soil is valued as if it were gold dust, and only millionaires can afford to purchase space to lie at full length. The place looked dreary in the waning afternoon, but many of the monuments were worthy of study, and often bore illustrious and familiar names.

But after all a cemetery is a graveyard, and its manifestations, architectural or otherwise, have to be within narrow limits. The dignity of death is as evident in a country churchyard as in the most pompous collection of stately monuments, and the summer sunshine on simple headstones has a more pathetic significance than a marble obelisk.

It will be seen that a fortnight is insufficient for proper examination of this interesting city, and yet in looking back upon those busy days, there is the satisfaction of feeling that not only did we obtain a clear idea of it as a metropolis with very marked individual characteristics, but that we were able to imprint indelibly upon the memory most of its distinctive features. In leaving to the last any report of the long visits paid to the splendid palaces known as the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, I pay them the tribute due to their surpassing richness and to the overwhelming interest of the vast art collections they contain. When many pages are required for mere enumeration of paintings, statues, priceless and unique antiquities, and objects of historic and scientific interest, and when these are enshrined in apartments each one of which deserves minute description, how even touch them in a few lines! The immense extent of these two palaces, which to the traveler form one object for examination, prepares one for the labor so

delightful though so fatiguing of roaming through them. Here as everywhere in Russia, we met the most kindly courtesy and the most generous openness in regard to strangers. The apartments of the late emperor, even, were shown to us just as he left them, and it was pathetic to see the common articles of daily use, few of them sumptuous, lying as his hands left them for the last time.

It is best to confine my recollections now to some description of the treasures of art in the galleries and the museums which occupy extensive quarters in these almost endless edifices. The picture gallery of the Hermitage rightly ranks above any other gallery in Europe, for the reason that it is the choicest selection from an immense number and that all and each are choice. There is no padding of inferior artists, no swelling of numbers at the expense of quality. Even the wondrous wealth of the Madrid Gallery is surpassed by the Hermitage, and its supremacy is established by the fact that one remembers it as a harmonious and perfect whole, rather than as a mass from which gems must be extracted and isolated. An idea of the vastness of the Winter Palace alone may be gained from the fact that when the emperor dwells there, six thousand persons are accommodated within its walls. The most beautiful room in it is called the Salle Blanche, decorated in white and gold

and forming a perfect ball-room. The paintings in this palace, though full of national and historic interest, do not long detain one from the true home of art in the Hermitage. This palace as it now stands, after practical reconstruction since the time of Catharine, is said, "as far as elegant solidity in its architectural form and costliness of the beautiful materials employed are concerned . . . to stand alone in Europe."

Catharine purchased seven of the finest collections in Europe, from England, France, Holland, and Italy, at prices then considered enormous. They numbered four thousand, of which less than half are now deemed worthy of the Hermitage gallery. Of these forty-two are superb Rembrandts, sixty by Rubens, thirty-four by Van Dyck, twenty by Murillo, while of other renowned artists, there are equally fine though less numerous specimens. Indeed, no artist of world-wide eminence seems to be unrepresented, while some names less familiar to southern Europe rise into splendid prominence and hold the spectator in rapt admiration. The famous Raphael Madonna of the Connetabile palace has doubtless found its final resting-place here. Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Velasquez are like old friends upon these walls, but there are also new revelations in the splendid portraits by Franz Hals, by Bols, by Van der Helst, and the portion devoted to the numerous works in these

Dutch and Flemish and German schools increases one's appreciation of these "human documents" and puts the seal of utmost elegance thereon.

There are many very lovely specimens of the French school also, which do not seem to suffer from this neighborhood with established masterpieces. They are so different in every way, and a nationality of touch, treatment, color, and expression seems to place them in a high niche by themselves. Nothing could be more contrastive to them than the portraits by the Dutch and Flemish artists, but it would be ungracious and unappreciative to ignore the charm and grace of Greuze, the fidelity to life of Rigaud and Philippe de Champagne, the fresh individuality and *intimacy* of Le Brun. Yet how impossible to arrange, except upon a sliding scale, all these wonderful pictures, for which we must be grateful to so many lands, so many epochs, and so many artists! Rather, let us take each in turn, acknowledge and admire each for itself, endeavoring chiefly to put our thought in unison with the artist, who obeyed the instinct of his own genius and portrayed the visions of his own inner spirit.

The eyes that have put their utmost gift of seeing to the strain over the picture gallery, may lower their demand in an artistic sense, but still gratify an intelligent curiosity among the heterogeneous accumulations of the museum. Look

first at the relics of the great Peter's industry and activity. Here are the carpenter's tools of one part of his life ; here the horse he rode in the famous battle of Pultowa. Here is the long rod which measured his great stature ; here the weapons with which he proved his personal bravery, and the mathematical instruments with which he was familiar. Perhaps that ghastly wax mask of his once living face may say a word in your ear, perhaps the portrait of him embroidered by the unfair hands of his wife, Catharine, may cause a smile. There is nothing essentially pathetic in snuff-boxes, yet it would be hard to look long, without a tear, upon the one presented by Louis XVI. upon the scaffold, to his faithful valet Clery. It contains the miniatures of Marie Antoinette and her children. The exceeding beauty and costliness of some of these snuff-boxes render them always worthy of the preservation that is accorded them. The elaborate and childish mechanism of a clock, where peacocks strut, and owls glower, and grasshoppers hop, and cocks crow, makes one aware that the world is now growing old and serious. It is also amusing to see some very delicate work in ivory, which was sent to Japan by Alexander I., but returned by the Japanese potentate upon the ground that he could not accept gifts from his inferiors in rank. A pretty trifle is an emerald cut into the shape of a parrot—it was a

wedding present to a princess of Savoy. Of larger articles there are a green jasper vase over eight feet in height and sixteen in diameter, and among statues one called the Venus of the Hermitage, found at Rome in 1859.

Among the rarer treasures of this great collection are the antiquities taken from the neighborhood of the Bosphorus and the ancient Scythia. The first are of Greek manufacture, dating about 600 B. C. The Scythian articles are absolutely unique. At Kertch, in southern Russia, there was excavated in 1831 a hitherto untouched tomb. It proved to be that of a Scythian ruler. His wife, his horse, his arms, his household utensils had been interred with him. This discovery led, of course, to further research, and the collection ultimately became far richer and more complete than any other in the world. Many of the articles are of great beauty, especially the golden ornaments of a priestess of Ceres. The trappings of the horses are also very fine, and the variety of objects thus disinterred is most remarkable.

The Greek antiquities are numerous, the mineralogical, numismatic, and scientific collections rich and various. The school of mines can re-fill the imperial treasury with jewels, if those already in use should disappear. One comes away from the long galleries, the countless cabinets, the records of ages in gold and silver

and brass and marble, with a puzzled feeling over what has been preserved amid so much that has been lost.

An even more suggestive object and one towards which we never failed in frequent passing to cast admiring glances, is the superb statue of Catharine II. in front of the opera-house. Take it for all in all, it is the grandest and most imposing statue I have ever seen. The base is of red granite and supports the figure of the great empress, clad in royal robes and bearing in her hand the globe and sceptre with imperial grace. Nothing can exceed the nobility and stateliness of this restful figure. Around, but below her, are grouped her favorite statesmen and generals, Potemkin and Suwarrow, Orloff and others. The whole forms a colossal monument of most imposing proportions and is a fitting tribute to the woman who ruled Russia with such successful sway. It was unveiled and dedicated in 1873, and cost half a million of dollars.

We stand before this grand image of one long since laid at rest, and recall her once more as she was in life. Her greatness grows upon the mind as one wanders over the land where she reigned so long. The record of her dominion over this wild, barbarous, but always impressible nation reads like a romance, for there is a strong, wayward, passionate heart under her outward seem-

ing. Here she stands as if to challenge the scrutiny of coming centuries. Clothed in her robes of state, the symbols of sovereignty held in her woman's hand, the dignity of birth and ancestry upon her crowned brow, the very quintessence of royalty is in her whole bearing. The men below her added lustre to her reign. They all, as we do, knew her woman's weakness and her woman's sins; but they also, as we do, knew the intrinsic greatness of her nature, the matchless courage of her spirit, the untiring activity of her intelligence, rendered her the homage due to her and obeyed her commands in willing submission. Indeed, that must have been a great nature that could so shed its sins and even its shames, as a snake sheds its skin, and emerge from the coarseness and the corruption of a brutal and licentious age, with imperial haughtiness undiminished, with intellectual capacity unimpaired, — yes, even with woman's beauty still transcendent and her woman's heart still able to thrill with deep emotion. Great honor is due to her; she served her time and generation as a better or more delicate woman could not have done — her faults were those of the age in which she lived, her virtues and her great deeds are for all time. She drew around her men of power to aid her, and when their courage flagged, she inspired and led them on. She welded scattered provinces into an empire — she welcomed foreign talent

with substantial aid, she transformed a rabble of jealous nobles into a courtly assemblage. She brought the art treasures of other lands, to refine the taste and awaken the genius of her own subjects; she adorned her capital with priceless possessions, bringing together collections whose merit attracts pilgrims from every land, each generation of connoisseurs adding their stamp to the verdict of the past. All Russia owes her its admiration and gratitude — and this magnificent statue is her fitting memorial.

And this city of the North is an epitome of the nation of which it is the capital, half barbarous in that its people are still oppressed and ignorant; half super-civilized in that excessive luxury and extravagance characterize the lives of its aristocracy. The gloom of its churches is in deep contrast to the brilliancy of its court balls, the ice and snow of its winters make the interior life of the rich the very perfection of easy comfort, while the poor peasants are still starving in ignorance and superstition. The more one learns of the history of the progenitors of this still undeveloped nation, the more one is impressed with the immense amount of reserve force it possesses and with the certainty that it is rapidly taking shape and acquiring momentum and direction. The gravest question of the departing nineteenth century is, What is to be the Russia of the future?

THE ESCORIAL

THERE is perhaps nothing in all Spain which would better serve as a typical exponent of this grand old kingdom than the famous Escorial — that enormous edifice, so suggestive of the vastness of her great possessions in the past, so equally suggestive of her diminished glory and her decaying dominion in the present. It once served her haughtiest monarchs as a royal residence for themselves and their mighty retinues — it serves them now as final resting-place for their ambitions and their disappointments.

It is a sumptuous mausoleum where the traveler is fain to pause and moralize over the vanity of earthly grandeur and the transitoriness of earthly fame. It is as completely a thing of the past as if its walls lay in ruins, and only commemorates a national condition of things which can never return to plague humanity and crush the life out of an unfortunate people.

A railway journey of two hours from Madrid takes one over a bleak and barren country, which in the early summer makes a praiseworthy attempt to look cheerful, but only succeeds in decorating a few favored nooks with verdure and blos-

soms. In winter it must well deserve all the harsh epithets bestowed on it.

The huge mass of the Escorial can be seen several miles away, but another locality first arrests attention — this is the village of Galapagar. Here it was the custom for the royal funerals to rest on the first night of the dead king's journey to the tomb. This journey was a slow and solemn progress attended with much pomp and as much regulated by official etiquette as the court of the living monarch. Each morning on the way a high dignitary approached the bier, made low obeisance, and, in stately phrases, inquired of the poor corpse if his majesty desired to move on.

The name Escorial is by some derived from the word *escoriæ*, meaning the dross of the iron ore which has accumulated from mines still existing in the vicinity. Others trace to an Arabic word meaning "a place of rocks."

The palace was erected by Philip II. in accordance with the wish of his father that a royal burial-place should be constructed that should fittingly enshrine the monarchs of that haughty kingdom. Philip so enlarged the original idea that the Escorial became a combination of temple and palace, a treasury and a mausoleum, a residence and a museum. Also it was a monastery, and here Philip spent the last fourteen years of his dreary existence, a monkish king —

a kingly monk. He admired the Escorial immensely, for it was not only his own creation, but was singularly in harmony with his gloomy temperament and austere religious faith. The building was begun in the spring of 1563 and finished in the autumn of 1584. It has little architectural beauty ; it possesses neither grace of form nor glory of color ; neither majesty of secular splendor nor pomp of ecclesiastical dignity ; it has only size and situation ; it might pass for a peaceful manufactory or an extensive military establishment. Tradition insists that it was built in the shape of a gridiron in remembrance of St. Lawrence, by commemorating the hideous instrument of the martyrdom of that brave old saint. But though it honors St. Lawrence it bears no more resemblance to a gridiron than would any other rectangular building connected by many corridors and with a projecting portico bearing the faint suggestion of a handle.

The situation of the Escorial, however, gives it a great deal of melancholy grandeur — and impressiveness. It stands in solemn isolation against a background of dreary mountain heights ; it is itself 3000 feet above the sea and seems an integral part of the massive hills from which it has been wrought ; while its colossal proportions prevent it from being dwarfed by the mighty buttresses with which nature has sur-

rounded it. A writer thus describes it: "The ashy colored pile looms like the palace of death when Æolus sends forth his blasts of consumption which descend from those peeled sierras to sweep away human and vegetable life from the desert of Madrid." The bleakness of the situation may be imagined when we learn that even in the hardest days of unpampered warriors and the most ascetic priests, the winds seemed so terrible and the cold so piercing that a subterranean tunnel was constructed to enable the monks to communicate with the village. It is related that on one occasion an ambassador was lifted, coach and all, high in air, and that, often the long-robed priests were blown about in most perilous and irreverent fashion.

A slight touch of statistics may emphasize the impression of the immensity of this peculiar building. "The square of the building covers 500,000 feet; there are in the stiff and formal gardens eighty-eight fountains; there are fifteen cloisters; eighty-six staircases; sixteen courtyards, and 3000 feet of fresco painting." Over the portal at which we enter, there is a statue of St. Lawrence fifteen feet high, and just within the doorway, as if next in claim to reverence, there hang two jaw-bones of a whale captured near the coast in 1574.

It will be well for us to follow the beaten track of sight-seers in going over the intricate

interior, and allow the custodian to drone over unnoticed the stereotyped phrases of which he is himself so weary that his utterance is half a groan. But what we see makes amends for what we hear, and having bestowed an indulgent smile upon the upturned chins of the so-called kings of Judah which adorn the courtyard, we come to the more interesting features of the edifice. The kings are seventeen feet high, are each cut from a block of granite, and are meant to be very imposing, but their heads and hands are of marble and the unskillful sculptor has landed the poor creatures in the kingdom of the grotesque. But the interior of the church is grand and simple. By an ingenious arrangement, the choir, which often breaks up the nave in Spanish churches, is raised above the general level, and is supported by a grand arch, which adds to the sombre dignity and agrees with the grave simplicity of the effect. The pavement is of plain black and white marble, but in the elaborate retablo of the high altar, the Spanish love of splendor asserts itself, and the gleam of gold and silver and bronze develops in all directions and with a delightful delicacy of manipulation. At each side of this altar there are low chambers or oratories in black marble for the use of the royal family. Around are kneeling figures, portrait effigies of kings and queens draped in magnificent costumes and rich with

heraldic devices, Charles V. with several of his family, and Philip II. with three of his wives. The minor altars are forty in number. Some of these retain their fine paintings, but most of the Escorial pictures have been removed to the Madrid Gallery. In the right transept is the reliquary, which once boasted of 515 silver caskets of rare workmanship containing relics dear to Philip as the crown he wore. They long ago became the spoil of the robber.

Philip II. built only a plain and simple tomb-chapel just beneath the high altar, so that when the officiating priest elevated the host, he did so directly over the dead monarchs. But Philip III. commenced and Philip IV. completed the extravagantly sumptuous pantheon where they now lie. It is brilliant with gilding and rich in fine marble subdued by the dim light to a soft harmony of chastened splendor. The staircase leading down to this sepulchre is of marble and the walls which enclose it are lined with green and yellow jasper. Only the kings and queens who have actually reigned are interred here; the kings are in the niches on the right of the altar, the queens on the left. There are twenty-six niches in the eight sides of the chapel; in each is a sarcophagus. The names of the deceased are on those already occupied, those still empty await future kings and queens. There is another chamber above this, which is called El Panteon

de los Infantes, where the princes and princesses who never reached the throne are placed. It seems a really cheerful resting-place compared to the oppressively gloomy magnificence below. Large sums have been spent here also, and some of the sarcophagi are of exquisite workmanship.

The sacristy is a very noble room more than a hundred feet long. Some of the finest pictures in the world, twenty-six in number, once hung here. They are now in the royal gallery. The treasures of gold and silver vessels for service and the costly reliquaries, the sumptuous ecclesiastical vestments, which were almost priceless, are sadly diminished, but there is still much to admire and much that is curious and interesting. The cloisters are spacious and numerous, but a trifle dreary and even commonplace in comparison with others we have seen in Spain.

The grand staircase is like this especial feature in most palace architecture, broad and stately, and leads to many apartments still adorned with paintings of merit and gorgeous in old-fashioned decoration. By it we also approached the choir of the church which I have mentioned, from which we looked down into the body of the church. Here is the narrow seat to which the Spanish kings glided almost unobserved among the monks, to utter prayers and go through penitential exercises. Here Philip II. was kneeling when news was brought him of the great

victory of Lepanto over the infidel hosts. It is said that he did not move a muscle of his face when the great tidings of the liberation of Christendom were announced to him.

A very beautiful chandelier of rock crystal hangs in the church ; it was brought from Milan in the seventeenth century. The carvings of the organ are of great merit ; and behind the Prior's seat may be seen the "celebrated marble Christ presented to Philip by the Grand Duke of Florence," and brought all the way from Barcelona on men's shoulders. The figure was originally naked, but Philip covered the loins with his handkerchief. This has since been replaced by a muslin scarf.

The library is a superb room richly decorated. It once contained thirty thousand books and many valuable manuscripts. Most of these were scattered by the French invasion in 1808. The volumes remaining have their edges instead of their backs turned to the spectator. The royal apartments are hung with fine old tapestries and well filled with ancient furniture. There are wonderful specimens of the renowned Buen Retiro porcelain, one of the smaller rooms being entirely finished in this delicate and elaborate china, while small specimens of various shapes abound. To the showy adornments of these apartments a very sharp contrast is presented by the naked and dreary chambers occupied by

Philip himself. But even these forlorn rooms inadequately met his ascetic ideas, and two months before his death he removed to a small cell or closet from which, as he lay upon his narrow bed, he could see the altar in the church. Here he lay amidst unspeakable filth till a death like Herod's finished his strange career. Not even sharp mental agony was spared this gloomy fanatic, for he came to doubt the conviction of his entire life and to question whether he had really secured his salvation or lost it by his merciless persecution of heretics. His life and character present one of the most striking psychological problems in history.

"The Escorial is now but a shadow of the past." The two hundred monks who once resided within its walls and filled them with their chanting have passed away, and silence and desolation dwell undisturbed in the long passages and empty halls. The enormous revenues once devoted to their service have all been taken away for worldly uses of a later and less pious age. The huge edifice exposed to hurricanes and deep snows from the mountains required, even at its best, an immense expenditure to keep it in repair — much of it is now irreparably injured. The convent is still used for a sort of educational institute, and there are of course a goodly number of employes about the place, but not even the buoyant spirits of youth would be proof against the deeply

depressing influences and the persistent gloom of this melancholy monument. It leaves on the mind of the traveler an unmitigated impression of present gloom ; it calls up images of past sorrows and atrocious cruelties ; the ghosts of repentant inquisitors and penitential priests wander in the solemn twilight ; the lurid glare of burning heretics glimmers in the shadowy distance ; the wailing of tortured souls sweeps by in the cold blast from the naked hills ; and a sigh of relief escapes us as we turn again to the sunshine and the softened sentiments which now replace the ghastly piety of Philip and his times. No more fitting memorial of both could possibly have been created than the vast, the gloomy, the deserted, the ruinous Escorial.

THE CRIMEA

A LEAP of eight hundred miles from Moscow will land the traveler in Sevastopol. The trip requires forty hours by train, over an admirable railway with comfortable appointments. To find fault with the accommodations would be an indication of a fault-finding disposition or of a person unacquainted with the inevitable limitations of traveling possibilities. The compartments in the cars were arranged like cabins in a ship, and though small were private, infinitely preferable to our sleeping compartments. The restaurants along the route were excellent. A full moon attended us on our journey, and the imagination was stimulated as the hours of the night wore on and we were borne along over the wide plains of Southern Russia. It was easy to repeople these vast spaces with shadowy bands of Scythians or wild hordes of Tartar horsemen, or to see the ghosts of long dead warriors issuing from the huge burial-mounds around us. We also passed over fertile regions abounding in wheat and pasturage and through other districts famous for their wool. At many of the towns annual fairs are held, where immense amounts of

goods are brought together. At Kharkoff, for instance, the goods often represent a value of \$15,000,000, and at Pultowa, at the fairs held in July, it is said that twenty thousand carts are required to bring the articles to market. Of course the modern railway tends to destroy the more primitive methods of trade. The road passes at some distance from the town of Pultowa, but our hand-book reminds us of the famous battlefield, where in 1709 the brave Charles XII. was defeated, and so many Swedes were slain that it required a mound forty feet high to cover them.

The Crimea has won a name in modern history for deeds of heroism equal to any recorded in these old-time bloodstained annals. The story of the Crimean war tells of slaughter and sickness and wrings the heart to remember, but even war has lost a portion of its savagery, and the record of blood is illuminated by deeds of sublime self-sacrifice and relieved by incidents of generosity and tender humanity. What brilliant memories crowd upon the mind as we stand upon a spot crowned as Sevastopol was crowned in 1855! In looking from the heights around the city the most inexperienced observer can discover its great value as a harbor and its wonderful position for coast defense. Every day now, also, its importance increases, as the Russians grow stronger and the Turks more imbecile. To those who have not visited the spot, I would

say, consult your maps and see with what splendid audacity this peninsula penetrates into the bosom of the Black Sea and makes of itself a perpetual fortress for the Russians, a perpetual menace for the Turks. Its importance was apparent at once to the keen eyes of Catharine II., who ordered a survey of the coast and selected this point for the construction of a military harbor. It would delight her proud spirit to see the magnificent battle-ships that now adorn the bay and the impregnable fortifications which stretch along the shore. A handsome and prosperous city has risen over the ruins left by the assault of the allied powers, and the rush of modern life sweeps over the hills still consecrated to the memory of a glorious past. It will be long before the heart ceases to thrill at the names of the Malakoff and the Redan, of Balaclava and Inkerman.

The name Sevastopol means the August City, and even if its title was bestowed in compliment to the empress who ordered its construction, it bids fair to deserve the designation through its own grandeur. It possesses a commanding site; it is fully sensible of its advantages; it knows that it is a jewel in the crown of Russia, and is worthy to be called what it has indeed become, the stronghold of the Euxine Sea. Taught by the painful experiences of 1855, Russia has developed a series of defenses in which military art has reached its climax, at expenditures from

which all but the wealthiest nations might well shrink. In all directions, however, there may still be discerned the marks of the tremendous struggle of forty years ago, and though most of the injury to the town itself has been repaired, there remain the earthworks and the dilapidated fortifications which then served besiegers and besieged, during the many weary months of war. And there are the unchanged hills that beheld the strife ; the valleys that ran red with blood ; the plains where squadrons met in mortal shock ; and the everlasting sea, which keeps no record of the brave men who sank beneath the waves. Above all, there is the silently eloquent testimony of the cemeteries, where sleep the thousands who fell in attack or in defense. In the French cemetery are interred the remains of thirty thousand dead, gathered some years ago from their scattered graves, and now surrounded by a garden which strives to bedeck their headstones, and where many an inscription rewards the study of the visitor. Even the summer sunshine only gilds the gloom, and does not diminish its dreariness. We drove to the English graveyard which is even more desolate and pathetic. It occupies the crest of a hill, and as we climbed the weary ascent, our wheels struggling and grinding over loose stones, we saw hundreds of wild rabbits scurrying about and fleeing from an imaginary pursuer. The whole hill seemed to

be burrowed by them. Their presence added an odd loneliness and forlornness to the scene. There are about as many dead English as French; there is a smaller inclosure where the Italians lie in lesser numbers. These cemeteries are cared for by the nations to whom they belong; custodians are in charge of them, and doubtless all is done that is possible, to show them reverence, but their intrinsic character as military graveyards and the inevitable association of ideas with the scenes of carnage to which they owe their birth render it impossible to feel here as one does in the serene resting-places of peaceful citizens. The protest against war is uppermost in the mind when one remembers that these graves are filled with men in the prime of life, who were sacrificed in a quarrel that a peaceful diplomacy should have settled.

The Russian cemetery is, very properly, on the opposite side of the harbor; the hundred-thousand soldiers who perished in vain defense of their native land are, as it were, collected in hostile ranks, as if ready to arise at some as yet unspoken call, to drive the foreign dead men from their shores. At every turn in the long drive which brings these famous localities into view, we come upon some spot especially interesting historically, or connected with some anecdote of heroism or desperate suffering. The story is not yet old enough to be softened in the

recollection, nor remote enough to be obscured by the mists of distance. We were ourselves in Paris in 1855, and well remember how the message, "Sevastopol is taken," flashed across Europe and aroused the enthusiasm of France. So the names we are now hearing have a familiar sound; the monuments around us are in memory of heroes whose deeds we remember, and even the stereotyped recitals of our guides have power to call up the image of details not yet forgotten. The beauty of the situation adds a charm to the narrative, and as the sunset light paints the surrounding hills, the bay of Balaclava lies peacefully slumbering beneath, and the quiet of undisturbed existence is all around us. On the mountain side stretches a long line of half-forgotten ancient ruined fortifications, which whisper a suggestion that after a while even the bloodiest war may be remembered chiefly as a theme for romance and for song, and we are fain to find comfort from our recent pain in the certainty that all the generations come and go in equal experience of pain and equal peace of oblivion.

The harbor of Sevastopol is very lovely, and one can only hope that its sweet peace may never again be broken and that the warships and torpedo boats may unite with the frowning forts and concealed batteries in such resistless manner as to deter the boldest enemy from daring to attack such terrible means of defense.

It is impossible while in this part of the world to avoid drawing interesting inferences from what one sees and hears of international complications ; of alliances and possible ruptures ; of political risks and territorial disputes. Russia and Turkey ! one has but to name them together to feel the prophetic spirit awaken in one's own breast or to listen to eloquence from some companion. Here, in the Crimea, we feel the living and undeniable fact that Russia's energies are cramped in a seaward direction ; that she is too mighty to brook restraint ; and that she must have Constantinople. The fact that Russia is a great nation with illimitable possibilities of expansion and development ; the probability that her material advancement will be accompanied by a more and more enlightened application of her inexhaustible intellectual, imaginative, and spiritual energies ; and the certainty that, either for weal or woe, she is destined ere long to become the foremost European power ; these facts invest with intense interest every move she makes upon the political chess-board of the nations. One wishes she could have another Catharine II. to guide her on her triumphant way. This vast territory, with climates ranging from arctic cold to torrid heat ; with fields that could bear wheat to feed a continent ; with mines of untold wealth and storehouses of accumulated treasure ; with the fire of

enthusiasm and the frenzy of superstition ; with the brains of statesmen, the astuteness of politicians, the imagination of poets, and the courage of martyrs — how can it fail to impress the coming nations with wonder and with awe?

From Sevastopol we went to Yalta by steamer. This affords magnificent views of the Black Sea, and its shores for sixty miles, and brings us to an uncommonly lovely watering-place with an Italian aspect. The town is built on terraces, which rise from the water's edge and climb the heights, which ultimately expand into mountains four thousand feet high. The usual accompaniments of a fashionable summer resort are all at hand — fine hotels, excellent carriages and horses, public gardens and promenades, gay little shops, open air concerts, and the usual predominance of the fair sex. The air is soft and sweet, and though it is now well into September the roses are blossoming with the prodigality of June. In one particular the Yalta hotel differs from those of Saratoga, the chambers are large and commodious. Ours is at least twenty feet square, lighted by three big windows, and supplied with an amount and variety of furniture which would amaze an American landlord.

The public carriages were the prettiest imaginable affairs of basket-work, painted a pure white and bearing light awnings of white cloth striped

with bright blue or pink. The horses were well fed, well groomed, and had great speed and endurance. Our drive to Livadia, over the admirable mountain road was delightful. The distance is about four miles; the road follows the shore at various heights and gives lovely views of the open sea or glimpses of inland hills crowned with forests and dotted with vineyards and villas. Livadia (which means the Meadow) is the summer residence of the Empress dowager, and it was here that Alexander III. spent his last suffering days. The estate contains seven hundred acres, and the vineyard boasts of two hundred thousand vines, said to produce most excellent wine. The palace is simple and plainly furnished, and, except for the number and arrangement of the subsidiary buildings, would pass for the abode of a well-to-do private citizen. We were most courteously received, and allowed to go freely over the house. The room in which the emperor died, the arm-chair in which he drew his last laborious breath, the little foot-stool before it on which his weary feet sought rest, are just as he left them, and appeal pathetically to the sympathetic visitor. In the grand salon below, which is a little more expensive in its adornment, the betrothal of the present Czar and Czarina took place in the presence of the dying monarch. I noticed one indication of current superstition in several horse-

shoes nailed to the thresholds of some of the rooms in the smaller palaces.

From Livadia we drove to the still more picturesque and historically interesting establishment of Alupka, the property of Count Woronzow, and a most enchanting spot. The drive to it resembles the Corniche Road, with cliffs as fine, with sea as blue, with sky as clear, and with air as soft as ever blessed the Riviera. The shore is ornamented with the villas of the wealthy ; gardens and groves, kiosks and pavilions, suggest out-door life, and the summer season must be gay and enjoyable. In the neighborhood are fine forests, extensive vineyards, and lovely gardens, and beyond these are many evidences of the earlier occupation of the country by the civilized Greeks and earlier still by Scythian barbarians. We wished for time to search these by-paths and wander in these attractive places — but in vain.

Count Woronzow is described as a nobleman who “has done a great deal to benefit this region and make known its attractions” — but not the least of his kindnesses is the generous fashion in which he allows a stranger the freedom of his beautiful domain. His palace is an old-fashioned affair, immense in extent, and fairly comfortable in appearance. It has a commanding situation upon a cliff with terraces to the shore, and with a background in which the hill of Ai

Petri climbs a thousand feet and rears its naked pinnacles into picturesque relief not unlike the "Needles" of the Alps. The palace is built of a greenish porphyry, quarried near by; the architecture is irregular but imposing, and the interior presents the usual interminable succession of salons and galleries, of family portraits and elaborate ceilings, of handsome furniture and rich hangings. The extensive grounds are beautifully laid out; planted with a great variety of trees and ornamental shrubs and climbing vines; a crystal stream descends from the hills and freshens the air and soothes the ear with its gentle murmur. The palace fronts the sea, stately stone steps descend the hill to the shore; stone lions guard the approach. At the top of the third flight a hospitable entrance court spreads out on either side. It is paved with marble, and is of Moorish architecture; it serves as a vast vestibule, or as a hall, from which to enjoy the prospect and inhale the sea breeze. The gardens are partly in the style of the eighteenth century and are adorned with Greek temples, artificial ruins, clipped hedges, and other features of a by-gone taste.

It was at Alupka that Prince Potemkin entertained his imperial and most imperious mistress, Catharine II., with all the luxury of the Arabian Nights, when she came to inspect the provinces he had lately conquered for

her. Here we may imagine they had many a loving interview when the great Empress laid aside her prerogative and listened well pleased to her subject-lover; or at other times debated with him grave affairs of state and schemes for further conquest. In memory of the honor done him and his estate, the Prince planted two twin cypress trees, which have grown to be the most majestic specimens of their kind in the world. They still stand side by side, as in their youthful pliant days, but they have acquired, with the passage of their hundred years, a splendor of height, a dignity of outline, a majesty of bearing, that suggests the thought that the personality of their sponsors has entered into them, and made of them something far beyond the ordinary denizens of the forest. They hold themselves erect and motionless; the summer breeze hardly dares to rustle their dark and compact foliage; the seasons hardly change their leafage; they seem to feel that they have a mission to the world, though they keep silence over the secrets they have known. It is as if Catharine and Potemkin were still exchanging confidences in this quiet garden, as if under this safe disguise they were still swaying the destinies of Europe.

We were greatly interested in this part of the world, which not only presents peculiarities and developments differing from the rest of

Europe, but offers many inducements to indulge an intelligent curiosity concerning its past history. Time could be well spent in wandering over these hills and studying ancient monuments which lead us far back to prehistoric times. But what we have been able to see, even in so brief a visit, has given a vivid impression of southern Russia, beyond all that can be obtained by the study of many books. Especially do we receive a complete picture of Sevastopol and its magnificent situation, and of the beautiful Black Sea. The city is divided into two parts by the bay, the northern and southern portions. On the northern side is Fort Constantine, an immense fortification. Around, at favorable points, are other forts, batteries, docks, and barracks. The trip to Yalta also gave us a fair idea of the Black Sea; and as we sailed away from the Russian shore upon a Russian steamer crowded with passengers and bound for Constantinople, it seemed as if the most skeptical must believe in a great future for this country, now that the wedges of civilization and commerce are fairly inserted into the hard wood of ancient bigotry and prejudice. Besides, after an invading army of pleasure travelers overruns a new field of observation, it is always followed by the more practical troop which brings along the articles which tourists demand, just as the forest land which is cleared by the pioneer blossoms with the beautiful fire-weed

of our own New England clearings. In spite of all the ridicule lavished upon the tourists, especially those of our own country, there is no doubt that in the persistent demands they make for their accustomed comforts, they arouse the commercial instincts of new peoples, who discover the way to obtain more and more of the money in the tourist's purse.

We left Sevastopol at nine in the morning, and reached Constantinople in the afternoon of the next day. The voyage was delightful, and our pleasure in it was immensely increased by our making acquaintance with two English officers, Lieutenant-General K. and General M. General K. had served all through the Crimean War, and was familiar with the details of the battles and the various points at which the fighting took place. His regiment made a glorious record for itself. He gave us the most interesting account of his experience, and said he had revisited the place several times. He was full of vivacity and lighted up his steady stream of talk with innumerable anecdotes and brilliant comments. His ready friendliness and easy ways were quite un-English and we were soon excellent friends. General M. had served several years in Canada, and spent his furloughs in the States. Our knowledge of the country through which we were passing was greatly increased by their kindness in pointing out the most inter-

esting spots and relating incidents of the terrible combats. As we approached Therapia, the summer resort from Constantinople, a pretty little steam-launch came from the English Embassy (then occupying a palace on the shore) and took our pleasant fellow travelers away, after many hand-shakings and hopes of future meeting. The scenery of the Bosphorus is too well known to need description, and words would fail to describe its beauty in the brilliant light of the afternoon on which we passed by its picturesque shores and, landing at the wharf, were soon released politely at the custom-house and allowed to climb the long and weary hill which leads to the Pera Palace Hotel in the European quarter of magnificent Constantinople.

I must not forget to mention that the day we left Sevastopol was the anniversary of its surrender forty years before.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE — CEYLON

IN leaving Calcutta by ship one must pass over one of the most dangerous and most uncertain pieces of water that a seaman has to dread. The Hoogly River is so full of shallows and shifting sand-banks that a careful captain does not go to bed and the skillful pilot does not relax his vigilance for a moment until certain risks are over. We were off at the early hour appointed, but two hours after starting we came to a complete standstill, for the tide was insufficient to float us over the dangerous shallows. The sand-banks accumulate so rapidly and change places so suddenly that all experience is at fault, and only extreme caution can avert disaster. So after two hours of delay we proceeded slowly along during the day, but at four o'clock we dropped anchor for the night, as, even with a favorable wind, the pilot dared not move after dark. The next morning we passed the spot where not long ago an unfortunate steamer nearly as large as ours sank with all her crew and a valuable cargo. She struck on a recently formed sand bank and capsized in an instant and yet she had an excellent pilot. We could see the tops of her masts

above the water. We felt very glad when we were clear of such uncanny risks.

A delightful voyage of six days brought us to Colombo, after having stopped for a few hours at Madras. We took on some passengers, but it was not worth while to go on shore. The view from the deck was very pretty and the scene in the harbor was gay and amusing. We were surrounded by a crowd of boats loaded with merchandise, the boatmen screaming for customers, jugglers performing tricks, divers dashing after pennies, and all the usual variety of howling and dancing creatures who haunt foreign harbors. The only other incident of the voyage was a very heavy thunder-shower with lightning vivid and blinding.

The approach to Ceylon is beautiful, and the remembrance of Bishop Heber's well-worn hymn was doubtless in everybody's mind, but no one had the audacity to quote it. As the steamer was dropping anchor we were shocked and saddened by an unhappy accident — one of the sailors, a fine looking young fellow, fell from the rigging just over our heads and was killed.

We were rowed ashore in a small boat, and found luxurious quarters at the Grand Hotel, which overlooks the fine harbor with its many ships and its guardian breakwater, over which the great waves of the Indian Ocean fling their surf to a height of fifty feet. The air was soft and

balmy, but decidedly hot. But the breeze from the sea never lost its freshness. Besides, where heat is an integral portion, as it were, of the original climate, all sorts of ingenious devices are resorted to by which life is made more than tolerable. From the lofty ceiling of each room there is suspended an enormous punkah. Docile and skillful natives keep these mighty machines in motion as long as they are awake, and when they fall asleep, their employer has only to arise, and by a few spirited remarks induce them to resume their task. The necessity of thus regulating the machine devoted to our special use developed heat enough to destroy its beneficent effect.

Next morning we took "chota hari" (early breakfast) at seven o'clock, when the air was delightful, and drove six miles to a grand Buddhist temple, crossing on a bridge of boats, and passing through cocoanut groves and among a very dense population. In this temple there is a colossal and highly colored reclining statue of Buddha. The priest said it was sixty feet long, but we thought it about forty. It looked like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. This is New Year for the Buddhists, and the road was filled with pilgrims and the temple with worshipers offering fruit and flowers. I have never seen anything to compare with the beauty, variety, and profusion of this vegetation. Cocoanut-

trees, mangoes, acacias, palms of many different kinds, with other unfamiliar trees, and interspersed with glowing hibiscus, pomegranates, bananas, and innumerable other shrubs and plants. The whole land is a huge garden.

In the afternoon I took my first ride—or drive—in a jinrikisha and found it very convenient in a foreign land to have a horse that could speak. In the evening we had a thunderstorm that made our storms at home seem like very feeble efforts at sound and pouring.

In going among the tempting shops we see gems as plenty as blackberries, but are continually warned by the experienced that we may be cheated if we buy without an expert. One stone, a “cat’s eye,” as large as a Spanish olive, was valued at \$10,000, and a locket, with a smaller one set in diamonds, was priced at \$1,750. At the city market there were all sorts of strange fruits and vegetables, among them the clumsy jack-fruit, which grows directly from the trunk of the tree, suspended by a small, stringlike stem, which seems quite inadequate for the great weight of the fruit, which is as big as a large water-melon. Its rind is covered with rough green bosses.

A lovely drive is that to Mount Lavinia, a distance of seven miles over a road all the way by the shore, with superb sea-views and dashing surf near at hand. Cocoanut-trees border the

L. of C.

road, and the huts of the natives huddle together in picturesque confusion. At intervals the pretentious villas and bungalows of foreigners or wealthy natives stand in extensive gardens and display high-sounding names on their gate-posts. Mount Lavinia, which is beautifully situated on a small promontory, with the ocean on both sides, is occupied by a large and showy building, formerly a royal palace, but now used as a summer hotel.

But Colombo and the seashore are not the whole of Ceylon or even that part of it most patronized by visitors. Here, as everywhere in hot countries, the eyes are lifted up to the hills, and we follow those who are called wise. We start at seven thirty in the morning, for Kandy, seventeen hundred feet above the sea. The train climbs slowly upward, giving the most exquisite views on either hand, and the extraordinary vegetation increases in wild and lavish luxuriance.

Upon the recommendation of our landlord at Colombo, we left the crowded hotels near the station unvisited, and went on to a spacious bungalow, called Florence Villa, kept by Mr. Campbell, or to do strict justice, by little active and obliging Mrs. Campbell. Here we were extremely comfortable, and the quiet of the place was most restful.

We are very near the lovely lake and embowered in a grove of tall trees and gorgeous blos-

soms. We are warned to "keep off the grass," for quite other reasons than at home, for it is full of leeches that fasten closely and cleverly to the legs that wander into their domain, or which leap hastily among them to avoid a falling coconut from the trees overhead. There are occasional snakes also, and, on the whole, the paths are safest. Even in one's rooms there is no need of stagnation, as the slippery snake sometimes retires to rest in a slipper, and pretty green lizards glide over your walls, or an ugly looking blood-sucker winks maliciously through your mosquito netting. But what are such trifles where nature is so exquisitely lovely? After all, accidents are not very frequent. We have almost a surfeit of flowers, and words fail to describe the grace, variety, and beauty of the trees. After completing her serious and practical work, Nature seems to take on a playful mood, and indulge in merely tasteful experiments. For instance, in front of our door stands a rain-tree, of the *Mimosa* species, which offers an impenetrable shade from the noonday sun, but when the clouds gather and the rain descends, shuts its delicate sprays of leaves, like clasped hands, and you would think it had never a leaf on its branches. As if in contrast to this fairy-like grace; there is the india-rubber tree, huge, massive, with vast roots extending in every direction, and distorted as if writhing in agony. The

candle-tree is hung with innumerable waxy pendants, as if ready for an inaugural illumination, and the ridiculous jack-fruit hangs fat and helpless on its slender stem. There is nothing more graceful than a clump of bamboos, while all around are clusters of small sensitive plants which shiver and tremble at the touch.

This is said to be the season of "the little rains," so about four o'clock in the afternoon the windows of heaven open, a deluge descends, the thunder booms, the lightning flashes and glares, and water enough falls to drown an ordinary world. A brilliant morning follows, and we are not washed away, after all, as we feared. As Ceylon receives about two hundred inches of water from the clouds every year, it expects rain now and then. The excursion for the day was to the wonderful botanical garden at Peradeniya. Here are cultivated, under the care of the government, the rarest and most wonderful trees and plants; specimens of nearly all varieties are to be found here. The gardens are extensive, and overlook the river, which surrounds them on three sides. Everything flourishes here, from the nutmeg-tree to the rose-bush, and from the tiniest forget-me-not to the tallest palm. Nature seems to have exhausted her ingenuity, and to have sometimes entered the region of practical jokes. A very intelligent guide accompanied us through the gardens, explaining much as

we wandered from one extraordinary vegetable effort to another.

We drove next to a large tea farm and examined the various steps in the culture of tea; many processes were very interesting. In the afternoon the rain came on again with cheerful alacrity, as if it had rested thoroughly from its labors of the previous night. It was followed by another glorious morning and a world like a young Eden. We were early on the road winding hither and thither among the hills. We passed over "Lady Longley's drive," "Lady M'Carthy's drive," Lady Horton's ditto, and Lady Gordon's ditto — each of them a reminiscence of a previous Governor's lady. Then through the town, and to a renowned temple where one of Buddha's teeth is fittingly enshrined. Opposite is a small domed temple, erected over one of Buddha's sacred footprints. "The Dalada or sacred tooth was brought to Ceylon about 311 A. D. by a princess who concealed it in the folds of her hair." After many vicissitudes it was carried to Goa by the Portuguese, in 1560, and publicly burned. An imitation in ivory has taken its place, and answers just as well. This temple deserves a long visit and possesses many articles of undoubted antiquity. The views along these roads are beautiful.

We stopped at a modest bungalow, as our

guide assured us that its master regarded such visits as a compliment. We sent in a card and were at once politely received by the famous Egyptian exile, Arabi Pasha, who has spent ten years in this lonely spot. He is a man of grave and dignified appearance, courteous manners, and speaks excellent English. He was dressed in European costume. He seemed cordially pleased at our visit, and ready to converse, but he never smiled and was really as sad a gentleman as one would wish to see. How he must rebel at rusting out in this helpless fashion after his exciting performances in Egypt. His house had a lonesome, half-furnished look, as if its occupant was ready to move at a moment's warning. A little child ran in and out, but Arabi took no notice of it and consequently we did not. In the evening the quiet was interrupted by a commotion in the next room, caused by the discovery of an unusually venomous snake, which had nestled in one of Mr. Campbell's slippers. Every evening I watch the lizards come out on our chamber wall and catch flies, which is amusing, but when I found that what I took for a large lizard was a thirsty "blood-sucker" it was a different affair.

Of the situation of Kandy it would be difficult to speak in too high terms. Its lovely lake bordered with graceful trees of many kinds, its exquisite drives and walks, its distant prospects,

its picturesque seclusions, its sweet soft air, its matchless skies, its sun by day and its moon by night,—how hope to paint this paradise in words! And to its present charm is added a long and romantic history and many a mythological romance. Legends and traditions cluster around these high mountain-tops and these fertile valleys. The literature in which these stories are embalmed is profuse, and is interesting reading. The account of the ascents of the wonderful Adam's Peak alone would fill a volume. There are many excursions open to the experienced traveler or the lover of adventure, and we regret that too short a stay in this earthly paradise prevents a thorough examination of places that we can only glance at. For those who spend a summer in this enchanting spot there can be no dearth of occupation, amusement, or healthful exercise. We left it with regret, but also with a firm conviction that even a fortnight at Kandy was worth a month in most places.

The descent of the mountain was even more interesting than the ascent, and for some reason the peaks looked higher and the ravines more precipitous. Indeed, it is indisputable that high mountain regions appear very different at different times, simply from the varying effects of lights and shadows as well as from the angle from which they are seen, and an inexperienced judg-

ment is often at fault. We reached Colombo at six, but kept on the train to Mount Lavinia, which is many degrees cooler than the city. The sight of the ocean was in itself a refreshing influence, and a brilliant sunset finished the day in glory. In the middle of the night a storm came on to which those we had previously admired seemed trivial enough. The floods roared, the thunder crashed, the dazzling lightning illuminated the vast area of ocean that stretched beneath my windows, and rolled its huge billows mountain high upon the black cliffs below. When these storms come on one can think of nothing else. The nights were like those of Tennyson's *Lucretius*, —

“Storms in the night! for thrice I heard the rain rushing:
And once the flash of the thunder-bolt —
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork —
Struck out the streaming mountain-side.”

The roar of the waves was like that of an angry lion, the rain on the roof like the tramp of armed men. As the hotel is really only a summer-palace it is not of the most substantial construction, and so much of the water trickled through the roof that I finished my slumbers under an umbrella skillfully disposed over my headboard. I do not doubt the two hundred inches (sixteen feet) of annual rain, or that nearly half that quantity, fell while we were there.

The Buddhist temples of Ceylon are fine specimens of their kind, and the traveler is allowed to go about in them with freedom. The priestly guardians are courteous, and accept small gratuities with apparent satisfaction. The temple decorations consist largely of high-colored representations of scenes in Hell, and portray a harrowing variety of punishments and tortures revealing great imagination in the artist, but forming a hideous contrast to the temple shrines themselves, where gigantic images of Buddha smile on the worshiper with such genial benevolence that mercy and forgiveness seem still possible for the most hardened sinner. These monstrous idols are painted in the most gaudy colors, and would answer as antediluvian dolls. They receive alike unmoved the prayers of the faithful, the flowers and fruits offered by the timid crowd of suppliant pilgrims, and the contemptuous smile of the unbelieving foreigner. But an afterthought of kinder criticism removes contempt, if one watches the simple natives as they kneel in awestruck silence, or gently lay upon the altar the profusion of flowers they have brought from their distant homes. Even the most superstitious observance may claim indulgence when it springs from honest faith, and in this fair land, where everything speaks of peace and plenty in nature and ease and ignorant content in man, we feel no desire to seek for sin,

or shame, or degradation. We grant ourselves temporary immunity from all but fair and sweet imaginings, while Ceylon extends to us its lavish hospitality and spreads before us all that can please the eyes and fill the mind with undying memories of the pure skies, the glorious landscapes, and the tropic splendors of this gem, set in the bosom of the great Indian ocean.

MOSCOW — THE HOLY CITY

AMONG the names whose simple utterance serves to bring to mind the glory of the past and the splendor of the present, that of Moscow stands certainly in the front rank. Its history goes back over many centuries and numbers extinct dynasties in its record — but the pulse of a vigorous vitality throbs to-day within its walls. The East and the West, the North and the South meet under its brilliant sky; the Cossack jostles the European, the moujik makes way for the tourist. Volumes have been written upon it; volumes can still be supplied with hitherto unused material; or the traveler may continue to read its romance in its monuments as in still more eloquent language. The pages of such a chronicle, which I may try to translate, must of necessity be brief and imperfect and with all the vast field of the historian, the antiquary, the poet and the artist, offering endless attraction, it will be best for me modestly to confine myself chiefly to my own experiences, and describe those points of interest which appealed especially to my own tastes and came most clearly within my own comprehension.

Even within these discreet limits I should find, if not restrained, enough to tempt my pen into interminable wanderings. Something also of the inconsequent character of Muscovite history, architecture, traditions, and national characteristics may be permitted me, for if my transitions are abrupt and the connecting links of my chain are not at once discernible, please remember that in Moscow itself one can jump quite as suddenly from the Occidental to the Oriental and from civilization to barbarism.

And first a word of the city as a whole. It stands in the midst of a wide plain, through which winds the little river Moskwa, a tributary of the Volga. In the centre of the present city and upon a moderate elevation the celebrated citadel, the world-renowned Kremlin, rears its battlements, its towers, and its shrines. Nowhere else in the world does such a comparatively limited space contain such a variety of edifices, such a brilliant combination of form and color, or produce such a piquant and original effect. Viewed from outside, it makes a grand impression; it is as a royal crown upon the brow of the hill which itself commands the wide valley and dominates over the surrounding country. A drive to Sparrow Hills in the vicinity, famous as the spot from which Napoleon gazed upon the burning city, will give the traveler one of the most interesting views in the world. This view

of Moscow and the intervening valley has been compared with the almost unapproachable beauty of Constantinople, and one observant traveler remarks: "I know not which is the more beautiful city. The one rises from the water's edge, its white minarets melting into the blue sky of the south; the other towers and flashes from the northern plain, and the lofty domed monasteries on its borders stand like sentinels keeping watch over its sacred shrines."

It is this grand assemblage of churches and saint-crowned gateways, culminating in the Kremlin, which gives its especial character to Moscow. The religious element is everywhere, but it is in the Kremlin that one realizes that Moscow is indeed a Holy City and beloved of the saints it has so long delighted to honor. All through Russia altars and shrines abound, the superstition of the people has always sought relief in tangible and visible expression, and doubtless priests and nobles still find it worth while to foster this form of religious instinct, for the Russian is an odd sort of smothered volcano and his inward fires require careful management. So the cities swarm with shrines and serve as name-books for the saints, but Moscow exceeds all others, for there, —

" Above each gate a blessed saint
Asks favor of the skies " —

and while many other cities also bear the title of

holy — and boast of numerous altars and miracles, —

“ Moscow blends all rays in one,
They are the stars and she the sun.”

An old English traveler once wrote, “ One might imagine all the states of Europe and of Asia had sent a building by way of representative to Moscow,” and very naturally, the first impression is a little chaotic. It needs but a short time, however, to resolve this chaos into a delightful harmony and to find color of the most brilliant, form of the most bizarre, ornamentation of the most elaborate, upon buildings old and new, great and small, which glide into their respective places with a tender and successful regard for each other, and which exhibit each at its best because set off by its neighbor. Indeed the separate portions of this vast panorama combine so thoroughly, that the memory accepts the result as a brilliant whole, and it requires an effort of the critical faculty to arrange its component parts for closer examination. For instance, there is one especial view of the Kremlin from the stone bridge across the Moskwa, to which the stranger is always taken. It is a beautiful view, and whether you see it in the glowing light of the midday sun, or in the mysterious twilight, or under the silver moon when shadows add their weird influence, — you accept the Kremlin as a single mass as readily

as if it were really one single edifice erected for a single object. But when you enter into the battlemented inclosure, you are confronted by quite new conditions; the mighty mass develops before your eyes into numerous distinct buildings, each of which has its own marked individuality. "The Kremlin is both fortress and altar; the religious heart of Russia; the place of her holiest shrines and the deposit of her proudest trophies." Within its walls, some two miles in circumference, are the edifices wherein are performed the most important ceremonies; for St. Petersburg, proud and splendid as it is, is only a mushroom growth in comparison with Moscow. Therefore it is here in the Cathedral of the Assumption that the emperors are crowned; in the neighboring Cathedral of the Annunciation that their nuptials are solemnized; and in that of the Archangel Michael close by that Russia shelters the remains of its ancient monarchs. Magnificent preparations were in progress on all sides, at the time of our visit, for the coronation of Nicholas II. next May, and enough fresh gold was being lavished on domes outside and pillars and cornices and screens within to bankrupt an ordinary treasury. The interiors of these churches, brilliant as they prove to be on examination, lavish in gold and silver work, rich in color, with paintings on wall and arch, are so faintly lighted by their small,

high windows, and so obscured by the massiveness of the architecture, that they are at first oppressive in their gloom. But soon the eyes get accustomed to the twilight; the symbols around reveal their outlines; a peculiar charm steals over the senses, bringing full acceptance of the grand solemnity of the place. The incense-laden atmosphere is like a gauzy veil, which softens into grace the rigid Byzantine images, while the gems with which the ikons and the reliquaries sparkle shed a mysterious glow on the hushed gloom. There are no seats in the Russian churches, all stand or kneel during the long service; the high and the low, the perfumed and the unwashed, mingle and touch each other as equals in the sight of Heaven. The sublime chanting of the choir is different from that in other lands; the most wonderful voices are found among "the religious," and they are trained to a transcendent emotionalism almost incredible. Those who have heard vespers in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevskoi will not accuse me of exaggeration; no one could ever forget the mighty resonance of those soaring tones which fill the air; the echoing and re-echoing harmony that floats from dome to dome, or steals with subdued sweetness from shrine to shrine.

From the sumptuous cathedrals of the Kremlin it is but a step to the "Large Palace" where

the emperor and empress dwell on their visits to Moscow. It is built upon the spot where the ancient palace of the Tartar chieftains stood. It is splendid and elaborate and spacious after the manner of palaces. It boasts of one superlatively magnificent room, a hall dedicated to the military order of St. George, with the record of more than five hundred regiments emblazoned on its walls. Another hall is devoted to St. Alexander Nevskoi and is gorgeously furnished in pink and gold. Next comes the immense hall of St. Andrew, the oldest order of knighthood in Russia; its walls are hung in blue, the color of the order. Here is the emperor's throne; this room requires over two thousand candles for festal occasions. In this palace is the famous Red Staircase which is only used on state occasions, as when the emperor goes forth to his coronation.

It was up this staircase that Napoleon ascended when he took possession of the Kremlin. The right wing of the palace is called the Treasury, and therein are stored more precious things than Aladdin's Lamp could conjure together. It seems an impertinence to attempt a description of places so well known to the traveling world and so classified in the catalogues and hand-books; but, after all, there is some value in personal impressions, and in such immense collections some articles may be appreciated by

one that are unnoticed by another. Often it is only necessary to enumerate the names of articles, for their history is concisely told by the appellations they bear. So, among innumerable specimens of armor and weapons and battle-flags and the rich spoils of war, we find a poor, rough, wooden chair borne on poles, and scarred with bullet holes and sabre cuts. This was the rude litter on which Charles XII. was borne from the battlefield of Pultowa. A little farther on, in a small casket covered with crimson velvet, sadly faded, there lies the ancient constitution and charter of poor Poland, like the relic of some discarded saint. In one room stands the little bed in which Catharine the Great cradled her infant son Paul. Its silken curtains hang from cornices in which are encrusted precious stones in gay designs. So, too, there are innumerable articles which once belonged to Napoleon — his memory remains surprisingly fresh in the Russian mind and reminders of him are very frequent. At the end of the long suite of rooms in this very gallery there is a fine marble statue of the defeated emperor, who seems to be gazing sadly at the people he failed to conquer; the effect of his sudden presence in these surroundings is as if a word of sarcasm had been loudly uttered. And, as history has contrasts greater than fiction, we see in an adjoining apartment, in proximity

to the booty captured in war against the French — the costly gifts presented in friendship a few years before by Napoleon to his dear friend Alexander. These consist in part of superb specimens of Sèvres porcelain, gorgeous vases, and exquisite products of the loom.

But the many articles of sentimental interest must not distract us from the especially costly and intrinsically valuable treasures that make of this collection one of the great wonders of the world. In abundance and splendor the imperial jewels, most of which are only used on the most important state occasions, are equaled by those belonging to the defunct sovereigns of kingdoms which Russia has either conquered by her valiant soldiers or annexed by her astute statesmen. So, too, the adornments of her emperors and empresses are rivaled in sumptuousness by the magnificent vestments of her ecclesiastics. Everywhere there are cloth of gold and silver, fretwork and embroidery of absolutely glorious beauty. One almost wearies of gems, so superabundant is their display in all directions and so difficult is it to retain a clear recollection even of those that win our highest admiration. I do remember very distinctly the magnificent solitaire emeralds which surmount the two maces, or wands, carried before the coronation processions. Also one especial full-dress sword; in the hilt and scabbard the countless

diamonds are of most delicate lustre, and shimmer like sunbeams on the water. In the next room are the various thrones used by different monarchs of Russia, and others captured from conquered sovereigns. That of Alexis Michaelovich — son of Michael and father of Peter the Great, was brought from Persia, and is a marvel of oriental workmanship. It glitters with the light of 876 diamonds, 1223 rubies, and uncounted turquoises and pearls. The orb of sovereignty opposite it bears 58 large diamonds, 89 fine rubies, 50 emeralds, and 23 sapphires. Only by these figures can one get any adequate idea of the lavish profusion with which precious stones are employed in decoration. One throne is of carved ivory and was presented to Ivan, who first took the title of Czar, or Cæsar. The throne was presented by ambassadors from Rome. Another contains a fragment of the True Cross ; another is a solid mass of encrusted turquoises, pearls, and rubies. Michael Romanoff, the founder of the family, had two crowns, one surmounted by an enormous emerald. Perhaps you will wonder at seeing the boots of Peter I. and Paul I. as carefully preserved as these priceless gems. The crowns surpass the thrones in costliness and outdazzle them in splendor. One is shaped like a mitre and is ornamented with 900 diamonds, and bears at the top a brilliant ruby of great size supporting an

exquisite diamond cross. “The costliest crown of all is that of Catharine I., made by order of her husband, the all-prevailing Peter the Great; it contains a wonderful ruby purchased in Pekin, and 2536 diamonds.” But why pursue the endless catalogue of jeweled objects, or seek to describe the gorgeous coronation-robcs and mantles; the huge pieces of gold and silver plate; the wonderful enamel work; the guns and pistols; the swords and daggers, each one as rich in gems, as perfect in finish? And how leave unmentioned the beautiful relics of old days of a more peaceful sort; connected more closely with the personal history of their famous owners, sometimes filled with pathetic interest and recalling tragic events? The eyes fail at last in the attempt to examine them, the pen fails in the effort to depict them; the imagination fails to recall their various excellences. There is, however, one especial object on which to pause — the saddle of Catharine II. It is a man’s saddle, for she was colonel of her regiment, and her portrait near by shows her to great advantage in full uniform, booted and spurred and astride a handsome gray horse. This wonderful saddle ceases to be a mere bit of harness, and is an historic fact and an artistic curiosity. The seat is covered with cloth of gold and silver; the chasings and buckles are of fretted gold; the bridles are of gold braid strung with jewels; and

every available space on saddle or harness literally blazes with gems. The frontlet for the headpiece would grace a crown, and the breastplate bears a huge diamond which sparkles like a beacon-light, and is set off by circles of pink topaz, pearls, and amethyst which surround it. In the back of the saddle are grouped masses of smaller gems in iridescent beauty, and the stirrups are so exquisitely wrought in gold and jewels that they would not look out of place in a lady's boudoir. The glass case in which this gorgeous construction gleams and glows is always surrounded by visitors. Taken altogether I think this saddle is one of the most sumptuous and absolutely splendid articles of luxury I have ever seen. I could find no estimate of its money value, but even that must be very great.

It must, by this time, be apparent that it is easier to expand over these various attractions than to give up the attempt to place them before your eyes; and yet no amount of time available would suffice to grasp their variety and beauty, even upon the spot. Indeed, only exhaustion reconciled us to descending the broad staircase, at our last visit, and bidding farewell to the multitudinous treasures of that wonderful museum. How much one would know of human life and national history and the evolution of empires if one could pursue the clues here temptingly offered!

We pay our respects to the great bell, which is still majestic and dignified, though doomed to gaze always on a huge and helpless fragment of itself close by. This is the biggest bell in the world, and is about one hundred and sixty years old. When it was seven years old the tower in which it hung was burned to the ground, and the poor bell crashed so deep into the earth that it did not see the light for a hundred years, when the Emperor Nicholas exhumed it from its long sleep. It weighs four hundred thousand pounds, and the metal is worth about \$200,000. The tower of Ivan Velike rises near the bell, some three hundred and twenty-five feet in height, and is more than a century older, dating from 1600. It contains forty magnificent bells, which are all rung on Easter Eve.

The arsenal, also within the Kremlin, is an immense building, rich in trophies of war and absolutely hedged about with cannon captured from Napoleon and other artillery whose death-dealing energy is now extinct. At the palace of the Holy Synod we saw scores of jewel-laden priestly robes and countless utensils for sacramental service. We examined the extraordinary crucibles and retorts and silver articles employed in the preparation of the sacred oil. The ampulla of chased silver which contains the consecrated liquid, was sent long ago from Constantinople. One drop from this receptacle is sufficient to sanctify the compound of "wines and oil and

spices and balsams," which is annually prepared in the silver retorts and doled out to all the bishops of the realm for use in baptism.

Among the most striking features of the Kremlin are its five towers and gates of entrance — of these the Spaskoi or Holy Gate is the most celebrated. Over it has hung ever since the foundation of the city a picture of the Saviour which is an object of the greatest reverence to every Russian from the emperor to the lowest peasant, and neither would dare to pass under it without removing his hat. Every man, native or foreign, who passes through the gate, remains with uncovered head till he emerges from the shadow of the sacred image. This image, often carried in battle in the old days, is said always to have secured victory to the Russians. Through this gate many a triumphal procession has returned from conquest, and many a Tartar troop has been destroyed in vain efforts to obtain entrance. It is defended more effectually by superstition than by force, and tradition avers that every attempt to injure or to capture it has been thwarted by some miracle. Indeed, every tower which rises high above the Kremlin walls and defines its outlines against the sky has its story in the ancient annals, and from these battlemented walls, from which the peaceful valley is now seen, there has been hurled back many an assailing army at the cost of rivers of patriotic blood.

Another gateway ranks high in the veneration of the public. Here is enshrined the miraculous Virgin of Iberia, called "The Iberian Mother of God," who heals the sick, blesses the dying, and consoles all who are in trouble. She has an itinerant mission, and goes from her shrine in person to the sick and the unhappy. One day we were so fortunate as to see her start upon her journey. A large and bright blue carriage of peculiar construction stood in waiting, surrounded by a reverent multitude. Presently a richly robed priest, with attendants came from the little chapel, bearing carefully the large, heavily framed ikon. Then the odd shape of the carriage was explained, for the picture was slowly pushed into deep grooves, and rested securely in an almost upright position. The priest also entered the carriage, the door was closed, the horses were driven away at a rapid pace, and the crowd returned to its daily work. There is something to be said in favor of thus connecting the oversight and interest of the heavenly powers with the sorrows and woes of earth.

The wide moat which originally surrounded the Kremlin has long since fallen into line with other defenses of the same sort in other fortresses, and been transformed into a smiling garden, where the peaceful citizens of to-day may sit and recall the memory of great deeds performed by their warlike predecessors on this very spot.

There are, of course, many other points of interest in and around the city, besides the Kremlin. The ancient edifices still hold their place, but the modern city expands about them in spacious streets and noble squares. The enormous foundling hospital has both summer and winter quarters, and is said to be the largest in the world. Here, too, the everlasting two-sidedness of vexed questions reasserts itself upon the second thought of the spectator. The little waifs, whose coming into the world is accompanied by grave objections from the simply moral point of view, are cared for, educated, and guided by the state as the children of the poor really cannot be by their ignorant and reckless parents. They are kept clean in mind and body, are disciplined and taught, and according to their character and capabilities are transferred to the army or to some industrial pursuit. Instead of dangerous vagabonds, they have at least the chance to become useful members of society, and as there is little stigma attached to their origin, not a few of them have risen to eminence in many different directions.

We paid a long visit to the Donskoi Monastery, dedicated to the Virgin of the Cossacks of the Don. The general effect of the interior is weird and strange, with its over-laden Byzantine decorations — meagre saints and corpse-like Madonnas, gorgeous with color and gold. The

cemetery belonging to this monastery is so sacred that immense sums are paid for the privilege of interment within its bounds. There is an air of old-fashioned dignity about the whole place.

The church of St. Saviour, on the contrary, is radiant in light, and cheerful and distinctly gay in interior adornment. It has cost large sums, but it expresses Russian patriotism, and is a grand memorial of the defeated invasion of the French. It was only completed in 1884, and has employed the talent of many artists.

We drove one day through the extensive Peter-skoi Park, where the royal pleasance stretches far and wide ; we paid a visit to the quaint old palace of the Romanoffs ; we dined at a magnificent modern restaurant, where music was supplied by an apparently complete orchestra, represented by an organ run by machinery. We went to the remote manufactory of enamel-work and brought away lovely specimens ; we haunted the old market and the new arcades, which are rapidly driving the bazaar out of existence. In fact we did enough, and saw enough, and felt enough in this peerless city to fill a month with retrospective talk and a lifetime with memories.

I must say a few words of the extraordinary Cathedral of St. Basil the Beatified, which is quite unlike any other edifice in the world. It is close to but on the outside of the Kremlin wall, and occupies a conspicuous spot in what is

called the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese town. It was begun as early as 1535, by Ivan the Terrible, but he did not bury any of his six wives here — they rest with many other not happy women in the Ascension Convent. There are twenty domes on this curious temple, and each covers a chapel ; all of these chapels can be used for worship at once without interfering with each other. Here are shown the heavy chains worn for penance by St. Basil, and the relics of another saint called “ John the Idiot.” This cathedral is an admirable example of the successful audacity with which genius can free itself from established rules and produce a monument as grand as it is unique. Only by pictures can any idea be obtained of the odd grouping of towers, the variety of domes, and pinnacles, and projections, and cornices, or the wealth of color without and of decoration within.

Another place of still greater interest is the Tretyakoff gallery of modern Russian paintings. It was founded not many years ago by a public-spirited merchant, and is rapidly increasing in numbers and value. Nothing could better represent this interesting but perplexing people ; this marked national character ; this mixture of the impressional and the phlegmatic, the dramatic and impassive, the superstitious and pessimistic, the pitilessly cruel and the promptly sympathetic. These pictures, brilliant in color and

in execution, are often frightful in choice of subject, — as in the heartrending representation of Ivan the Terrible after he has slain his son, — it reveals an irrepressible energy in the artist, who evidently became entirely possessed by his fearful subject. There is compensation, however, in the many sweet and tender pictures of love and joy. The portraits are full of spirit, the landscapes palpitate with the pulsing atmosphere of sudden summer or lie dormant beneath a shroud of snow. This new but precious collection is a treasure-house for the lover of art, and its development is proof that a magnificent future awaits the artist in this land, where a new civilization is springing from a soil enriched by the tears and sufferings of myriads whose aspirations have been crushed by the iron heel of despotism and whose genius has been stifled by the atmosphere of slavery.

The temptation to analyze the present and to moralize over the past is almost irresistible in this strange unawakened country. To prophesy of the future, when it knows its strength, will not be difficult ; but its elements are all presented in extremes, and time and science and wise philanthropy are needed to reconcile and reform its splendor and its misery, its brightness and its gloom, its piety and its crimes, its astounding cruelties and equally astounding self-abnegations.

JAPAN

AFTER luxuriating in the soft air of India the sail northward is apt to produce a chill, and a keen wind may meet the traveler, even though the almanac records the date as the ninth of May. We entered the harbor of Nagasaki — four days from Hong Kong — in a pouring rain, which we are told is by no means an unusual occurrence. The shore before us looked precisely like a Japanese folding-screen, — an odd little house in one spot, a clump of dark green trees in another, some rocks and a waterfall, and a great variety of levels apparently given up grudgingly by the overhanging hillsides. The drenching rain continued without intermission all day, and nothing could be more dreary than the outlook from the ship or the plight of the few passengers who ventured to land. My own impressions of the famous city were doomed to remain only such as have been gathered from the perusal of Pierre Loti's story of "*Madame Chrysanthème*." The storm was severe enough to detain us in the harbor all night, which was a stroke of good fortune, as it procured us the passage through the far-famed Inland Sea by

daylight. Many authorities declare this especial scenery to be the finest in the world. I have long since learned to distrust such comparisons, and will only say that the sail through the Inland Sea is beautiful enough to satisfy the most exacting admirer of natural beauty. Morning brought a brilliant sun which gave a golden touch to the high lights of the picture, and illuminated each detail with peculiar power. The air was keen and cold like a New England morning in May. We smiled as we recalled the prophecies made by the friends we left behind. In their opinion a murderous heat was to be our portion and our punishment for making our Exodus from the Land of Bondage in an easterly direction when the rest of the traveling public chooses to go west. The wind of these northern seas penetrates to the marrow even when the sun may be brightly shining. We were glad to land at cheerful Kobé, and sit before a fire in our cosy room at the Hiogo Hotel. Kobé is gay and pretty, and its name means "The Gate of God." Its harbor is beautiful and well filled with ships. Our windows look down upon it and on the busy street between us and the water. Novelties in costumes and customs present themselves every moment. A jinrikisha ride of half an hour takes you to a wonderfully pretty spot among high hills, where the Nunobiki Falls descend in a series of graceful cascades to a dell

where wild flowers and tangled vines and branching shrubs make a bit of fairyland. The groves and cliffs seem to have arranged themselves with a view to scenic effect, wherein flowers blossom on one side and monkeys chatter on the other. Here also was our first experience of tea-house hospitality. A grave courtesy pervaded the establishment so far as we were permitted to see, and no undue fascinations were visible on the surface.

Kobé has the reputation of being the healthiest situation in Japan, and Nature herself has provided excellent sanitary conditions. The European part of the town is, of course, open and airy, the native town is business-like, populous, and bristling with shops. The custom of hanging out banners in all directions, adorned with all sorts of designs, combines, with the large outside display of goods, to give a festal air to the streets. Here we had our first view of a Japanese temple. The quaint and numerous buildings stand in a grove of cryptomenias and camphor-trees; it is dedicated to the goddess Wakahirumi-no-Mikoto, — a sort of Japanese Minerva, who long ago taught the use of the loom and brought about the wearing of clothes.

Religious ideas in Japan are so interwoven with secular customs that it is worth while to recapitulate a few points which are essential to the understanding of many peculiarities in the

temples and the festivals. “The Japanese have two religions, — Shinto and Buddhism, — the former indigenous, the latter imported from India. But the two are thoroughly interfused in practice, and the number of pure Shintoists and pure Buddhists must be extremely small. Every Japanese at his *birth* is placed by his parents under the protection of some Shinto deity, whose foster-child he becomes, but at his *death* the funeral rites are conducted, with few exceptions, according to Buddhist ceremonial.” Ancient Shinto had no precise religious or even moral ideas; it exacted very little: so Buddhism stepped in with mysticism, elaborate ritual, and many priests; accepted all the indigenous gods, as it had previously done those of India, and made them welcome among the already multitudinous host. Shinto is a combination of ancestor-worship and nature-worship. It has gods and goddesses of the winds, of the ocean, of fire, food, pestilence, etc. The radiant Sun-goddess is at their head. New deities have often been added, even during the present reign. Of the Buddhists, the divisions and sub-sects are numerous. The temples consist of fifteen or seventeen divisions, each with its especial use and meaning. Of these, the Gate, the Belfry, the Hondo or main hall, the Rinzo or revolving library, the Cistern for washing the hands before worship, the Drum-tower, and the Stone Lan-

terns, are the most important. The temples are always situated in the midst of lovely groves and gardens, and generally upon high ground, and produce a very solemn effect, in spite of many features which are grotesque and trivial to a European mind.

Osaka is only an hour by train from Kobé, and the road passes through a charming region under high cultivation, with the sea on one side and the mountains on the other. The picturesque scenery of Japan is, of course, a well-known part of its attractions, and it is also one of the first features to impress itself upon the traveler. I hardly know whether it is injured or improved by its haunting suggestion of having been seen before on screens and dinner-plates. The city of Osaka is situated on a pretty river, and spreads over a large territory in such a fashion as to require eleven hundred bridges for its daily use. The result is a slight resemblance to Holland. The Castle is a grand specimen of the old-time fortifications when Japan was a nation of hardy and brilliant warriors, and when the feudal system was in full force. The mighty masonry of these ancient strongholds dwarfs the exploits of to-day, the blocks of stone being, many of them, forty feet long and ten feet thick. Altogether the fortress has a very serious and formidable effect. How much this may have been diminished formerly by the appearance of the won-

derfully attired Japanese soldiers can only be conjectured after examination of these habiliments in the museums, where they are now preserved.

We rested at an attractive-looking restaurant, prettily situated on the riverbank, but were obliged to console ourselves for the absence of any dish possible to a European palate by watching the entertaining panorama of boats and bathers below the windows. In thus confronting the real native cookery and testing native dishes, the amount of original discrepancy in taste, as well as in acquired preferences, is once more forcibly demonstrated. It would seem easier to live on grass with the cows, or hay with horses, than to let these Japanese delicacies pass my lips. In order to obtain a satisfactory idea of this much-bewritten country, one must either accomplish an enormous amount of reading and study, and so form a solid foundation for personal comprehension of its peculiarities, or content one's self with being well entertained by the superficial experiences which meet the ordinarily acute observer. But even for this it is well to know a few of the Japanese peculiarities as a starting-point. History, tradition, fable, and religion are interwoven with all one sees and hears, even on a pleasure trip. I will therefore mention a few items which I found it convenient to keep in mind while I was among this slant-

eyed people, strenuously endeavoring to keep my own eyes straight under influences which have drawn those of some other travelers as far from the horizontal as those of the natives themselves.

Some of the traditions of Japan naturally follow general rules and are like those of other nations; as the Greeks had their Palladium, and the Jews their Ark of the Covenant, the Japanese have their Imperial Insignia quite as precious to them. These are: The Sword, The Mirror, and the Jewel, all handed down by the great Jimmo Tenno to his descendants, and they have passed in turn to each emperor who has reigned in the twenty-five hundred years since his death. So long as they remain in the possession of his successors, the empire of Japan is to endure. The whole position and policy of Japan rest on this fundamental idea.

The language of Japan contains only three parts of speech,—the noun, the verb, and the adjective. Any word may be either of these, according to circumstances, which fact introduces an almost hopeless puzzle for foreigners. But it must be remembered that Japan could, no more than other nations, resist the foreign influences brought to bear so heavily upon her in these modern days. In spite of her tenacity in many of her old superstitions, new ideas have crept in, and the result presents many opportunities for mistaken inferences and false con-

clusions which make superficial judgments worthless.

The first European to set foot in Japan, than whom no one has probably done so with more satisfaction, was the shipwrecked Portuguese mariner, Mendez Pinto, in 1542. He no doubt believed the Japanese proverb, "A sea voyage is an inch of hell." Seven years after his enforced landing he was followed by the famous missionary, St. Francis Xavier, who began the magnificent labors of the Jesuit Fathers, by which six hundred thousand natives were converted to the Christian faith. Some native writers claim that there were two million converts.

The genuine history of Japan is mingled with a large amount of mythical tradition and hero-worship. It records a long list of famous warriors and mighty monarchs ; but it has placed its faith most firmly upon Jimmo Tenno as its first emperor, and has deified him at thousands of shrines, although it cannot be proved that such a person ever really existed. All the same, the eleventh of February is the anniversary of his accession to the throne, and is celebrated much after the manner of our Fourth of July. The word Shinto (the name of the ancient faith) means the way of the gods, and as there were eight hundred thousand gods, it must have been a well-worn path, and mortals should find it easy

to follow. Superstitions are numerous, and symbols have multiplied to a confusing extent. The Mirror is held sacred because the Sun-goddess gave one to her son as an image of her own soul. The prayer wands or "gohei" which are scattered in profusion on the roads to the temples, and which consist of a slender wand, from which hang small strips of paper representing prayers, as well as the sacred bells of mighty size struck by swinging timbers, are all efforts to open communication between the human mind and the powers above and beyond itself.

As an example of the tender treatment a modern imagination can give to debasing observances, I quote the following lines : —

THE PATH OF PRAYER.

Among the gnarled pines of Old Japan
That shade a hill where patient crickets sing —
I chanced upon a terraced path which ran
Upward beneath a mystic covering.

A hundred sacred gates the pathway keep
Each shaped of two straight beams and one across,
With rigid angles mounting up the steep,
Their dull red hue bepatched with ancient moss.

At either side, thick in the grassless mould,
Two fluttering lines of white still rise beyond ;
Small written strips of paper that unfold
As banners pendant from a mimic wand.

And while I wondered, suddenly a name
Flashed to me, and I knew the Path of Prayer,

Where Kwannon, Queen of Mercy, nightly came
To read the sad petitions planted there —

I mused upon that gentle race anew,
With love and pity aching in my breast;
And then I knelt, when evening shadows grew,
To place my small petition with the rest.

Mary M'Neil Scott.

The bells and the gongs are intended to rouse the gods to pay attention to the demands of their worshipers. The ceremonies are as numerous as they are peculiar, and every part of the temple, and every portion of worship, has its own especial value and meaning. When you are told that the Sun-goddess was born from the left eye of Izanagi, the Creator of Japan, you can understand that she was kinswoman to Minerva, and beautiful enough to desire a mirror in which to behold her own charms. But, although extremely elaborate in the ornamental observances of worship, old Japan was very simple and limited in its fundamental articles of faith; there was no precise code of morality, and no belief in immortality. Obedience to the Mikado, as the representative of supreme authority, was the only demand. There were no words in the language for such trifles as benevolence, or justice, or truth, or propriety. "Chastity was of no account, and marriage but a flimsy bar." The effect of Buddhism, which was introduced A. D. 571, great as it was, re-

mained long overshadowed by the superstitious worship paid to the Mikado, which even at the present day prevails, in the more remote portions of the empire, almost unimpaired. The word Mikado means The Honorable Gate, and belongs to the same category as The Sublime Porte, but it has a deeper meaning, for it represents the effort of a reverent loyalty to avoid any direct mention of the then reigning emperor, whom it is sacrilege to speak of by his own personal name. The story of the mysterious and unapproachable grandeur of the Mikados, and their long seclusion under the tyranny of the Shoguns, followed by their restoration to power, in 1868, reads like a romance.

Between Nagasaki and Tokio lies the best part of Japan, that is, as the ordinary traveler cares for it. There are, of course, other regions rich in folk-lore, and objects of research for the philosopher and the scientist. The tract of country referred to extends about six hundred miles east and west, and two hundred north and south, occupying a space between the thirty-third and the thirty-sixth parallels of latitude, corresponding to the latitude of South Carolina, on this continent. All the important cities, nine in number, are within this limit.

We made our first acquaintance with the Great Buddha at an ancient and rather shabby temple at Kioto. The image is fifty-eight feet

high, and is (as always) in a sitting posture. He proved a poor fraud, however, as he is only a frontispiece of brasswork, while his back is a mere openwork scaffolding of timber. We went also to a temple where the goddess Kwannon, queen of mercy, is enshrined. She was a grand creature, standing in the twilight of an inner sanctuary, while in the outer room there were assembled brazen images in multitudes. Indeed, it is said that they number in all 33,333, large and small, some of them very small. There are at least one thousand, which are five feet or more in height; these I counted. The smaller ones often form a portion of the general ornamentation and symbolism of the chief idols. These long rows of beings in brass and copper, standing in grand array, immovable and silent, but clothed with the attributes of power and majesty, are not without dignity and imposing presence.

The temple grounds are always extensive, solemn, and beautiful. They invite to meditation and prayer. The very atmosphere seems laden with the millions of petitions that have been uttered in these sacred precincts for countless seasons, and these trees and flowers are consecrated by their long religious seclusion, which has protected them from the groveling superstition which entered long since to the interior of the temples, and still degrades the

shrines. Beautiful distant views often accompany the temples, for they always seek the heights, and lead the thoughts away from the petty present, and give freedom to the imagination, which may have already been purified and elevated by fasting and prayer. In the gardens of one temple small birds are kept in cages, and for a penny one has the privilege of setting free a little prisoner, and seeing him fly away into apparent liberty. They do it, however, as if they were used to it, and are said to be easily captured and resold. The original idea is a very pretty one, and worth more than many pennies is the delight of the little children over the bird as he soars upward into the branches of the big trees. Monkeys are often tethered to stands on the avenue of the temple, in charge of women, who sell green stuff with which travelers feed the chattering creatures. If they eat all the things spread out on the counters they must often be very sick monkeys. Some of them are ill-looking fellows, and one of them whose face was daubed with scarlet paint (perhaps as a danger-signal), preferred my finger to a fresh bean-pod, and bit me violently. His grip was like a vise, and he required severe cuffing from his keeper to make him release his hold.

Dai Nippon means Great Japan, and the Japanese believe that their country is not only the

greatest on the globe, but was the first land created, and all things outside of it are naturally inferior to it. Its history is, however, much more closely connected with that of other countries than its exclusiveness in the past would indicate. It is only one day's sail in a junk from Corea. At the extreme north the strait can be crossed in a canoe, and there have been times when low tides and high winds have bared the ocean floor so that one could walk from the mainland to the shore of Japan. There are twenty active volcanoes in the country, and hundreds now extinct. Fuji looks down on thirteen provinces, and is "clothed with a garment of lava on a throne of granite," and wears an imperial and well-fitting mantle of perpetual snow.

Of the climate I quote the best description I have seen: "The rapid variations of temperature, heavy and continuous rains, succeeded by scorching heats and the glare of an almost tropical sun, are accompanied and tempered by strong and constant winds." Murray also sums the subject up thus: "The Japanese summer and early autumn are hot and wet; the late autumn and early winter cool, dry, and delightful; February and March disagreeable, with occasional snow and dirty weather; the late spring rainy and windy, with beautiful days intermixed."

The name Japan is said to be a corruption of

a Chinese term, meaning "East of China." Twelve hundred of the ancient Mikados lived a hundred years apiece. The symbols of Shintoism have never lost their sanctity, and it is still the religion of the state. The people held no ideas as to a First Cause, but believed there was an original substance like an egg in its yolk. The effect of Buddhism was to incline the Mikados to exchange their earthly power for a heavenly, by embracing the religious life as "cloistered emperors" after a few years. They soon became mere puppets. The reigning monarch could not be seen by ordinary mortals; his feet were never allowed to touch the ground. The military power grew in opposition to the priesthood until its leaders, under the title of Shoguns, completely overshadowed the Mikados and usurped the entire government.

The Shoguns, having reduced the Mikados to silence, became tyrannous and overbearing. Not content with belittling them in this life, they treated them with contempt in death. While the Tombs of the Shoguns were sumptuous and extravagant to the highest degree, and their palaces luxurious, the burial-places of the emperors were "little better than earthen mounds, and their lives were passed in gloomy secluded idleness, and so-called religious observances."

Ever since its introduction Buddhism has

been a powerful factor in the life of Japan. By the census of 1875 there were in the country 148,807 Buddhist priests, and 58,862 nuns, or "religieuses," of different grades. With Christianity came firearms and many changes, and for some time converts were numerous. The statues of Buddha, altered a little with a chisel, served for images of Christ, and the Buddhist saints made good apostles. In 1583 five nobles were sent on an embassy to the Pope, but not much came of it. Meantime, superstitions did not much diminish, and when actual persecution came the converts were crushed out.

In the evening it is amusing to wander through the crowded streets of a Japanese town where theatres and jugglers' booths and shops and chatter of tongues and clatter of wooden clogs mingle their attractions; and where the Japanese themselves look so small and doll-like that the scene is like a puppet-show, and Europeans look gigantic in comparison. We are all the time coming upon indications of the length of time during which this plucky little nation has been doing the same things without experiencing any painful cravings for new things. The art of lacquering, for instance, was invented about the eighth century, and having reached its highest development in the thirteenth, has undergone no material change since. Crema-

tion was introduced in 700 A. D., and there are countless instances of the clinging to old thoughts and old ways.

The almost total absence of draught animals gives an odd effect to outdoor life. The cruel whip-lash does not offend the ear, and a great merit in the 'rikisha is that the rate of speed is matter of agreement between the driver and the propelling force. No one would dream of taking a whip into the jaunty little vehicle. The men are athletic and good natured, ready for a race, and took me over the ground as if I were only a feather's weight, and appeared to regard my extra fee as a gift of the gods. A good runner will go twenty miles with no apparent fatigue; a cup of saki is like a peck of oats for a horse; light hearted and lightly clothed they spring airily along, and really seem to have discovered their legitimate and only possible vocation. On my return from the hardest mountain excursion that we made in a "rik," my two men, who had pulled me over nine miles of precipitous climbing, and then rattled me back over the same extent of precipitous plunging, were very urgent for me to add to the work of the day by going at once to a temple two miles in another direction. There are thirty thousand jinrikishas in Yokohama and one hundred thousand in Tokio.

An agreeable excursion from Kioto is to the

Lake Biwa, seven miles distant, over a smooth road permitting the easy trot or swinging gait affected by the fashionable runners. We stopped at the temple of Meïdeta, which stands on a hill ascended by many stone steps. The temple is shorn of its ancient splendors, but the extensive prospect from the summit is worth climbing for. The distant mountain peaks stand high and fair, and beneath us was the fertile valley in which Lake Biwa lies. We returned on a tiny steamboat much like ours at home, but the village at which we landed was quite unlike anything in America. In the rural regions of Japan even at a short distance from the Treaty Ports, the foreign element disappears entirely, and opportunities for studying the native customs are in easy reach.

Visits to the various pottery manufactories are interesting, and strangers are treated with great courtesy. The establishments are crowded with wares and the paths through them are intricate, inconvenient, and dangerous. Stepping over rubbish and avoiding contact with fragile materials and the necessary polite examination of thousands of jugs and millions of cups and saucers and pitchers and platters (in acknowledgment of the courtesy extended) bring on absolute vertigo.

It is needless to say that where the number is so great the proportion of fine specimens must

be small. I came away with the impression that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand ought to be smashed, but that the thousandth was a delight to the eyes, a satisfaction to the soul, and worth the cost of all the broken nine hundred and ninety-nine. If one could double the risks of fragility to the general mass, and endow the exquisite pieces with immortality, it would be a good thing for art. The introduction of European ideas, undigested, is responsible for much of the degeneration in Japanese work. Some of the pretty marks of the Japanese are seen in the crests, for instance, the three-leaved mallow, the Tokugawa crest and the two crossed horsebits of the Satsuma.

One of the sights which all foreigners are expected to patronize is a performance by the dancing girls or geishas, so we went, one wild and stormy night, a distance of two miles in our "riks" to a tea house of the better sort. By previous arrangement nine geishas had been engaged from the best school in Kioto, and they appeared in all their bravery of brocaded gowns, well-oiled hair, golden combs, and gorgeous fans. They were soft, smooth little animals, and went slowly hither and thither over a limited space, or turned around on themselves with the stealthy movements of kittens. They attitudinized, they waved their tiny brown hands, they bent their presumably brown knees, they flirted their fans,

they made their solemn little courtesies, they giggled their small mirthless laughter, they did everything except dance. Every motion had its meaning and its grace; each performance was a tiny drama, interesting no doubt to those who understood the plot, but dull and monotonous to us. Two of the girls sat on the floor and played on the samisen, or Japanese guitar, and sang in thin, high voices. In the intervals of the performance they all smoked tiny pipes, and held a cackling chatter together. We sat on the floor till our every bone ached and our spirits sank to the lowest ebb. It seemed all very modest and proper and entirely different from the sensual and coarse contortions of the Egyptian and Indian dances, but whether it was intrinsically purer I do not know. Its monotony was tiresome, the music was exasperating, and as increasing pains assailed my cramped muscles, I grew to hate the boot-button eyes, greasy hair, and tallow skins of the harmless little dolls who were simply following their vocation and earning their living as they had been taught to do. They seemed as absolutely devoid of anything resembling a process of thought as so many delicate French toys wound up for a performance by machinery. Some travelers discover a romance wrapped in each embroidered robe — but I failed to find anything but mild, unquestioning obedience to long-established habit, carried out

in a gentle and rather pathetic fashion. If they did not enjoy it, they got some satisfaction from our money and our applause. It was best worth while to see how skillfully they avoided breaking their limbs, or falling on their faces, as they twisted about in their long and narrow robes, heavily stiffened and loaded at the bottom, and often assuming the shape of a corkscrew. But they wobbled about safely in their white-stockinged, or rather their white-mittened feet. The house footwear for men and women is more like an old-fashioned mitten than anything else; the thumb of the mitten fitting the great toe and the whole affair buttoning behind. When the clog for outside wear or the straw sandal is put on, the toe is inserted in the strap of the clog, and the click-clack-clatter begins. The ride home from the geisha performance through the beating storm and the darkness, the silence only broken by the wailing wind which combined with the swaying of the "rik," made the finish of the evening the most exciting.

One morning when magnificent masses of threatening clouds hung over the mountains but brought no rain, we went to the Mikado's palace, a spacious, scrupulously clean but dreary-looking place. The floor mats are beautifully fine, the screen paintings are justly celebrated. The Nijo palace, where we went next, was far finer. Its coffered ceilings, its lacquered beams,

with bolts and clamps and braces of exquisite brasswork, are most extraordinary and the wall-paintings or panels surpass all we have hitherto seen, while the gateways are marvels in carvings and brass. But of the palaces, or rather the abandoned royal residences, which are open to inspection, it is not easy to get any satisfactory idea. Domestic life is so utterly different from ours that even an imperial dwelling lacks nearly everything that we regard as essential to comfort. If, for instance, we removed from the finest house in New York all the tables, chairs, sofas, cabinets, books, paintings, rugs, and bric-a-brac and curtains — we should find the mansion desolate, no matter how fine a straw matting covered the floors. They do not care for what we call comfort, and seem never to have evolved comfortable chairs or beds. The intense cleanliness seems to add to the heart-breaking loneliness. The ceilings are rich in lacquer and gold, the metal-work abundant and exquisite, the wall-paintings often grand, the mattings soft as satin.

The perfection of Japanese gardening is too well known to need description, but its charm is manifest in the sweet country drives, as well as in the more elaborate gardens. It is also noticeable that delicate plants thrive here in a climate which strongly resembles that of New England. Palms, bananas, and other tropical

plants flourish, and azaleas blossom by the million. We went five miles into the country to a dear old-fashioned garden at Katseira, where were ancient ponds with water-plants, rustic hedges hoary with age, and high, moss-grown stepping-stones. The science of horticulture is made into a fine art and large folios are necessary to explain the meaning of the many combinations in bouquets, modified or heightened by the kind of vase in which they are placed, and indeed by all the attendant circumstances. Every nosegay is eloquent of traditional lore, the stems are as important as the blossoms, the angle of inclination varies the significance, and so on through a sublimated interpretation which has developed a literature and created an abstruse science, delightful to an oriental intellect and a matter of educational importance. In fact, everything in Japan appears to mean something additional to its first signification ; symbols are incorporated into daily life, from the wayside flower to the dragon on the banner, or the grotesque emblems floating on the house-top or the scarlet lanterns hanging in long rows ; each has some meaning hidden from a stranger's comprehension. If the huge painted fish which flopped from many a roof is, as we were told, an advertisement that a son had been born in that house within the year, it is certain that an extremely one-sided increase of the population had

taken place that season. It is true, however, that the carp is also used as an emblem of perseverance and ambition on account of its tremendous leaps when surmounting the cascades on its annual up-river journey. These adornments make the streets very gay and at festival times they are overwhelming in number and brilliancy.

The distances over which we travel in our "riks" are really wonderful : we roll past miles of shops, and monotonous house-fronts, and through hundreds of groups of people utterly indistinguishable from each other. Leaving them behind we enter on sweet country roads, which lead to lovely gardens or to secluded and solemn temple grounds. On one of these excursions we stopped at the Great Crematory, and witnessed a Japanese funeral. The building is high up in the hills ; the long avenue of approach is bordered with stately *Cryptomerias* ; the arrangements within are simple but perfect. The funeral procession marched slowly up the hill, preceded by four men bearing each an enormous bouquet of flowers on standards eight or ten feet high. The body was inclosed in a bright yellow lacquered box, square in shape and suspended from a long bar or beam of black lacquer with richly gilded ends, the whole affair hung with tassels and little brass bells. This box serving as hearse, looked like a festal palanquin. It contained the coffin, which resembled

an ordinary packing-box. As only the high nobility (so we are told) are buried at full length, ordinary mortals are forced into a sitting posture and jammed into a small compass. There were two priests of different grades and wearing different colored costumes; the service was performed in a small open building, prayers were recited, the friends of the deceased passed slowly by the altar, on which joss-sticks were burning, and each one added his tiny taper to them, with a low bow. At last the man who acted as undertaker opened the yellow box and took out the coffin which was painted white. He carried it, unaided, and with little apparent effort, into the main building and opening one of the iron doors, slid in the box and closed the door. The ovens are so arranged that the fire is lighted (by a relative of the deceased) at a door in the rear of the oven on a different corridor, which runs around the outside of the ovens, so that the coffin is not visible. Three bodies were cremated while we were there. The firemen were as solemnly cheerful as the grave-diggers in Hamlet. Tea houses line the road near the furnaces, and tea farms are numerous in the neighborhood. Many Japanese are said to die of ossification of the coats of the stomach, caused, it is supposed, by excessive tea-drinking. The bodies are reduced to ashes in an hour and a half, then placed in a small box and given to a

relative. There are three grades of ovens for the different classes of society. No criticism could well be made upon the performance — it is dignified, business-like, hygienic, and thorough. Elaborate funeral services are often held in the temples before the corpse starts on this last journey.

Of the temples it is impossible to give a satisfactory description. The buildings are numerous and of uses almost incomprehensible to a foreigner. Their architecture is familiar through pictures; the ornamentation is profuse, often splendid, but confused, incongruous, and misplaced to Western taste; but in the best instances, the gaudiness has been mellowed and toned down by age and dust to a tawny hue not unattractive. The dull gold, the black and scarlet lacquer, the rich faded hangings, all combine to produce an admirable effect. The groves and gardens, the cliffs and dells, the streamlets below and the lofty trees above, the ancient stonework of stairways and balustrades and lanterns, the serenity of an entirely finished and established symbolism, make each temple produce the same general effect, varied only in subordinate details. The method of caring for the Buddhist Scriptures reminds one of the Jewish Books of the Law, but in some cases, notably at Nikko, the books are kept in a revolving cupboard, very heavy and difficult to move — but if

you do succeed in turning it around you receive into your mind thereby all the wisdom written in those books.

Nikko is a very sacred place, as well as very picturesque. We saw there a wonderful church festival with an interminable procession of fantastically dressed people, caparisoned horses, richly robed priests, lacquered shrines, and religious emblems. Long ago these things represented the power of the priesthood, — now they are grotesque and flimsy images of dead beliefs. It rained in torrents (as it is apt to do) during the whole ceremony, and the spectators hustled about in vain to avoid wetting. Awnings and umbrellas were of little use, but I was snugly tucked into my 'rikisha, with only an occasional trickle through the top. The proceedings went on as if nothing in the weather would interfere, but it was a half-drowned world we looked upon. The temples at Nikko are exceptionally splendid, and an added sanctity is derived from the shrines of Ieyasu and Iemitsu, which crown the heights above. They are reached only by climbing hundreds of stone steps of stately proportions, and protected by a massive balustrade of hewn granite. At the various landings where one pauses to take breath there are numerous small buildings dedicated to temple uses. The shrines themselves are in a solemn seclusion in the shadow of huge trees, and guarded by stout iron railings.

At Tokio the so-called Shiba temples are elaborately sumptuous, and splendor culminates in the gorgeous tombs of the Shoguns within the sacred inclosures, on which fabulous sums have been expended. Here were celebrated the grandest of all festivals when the reigning Shogun came to worship the spirits of his ancestors. At Nagoya the temples are fine, and the great gateway of the Higashi Hongwang is magnificent in size and superb in decoration. At Nagoya we had experience of a native hotel, though it claimed to have developed under foreign influences. What it may have been before one does not like to think: I only note down that we left Nagoya with joy, but without breakfast, and took train for Yokohama. The only other occupants of the car were a Japanese gentleman of seemingly high rank and his family, five ladies, one friend (apparently), and an interpreter or secretary. Several military officers escorted him to the station, and treated him with great deference. He was a repulsive looking person, but the women were more like ladies than any others we have seen. They smiled benevolently upon us, and pressed us to eat some of their disgustingly flat sweetmeats. We returned the compliment by giving them a glass of beer and a cigarette apiece. The interpreter knelt every time he addressed the governor, as he was called, and in

accordance with directions asked us each our age, and told us their own. An immense amount of smiling and bowing took place when they bade us good-bye. It had rained most of the day, and as night came a deluge descended. When we reached the hotel we were glad to sit by a good fire.

At Kamakura, where the waves of the sea make music on the gently sloping shore, there is to be seen the grandest monument in all Japan — so much grander and more impressive than any other that one wonders how it was brought into existence in a land of small artistic conceptions rather than of majestic creations. The great Buddha or Daibutsu was formerly enshrined in a temple which has been twice destroyed by fire. He now sits uncovered in the open air, and, indeed, the blue dome of heaven seems the fittest canopy for his most royal head. He is represented as Amida, or Boundless Light, and the thought of an artist has rarely found more complete expression. In the serene face is the peace of one who has achieved a victory, has attained rest by grand performance; it combines the majesty of the conqueror with the sweetness of a soul that has known suffering. It would seem that no one could fail to draw inspiration and strength from frequent contemplation of this masterpiece of religious art, which has nothing of the idol about it, but is the em-

bodiment of a grand thought. It ranks in the memory with the majesty of the Egyptian Sphinx, the beauty of the Taj Mahal, and the solemnity of a Gothic cathedral. This mighty creature, instinct with immortality, has been sitting in these gardens for six hundred years absorbing the worship of many generations, till it seems able to give forth a benediction to all who come to it. The figure is of bronze, fifty feet high, with other measurements that faintly express the grandeur of the enormous whole. The circumference of the base is about a hundred feet, the breadth of the head from ear to ear is seventeen feet, length of the eyelid three feet, and so on. The forehead bears the boss of wisdom in silver, weighing thirty pounds; so Buddha sits cross-legged in eternal repose; he measures thirty-five feet from knee to knee, and lifts up two thumbs each three feet in diameter. But it is sacrilege to measure with a foot-rule such a magnificent creature as this, or to count by years the centuries that have passed away since first he sat there in the sight of men. In the interior of the statue is a temple shrine, and many pilgrims flock there, and priests minister in his honor.

An interesting ceremony took place on the 30th of May as the observance of our Decoration Day was honored in this far land. The weather was showery and chilly, when at ten

o'clock two of the officers from the flagship Lancaster came in a carriage and escorted us to the beautiful cemetery on the Bluff, where services were held over American graves. A procession of American soldiers and sailors marched up the hill, the band playing a dirge. At the gate we left the carriage and marched with them through the lovely flower-decked paths. The Rev. E. S. Booth offered a prayer; the band played the "Sanctus" of Gounod. All the men present stood with uncovered heads during the prayer in spite of the falling rain. So also my husband took off his overcoat and stood bareheaded while delivering a memorial address, which was listened to by a most attentive audience of soldiers, sailors, and strangers of both sexes from many lands. The procession passed on, pausing at the graves profusely decorated with flowers, and each laid another flower on the monuments. The whole ceremony was impressive. The view from the Bluff is beautiful.

Of the peculiarities of a Japanese dinner I can only speak from hearsay, but the account brought back by a gentleman of our party was piquant and interesting. He had sat on the floor four hours and a half, and came home loaded with boxes of queer sweetmeats, having found it impossible to bring other more cumbersome evidences of their hospitable treatment, such as a whole baked fish, etc.

Yokohama is a very gay place for the foreign residents, who develop every sort of luxury of living, and exhaust ingenuity in devising social amusements. Some of them are even so generous as to provide a piquant dish of scandal for their famishing friends. The odor of one of especial flavor was still in the air during our visit, and the turf was still fresh over the grave of a young man who had partially expiated his folly with his life. Society in these mixed settlements, remote from restraining home influences, with freedom in all directions, and youth, and health, and money-getting, and luxurious exemption from domestic cares, seems to bring on temptations and opportunities unknown in staid communities, and an unfortunate giddiness overtakes the gay of both sexes.

When a day at this season is fine, it is so entirely perfect that it seems ungrateful to remember the discomfort of the day before, or to prophesy the storm of to-morrow. It was on one of these days of paradise that we arrived at famous Nikko. We had been seven hours going one hundred miles, but the scenery was enchanting, and the cars commodious. From the station to the hotel is one of the prettiest bits of scenery I ever saw, and the road runs by the bank of Dai-gawa, or big river. Across this bounding, rushing, tumultuous stream there stands the Sacred Bridge; of its origin the fol-

lowing account is given. When the Saint Shode Shonin made his pilgrimage under divine inspiration to the snowy summits above Nikko, his course was barred by the dashing waters of the Dai-gawa and its huge rocks. His prayers, however, brought an angel to his aid, who, standing on the other bank, "flung across the river two green and blue snakes, who twisted themselves into a bridge brilliant as a rainbow." The Red Bridge, now spanning the river, commemorates this miracle, and only the feet of the emperor are allowed to walk over it.

Nikko is a sacred place, rich in temples and festivals. One of the grandest of the structures is within walking distance of the hotel. The road is bordered with wonderful stately trees of absolutely gigantic stature. Nothing could be more impressive than the dignified and solemn aspect of the temple grounds, in spite of the chattering monkeys, and the trivial booths, and the tawdry decorations.

Another day of days took us to Lake Chuzenji, eight or nine miles distant, and high up among the mountains. We were a large party, some on horseback, some in "riks," some in palanquins, and some on foot. I had two extraordinary young athletes with my "rik," who made no more of the vehicle and its contents than if I had been the celebrated "fly on the wheel." The sharper the ascent the louder they

laughed ; the deeper the mud the longer their leaps ; they twisted the carriage between and over the big rocks, which the recent rains had dislodged. The scene was brilliant in sunshine, and the hillsides were enlivened with vast stretches of azalea blossoms and luxuriant climbing vines which draped the precipices like a wondrously graceful garment. The lake is extensive and beautiful, and lies beneath a lofty mountain bearing the same name. We crossed over from the village, and landed at an ancient shrine with its worm-eaten Torii, commemorating the time-honored custom of propitiating the demon-dragon of the lake by casting into the water an annual tribute of two bags of rice. Demons are an important and busy part of Japan's population, and their portrait-images as set up in the temple gateways are of the most grotesquely horrible sort. Some strange creations of a superstitious imagination are painted a brilliant scarlet, others are pea-green, others cobalt blue, black, or white, and all with terrific scowls on their distorted faces. They are supposed to guard the sacred precincts from the outside mass of evil spirits, and are spotted all over with small paper balls, thoroughly masticated by the true believer till sufficiently adhesive to stick permanently to their glossy surfaces. These balls contain the petitions of the people, who thus implore their protection or deprecate their wrath.

On a cloudy Sunday afternoon we went with a guide to the temples of Ieyasu and Iemitsu, and through the exquisitely beautiful avenues and grounds by which they are approached. The temple gates are guarded by four demons brilliantly colored, one a bright scarlet, one a pale blue, one pea-green, and the fourth a subdued white. Huge gods and threatening griffins, grotesque lions and distorted dogs alternate with beautifully sculptured birds and flowers of a tender grace. The carved peonies and chrysanthemums are skillfully adapted to the rich dark background of shining lacquer and heavy gold. The mausoleums are at the top of long flights of moss-grown stone steps. We ascended about two hundred to reach the sacred seclusion in which Iemitsu is enshrined, but had not the strength to add the other climbing necessary to see that of Ieyasu. The staircases are divided into stations, and at each landing we found groups of the temple buildings, for a temple in Japan is really a small village. The massive stonework of these stairways, the countless lofty trees, the array of ponderous stone lanterns, the extraordinary architecture, the gorgeous roofs, the vast extent of territory, the reverend antiquity, and the impressive stillness combine to form a scene never to be forgotten, but difficult to portray.

At Myanoshita there is very grand scenery

and an excellent hotel, much frequented by foreigners. There is no limit to the variety and beauty of the views on the way thither. The first part of the journey is by steam-cars, then by tram-cars, and finally as the road becomes very steep, the friendly "rik" comes to the aid of the traveler. From this pretty mountain village there are many charming excursions, one of them over the Otometogee pass, from which some glorious views of Fujiyama are obtained. This world-renowned mountain well deserves its reputation, and however skeptical one may be at first as to its absolutely unique beauty, one ends by acknowledging its supreme charm. Both for grace of outline and impressive dignity of demeanor it outrivals all other single mountains, even though they have greater height and greater mass. It is beautiful when seen across the deep dark valley, which separates it from the Otometogee pass; it is very grand as it rises abruptly from the plain of Gotemba; it is picturesque and bewitching when bathed in the hues of sunset, and fair as a new-born creation when irradiated with the morning sunbeams. It is majestic as one approaches it, and dreamlike as one retreats from it and distance drapes it with soft obscurity. It greets the fortunate visitor who arrives in sunny weather with a smile, and it gives him god-speed as he sails away. But it is a wayward

creature and often hides its face for many days together; indeed we heard of one party of tourists who waited six weeks in vain for an unclouded view of its beauty. One instinctively bestows personality on this mountain, and like the moon and the ship it becomes distinctively feminine. To see her in her royal robes, to watch the sweep of her magnificent train as it falls in folds into the valleys, to wait till the pure ermine of her snowy mantle is tinged with the rose of early dawn, or soft white clouds caress her brow; or when as daylight fades she assumes a severer aspect and envelops herself in obscuring twilight shadows, — these are experiences to be remembered for a lifetime.

The attractions of Tokio, the present capital, are endless. The Imperial Hotel is so comfortable that there is no need to hurry in studying the big city both externally for its Japanese peculiarities and internally for such social opportunities as are allowed the foreigner. I had the inestimable privilege of a view of Fuji from my window. I can only mention some of the places that reward a traveler's search. The Imperial residence, seen of course only on the outside, the wonderful moats, the Tombs of the Shoguns, and the extensive parks are all interesting. Tokio is commercially inclined, and one may spend money (under advice of an expert) with great satisfaction. The moated palace

speaks of the feudal past, but the busy and alert people are prophesying great things for the future, when the nation shall be completely modernized and the historic individuality of Japan has become a thing of the past.

The Tomb of the second Shogun is the most gorgeous and elaborate of them all, and its wonderful lacquer is said to be the finest in the world. The Shiba Park in which it stands is filled with marvelous shrines and chapels. Ueno Park contains a museum which promises an endless store of relics for the historian. The famous "cherry blossom festival" is at its best in Tokio, and in the fine gardens outside the walls the various flower shows succeed each other in regular order. There are small shops where you may spend hundreds on a tiny box or an ivory statuette, and huge bazaars where you may accumulate much bulk of purchase for a small amount of cash. You can discover the rarest curios of the oldest date, or pay three or four thousand dollars for a folding-screen of to-day. These things are but a faint suggestion of gay smiling crowded Tokio, the capital of Japan.

One of the beautiful flower shows we saw was that of the Iris blossoms. Thousands of these tall and stately lilies reared their queenly heads and reflected the sunbeams in tints as various and as interwoven as those in the robes of the dancing girls we saw the night before. The air

was pure, and the fair daylight illumined a wide field of flowers watered by tiny canals intersecting the ground in all directions. It seemed incredible that the Iris could assume such majesty of bearing, and don such royal robes. Each blossom was like a dainty banner on its delicate stem and seemed a portion of some fairy procession. They bore also very poetical names, as the Silver Moonbeam, the Dying Lion, the Smile of Peace, etc. A hundred school-children were taking holiday in the garden, and it was amusing to see the boys walking gravely about with an air of connoisseurship selecting and purchasing a flower. Imagine one of our town schools turned into such a garden where the mud in the ditches would make such good material for a battle and there was water for a hundred squirt-guns.

We went by train to Kamakura and then by "riks" to the thousand year old Ichō-tree, to the temple of Hachiman, and above all, to the Great Buddha who sits in eternal calm, and fitly represents the thought of Boundless Light and Eternal Peace. The pretty bays and islands, the quiet country roads, the cultivated fields, the picturesque seaside hotel, made a pretty framing for the picture of the day.

Of course we went, as all travelers do, to the famous suburb of Tokio, — the Yoshiwara, where dwell the thousands of poor girls who

rank as frail beauties or soiled doves in the language of polite society. We took a carriage at eight one evening with an authorized valet-de-place, and drove about six miles through the usual interminable streets enlivened by colored lanterns or dark in impenetrable gloom. On reaching the gates of the Yoshiwara proper (or rather improper) we were obliged to leave the carriage, everything here being under strict surveillance. The place is really a prison, under police supervision ; its inmates cannot escape ; its laws are imperative, and an almost solemn stillness pervades the place. We entered a street bordered by tall houses, very different from the ordinary dwellings of the people. Each story was lighted up with colored lanterns. The lower stories were open to the street and could be approached quite near by the spectator, but between us and the occupants there were iron bars like those in the cages of wild animals. The animals on exhibition here, however, are not wild, but would probably escape if not guarded. Each room is therefore really a cage in which sit the young women, — on rent as it were, — richly dressed, elaborately painted, pomatumed, and coiffed ; apparently utterly indifferent to the gaping crowd ; with immovable features, expressing only the calmness of thoroughly blasé conditions. They sat upon their heels in a fashion impossible to any but the Japanese, and

looked like a row of dolls in a toy-shop. Some smiled very faintly at us, or shook their slim brown fingers with an odd but perhaps significant gesture. On the floor before them was the ever-present atom of a tea-table, the small jar of hot ashes, and the tiny silver-mounted pipe. At intervals one of the girls was noiselessly summoned and mysteriously withdrawn, but the rest paid no attention. They sat as demurely as a Puritan Sunday school, but the gorgeous toilettes were not at all like that. We were told that there were one hundred and twenty of these houses, and many thousands of licensed courtesans of different ranks and prices. Those of the more aristocratic grades live upstairs and are not open to public inspection. Now and then a squeaky music was heard in the distance, in these upper apartments, and one could not help hoping that some bits of gayety occasionally accompanied the sacrifice. There certainly was no sign of cheerfulness below, as far as we could see, and it was impossible to extract any emotion even of serious indignation from the contemplation of these gayly dressed puppets. They seemed protected from mental suffering by their very number, and to have no occasion for especial shame, since they were simply obeying the laws as they know them, and to be quite without any of the ideas which we are apt to regard as integral portions of a woman's nature.

They might as well be kittens or monkeys, so irresponsible are they for their condition or their conduct. They are caught — for that is the process — at about the age of ten ; they are groomed and fed carefully ; they are educated expressly for their profession ; taught how to heighten their charms by art ; and instructed in all available accomplishments. Their vanity and competition with their companions supply perhaps some stimulus and excitement, and meanwhile they are as safely imprisoned as any criminals in the realm.

With all the many pages I have written on this wonderful country, I seem to have said nothing that can give an adequate idea of Japan. When I lay down my pen there rises before me a variety of scenes with which I might perhaps have succeeded better than with those I have chosen. There are so many odd things and odd ways all about, so many contrary impressions possible. The old people toddle like children, the children look like old men and women. One writer says, "The main business of the nation was play" — before the foreigners came. Perhaps the dumb animals are the only serious people, — they look sad enough, and one is glad there are not more of them. Even the kittens are born without a tail to play with. Symbolic and fantastic emblems and appurtenances appear everywhere. The temple gates are hung with rough

and weather-worn ropes of straw, the remnants of an old tradition of their power to keep out evil spirits. The lotus-flower serves as decoration, and also as the emblem of eternal rest; it is also the throne of the Great Buddha. The priest sees in it the suggestion of the creative power of the universe. "The lotus springs from the mud" is the consolatory proverb with which an Asiatic answers those who tell him that the human heart is desperately corrupt and has no power to cleanse itself. Japanese philosophy presents many odd problems to a Western mind. As a pleasure excursion Japan is highly entertaining, but the most careless sightseer is tempted to philosophize over the problems that swarm like bees about one's eyes and ears. One would like to persuade the market-men that neither vegetables nor children can be washed clean in the gutter, and the people generally that by sitting on their heels for centuries they have dwarfed their stature and brought on frightful diseases. But Japan is Japan and has shown a capacity for imitation and Europeanizing herself that leads us to believe that her future may be trusted in the same hands that made her heroic and prosperous in the past.

CENTRAL SPAIN

IN looking back over the experiences of foreign travel, it is often delightful to recall and re-live some of the minor incidents which acquire interest from the comparatively unusual and unhackneyed conditions under which they occurred. Thus, amid the gorgeous glories of a journey through Spain, there come to memory episodes of quiet days and rural scenes and quaint stopping-places, or of wild and lonely mountain regions still barbaric with ancient strongholds, now lying silent, which make striking contrast with the vivid pictures of the romantic Alhambra, the gay streets of brilliant Seville, the pageants of metropolitan Madrid, or the prosperous bustle of Barcelona.

It was our good fortune on arriving at Gibraltar, a little after the rush of the traveling season, to secure the services of a courier who stood at the head of his profession, well known to American tourists, who deserved his sobriquet of "King of the Couriers." A few words of description of this remarkable man may be pardoned. His personal beauty was of a high order, his figure bore out the promise of his

face, and his six feet two inches of height were balanced by a fine muscular development. Able to converse in a dozen different languages, associated with travelers whose cultivated manners he had copied, his natural intelligence heightened by his occupation, he was a model guide for wanderers in strange lands. We were sure of good treatment by the outside world while we were preceded by his majestic figure and heralded by his gold-headed cane, — the only article of luggage he condescended to carry. It was only under such guidance that it was wise to venture into regions where our native language was quite unknown, and where the unrestrained inquisitiveness of even a good-natured crowd would be too formidable.

So at Granada we abandoned the railways for a brief dash across country to see what Central Spain would show us of fertility and beauty. We had greatly enjoyed Granada, seeing it, not as most tourists do, in the chill of spring or the shadows of autumn, but under the splendid leafage of trees and blossoming shrubs, and accompanied by the music of sparkling fountains and flowing rills. Only at such a season can be fully understood the significance of Moorish palace architecture, the chief features of which are its open courts and galleries, its gardens, its fountains, and its ingenious devices for fresh air and summer enjoyments. For us the lordly elms of

Wellington's planting gave delightful shade, the sound of rippling waters was grateful to the ear, the smiles of flowers blooming on all sides cheered the eye, the warmth and sunshine gladdened the heart, and these accessories explained the delight of the kings of old in the palaces where they forgot the noise of cities, the toils of war, and the turmoil of faction.

We had visited the various shrines of Granada, had dutifully descended through the venerable trap-door beneath the monuments of Ferdinand and Isabella, and stood beside the quaint coffins which inclose their mortal remains. It seems as if some portion of their royal spirits must have taken up its abode in the life-like effigies above their resting-place, which have knelt before the altar for four hundred years, wrapt in contemplation of heavenly things, and undisturbed by the wars and rumors of wars which have been forever going on in the world outside.

We had visited a very different locality in the cave-dwellings of the gipsies, who have inhabited them for centuries, and who still prefer them to the most comfortable cottages. Their ownership descends from father to son, and we were told that the government exacts no taxes. The caves are ingeniously developed, the stall of the donkey is next the parlor, and the family bedrooms retire into the interior. The floors are paved with small stones, the rooms are filled with old-

fashioned articles, many of no possible value, but treasured by their owners, — pottery, brass lamps, cooking utensils, and so on. Order and neatness prevailed. The women were extremely polite, some even cordial ; in fact, so simple and unaffected, that we concluded that civilization often suffered from more degrading influences of poverty than were involved in dwelling in caves, even with a donkey as co-tenant.

On our last morning in Granada we were waked in season to take our coffee at five o'clock. We then climbed into a very dilapidated vehicle and descended the long hill to the diligence station at breakneck speed. We had secured the coupé, or, as it is called here, the berlina, but when we saw the superannuated cart which serves to carry all the passengers who seek this unfrequented road, it was eloquent in suggestions that we were entering on paths untrodden of the fashionable tourist. We climbed into the funny little space allotted to us, made amiable disposition of elbows and knees, let down the rattling windows, and prepared to enjoy our new experience. For a while the way was lighted by a waning moon, but ere long she retired as the heralds of the dawn flamed forth from the opposite quarter. The air was delicious ; the horses went along fairly ; Michael's notes by the way were piquant ; the scenery was beautiful and varied. We had by turns the wild picturesque-

ness of a narrow mountain gorge and the mild cheerfulness of country scenes. We passed villas and vineyards, convents and churches, hamlets and harvest fields. We crossed small rivers over timeworn bridges, and went through long stretches of open country, where the land seemed to lie fallow of all serious husbandry, and to have given itself over to a riotous demonstration of wild poppies which flaunted their scarlet banners in the sun and seemed to boast that their color came from many a famous battlefield once incarnadined with the blood of warriors. "Spanish history has been described as seven centuries of fighting and three thousand battles," and the scent of carnage has not yet quite left the air.

We had a team of six animals, part of them horses and part mules. To speak with absolute correctness, we had eight; for the driver and the postilion were certainly not above their four-footed companions in any qualities apparent to the superficial observer. My sympathy goes out more freely to the long-suffering, duty-fulfilling brutes that labor unrewarded and ill-treated, than to the vulgar, dirty, begging, cringing humans, who thank you for a kick if you accompany it with a shilling. The mules especially excite respect, for they are the only inhabitants of this region who appear to carry on any reasoning processes; and they have thereby at-

tained an almost perfect philosophy in the endurance of evils from which they cannot escape. Horses and dogs have become irritable and vicious under their long ill-treatment; they often snap and kick; the cats are timorous but crafty and spiteful, having sharpened their wits as well as their claws; the sheep, the goats, and the pigs scurry away from the cruel humans; the pigs especially have lengthened their legs and lightened their bodies for speed till the phrase, "as fat as a pig," has no significance. But the donkey hardens his hide and braces his nerves by musing on the miseries of life as he knows it; he accepts his many blows as a matter of course, and rarely makes much attempt at rebellion; he does not even share the evident curiosity of the horse as to where the next blow will strike, but staggers on under burdens and blows, superior in courage and patience to the depraved men who mount his lame back in couples. Occasionally only does he utter his strange, unearthly cry, which seems to put into sound the pent-up protest of centuries.

We drove over this charming road for more than fifty miles, changing horses several times, but clinging to our dilapidated coach and lunching within it upon food we had brought with us, not daring to confront the horrors of unmitigated Spanish cooking. We reached the lordly city of Jaen, which was blazing in a noonday sun-

shine, whose heat was truly of the hottest. Jaen is a very stylish-looking city, of the old-fashioned sort. It is in a mountainous region, and its castle stands above it like a sentinel on guard, and commands the gorge of the mountain approach. It possesses a cathedral of majestic proportions and sumptuous architecture in Græco-Roman style, and with two splendid towers. It reared its magnificent mass in the quivering white heat like some ethereal structure in the upper sphere. About three o'clock we walked across the open and entirely unshaded plaza, and the sun glared down upon us with an apparently malicious intention, ready to shrivel us to a coal. I use the word malicious advisedly, for a peculiarly malignant threat resides in Spanish sunshine, meaning mischief for all heads less impervious than a Spaniard's or a donkey's. But one is seldom obliged to remain in it, and the "bad hour" is so brief that it counts for little against the beauty and luxury of the rest of the summer day. Our apartments are always delightfully cool, and the shaded streets and the lovely open courts of the hotels are enchanting.

This great naked and open square permits the cathedral to be seen in perfection. It is in the same style as those of Malaga and Granada, but grander and simpler; and as we entered the cool shade of its lofty arches and stood beneath its mighty dome, the contrast from the outside glare

heightened the effect of the massive piers, the soaring ceiling, and the altar, with its sculptures and its gold. This sumptuous architecture produces a very grandiose effect, and though it lacks the peculiarly religious atmosphere and spiritual suggestiveness which we attach to Gothic cathedrals, it cannot fail to excite awe and admiration when exhibited on the grand scale of the Cathedral of Jaen. It gains also in majesty from its isolated position, and perhaps from a sort of unexpectedness in this simple country neighborhood. It was formerly a Moorish mosque, but the original building was destroyed during the grand overturnings of 1492, and the cathedral was commenced in 1532. Its most valued relic is the Holy Face, which is one of the many which claim to be the original imprinted by our Saviour on the napkin of Saint Veronica.

The inn at which we stopped was precisely what a foreigner imagines of a Spanish hostelry. We had glimpses of its domestic life which appeared quite unaffected by the presence of fault-finding strangers. Its undisturbed filth, its total indifference to customers, its grand disdain of questioning glances, were all characteristic of old Spain. It was all like a chapter out of Don Quixote. I doubt if we could have lived through a night there or have secured an eatable meal, but fortunately we had been spared the necessity and left the melancholy abode after a stop of

two hours. And yet the place had a sort of queer charm, for richness of color sometimes covers accumulated filth, — and the people were so in harmony with the filth. Besides, they had the air of certainty that these same surroundings were the finest in the world, and that our expression of disgust was really one of admiration. Our arrival brought out the usual crowd of village starers unabashed by our frowns, uncheered by our forced smiles, unmindful of everything save their own dull but audacious impertinence. Many of the group would have furnished an artist with studies for a bandit, or a coquette, — a love-scene or a duel, — a romance or a police item. The national characteristics are, as we know, strongly marked and capable of powerful artistic treatment; but although I used my eyes diligently and lost none of my opportunities, I saw little of the reputed beauty of the ordinary Spanish women, and not any of the much-talked of grand manner of the men. The feminine type is too limited and monotonous for any but the rarer specimens to attract admiration. One gets weary of black eyes and tumbled black hair and oily complexions. Even in Seville, with its world-renowned cigar-factory, where several thousand women are employed, and have called forth the hyperbolical enthusiasm of many susceptible travelers, who find a Carmen's dangerous glances under every mantilla, we found

no greater percentage of handsome faces than we see on Broadway, or in Washington when the departments pour forth their crowds. It is needless to add that the grade of intelligence and neatness bears no possible relation to our own.

On our way by a branch railway to Menjibar Junction we crossed a fine bridge over the Guadalquivir; at the station we obtained a composite meal, neither breakfast, dinner, nor supper, but resembling each in turn. Soon after we were in a comfortable compartment on the night express for Madrid, reaching there at nine in the morning. The intervening country is dull and uninteresting.

THE MONASTERY OF MONTSERRAT

AFTER viewing the modern improvements and Chicago-like activity of the great city of Barcelona, where the commerce of the present crowds out of sight and out of thought the glories and the gloom of a long and tragic past, we bent our way with eagerness towards the almost unchanged regions where is still to be found one of the most remarkable religious structures in Spain, — the famous monastery of Montserrat.

We rose at half past four, and after an interminable drive through the deserted streets, arrived at the station, and at six were on the train for Monistrol. In accordance with Spanish methods we spent two hours and a half in going thirty-two miles, and when we reached Monistrol it required more than half an hour of yelling, pushing, scolding, and frantic gesticulating to get the diligences started, although they appeared to be quite ready when we arrived. They were six in number, drawn by six mules each, and carrying from eighteen to twenty-four passengers, for this pilgrimage has become under modern influences a favorite picnic excursion for the neighborhood. We had fine seats on the

front of our carriage, and though the slow ascent is necessarily tedious, the magnificent views made us indifferent to small discomforts. A party of young people on our coach were in such rampant spirits and on such noisy terms with the occupants of the other carriages, that our ears and our patience were sorely tried.

The ascent is by a zig-zag road admirable in construction, but requiring nine miles in length to reach a height of four thousand feet above the sea, and of course much less above our starting-point. The slopes are well graded, but the mules had a hard and steady pull all the way. There are deep gorges with perpendicular sides and precipices with only the narrowest of mule-paths winding dizzily on their edges.

“The rent which divides this tremendous wall of rock is said to have been made at the moment of the crucifixion. From the plain the mountain skeleton rises nobly from its wooded base, and the convent with its cypresses and gardens is distinctly visible. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenery.”

And indeed the mountain of Montserrat is one of the most extraordinary spots on the surface of the earth. It looks as if it had been the scene of some Titanic conflict, if not the actor in some awful crime. The earth has been tortured, the rocks have been convulsed, the mountain mass has been torn and agonized. And

now that time has assuaged its memories and calmed its pangs, it asserts the general beneficence of nature by presenting the most contradictory aspects at its different angles. The extreme of desolation and the gloom of dark abysses stand side by side with smiling fertility and delicate outlines of cultivation, and yet, as a whole, the mountain seems like the expression of a single thought, entirely in harmony with its surroundings. Its almost inaccessible peaks ; its mournful but fantastic cliffs ; its sudden oases of luxuriant vegetation ; the grotesque forms of its mighty rocks, now a semblance of insurmountable battlements and now a caricature of human or animal forms ; the huge chasms yawning beneath, and the tender grace of waving trees above, — by turns attract the attention and delight the taste. The endless masses of rocks are tossed about in wild confusion, but are welded together into vast ramparts and castellated summits. Here, where one would suppose only an eagle would have found a home, the religious enthusiasts of a thousand years ago built and dwelt in these enormous stone structures hardly less colossal than the cliffs themselves. Here is a convent nine stories in height, a church rich in carven doorways, and mullioned windows, and sculptured saints, and all as elaborate as if the artisan had labored within a stone's throw of his native village. Think of the frightful toil of

climbing these tremendous hills with heavy loads before any roadway had been made.

The monastery owes its foundation to the miraculous image of the Virgin, the handiwork of St. Luke, which was brought to Barcelona in A. D. 30 by St. Peter. She was hidden in the hill for more than a hundred years, during the Moorish occupation, but in 880 the good bishop of Vique, guided by a sweet smell, discovered her, and released her from captivity. He intended to remove her to the civilized regions below, but on reaching a certain spot she obstinately refused to go farther. So they built a chapel over her where she stopped, and worshiped her there for one hundred and sixty years. Then the grand constructions of a nunnery and a church wooed her to her present shrine, which was consecrated by Philip II. in 1599.

This convent gave place to a Benedictine monastery which contained nine hundred monks in its palmy days. It was suppressed in 1835, and only a score of fathers are allowed to remain in charge of the buildings. Not less than one hundred thousand pilgrims visit the place yearly, not all, however, for religious purposes. A short time ago the one thousandth anniversary of its foundation was celebrated here.

It is well worth while to study a spot where nature, art, and religion have combined to rouse

the imagination and to awaken sentiment. The monks who peopled this remote abode conducted their worship with all the appliances of the sumptuous ritual of the Romish church even when their own cells were bare, and their own fare was of the hardest. Here many a soul lay prostrate in penitence through the long night hours, and rose with sublime courage, going forth to endure martyrdom. Here Ignatius Loyola kept his vigil before the virgin, dedicating himself to her service, and laying his blood-stained sword upon her altar. Here were taught humility and self-abasement, but however humble may have been the attitude of this community towards their God and towards each other, it is certain that it maintained a very proud and stately position in the eyes of the outside world.

The labor expended upon this spot is almost incredible. The soil is kept in place only by countless stone walls of admirable masonry; vineyards rise above vineyards, and fields cling to the mountain sides. Stone parapets surround the courtyards and guard the roads of approach. The gardens and orchards have walls worthy of a city street. There are many and various buildings, and in spite of the ruined condition of some, it is not difficult to see how imposing the ancient edifices must have been. The altar of the Virgin is still flower-bedecked by pious hands, and the work of restoring the time-be-

dimmed and war-stained splendors of her shrine is now going on. One would think a place so remote and so sacred would have been safe from the ravages of war, but the French army climbed the heights during the Peninsular war, and blew up many of the buildings, and massacred the poor monks. At that time many hermits dwelt in the upper recesses of the cliffs, and it is said that the French soldiers ferreted them out of their holes and shot them down like wild animals.

In recalling the tradition of the original rending of the mountain, one wonders why the chasm did not open afresh and swallow the unholy host that stormed its heights and ruined its sweet peace.

Mr. Hare has told in glowing words the wondrous story of the beauty and the interest of Montserrat, and Goethe has appropriated its weirdness and its terrors in the grand scenery of the Walpurgis Night; yet, powerful as both descriptions are, they fail when one is on the spot, and words seem trifling and useless in any attempt to make those at a distance comprehend the subtle charm and weird fascination of the place.

It had taken us three hours to climb the hill; we descended in one, and our rapid motion and a slight sense of danger from it added impressiveness to the ghastly precipices and wild

ravines which yawned deep and dark on both sides. The views took on new effects and new colors in the afternoon light; the hamlets through which we passed were emerging from their prolonged siesta, and the clatter of our wheels was the only sound we heard save when a brawling stream leaped and foamed beneath the bridges which we crossed. At Monistrol we took the train again, and at nightfall were once more at Barcelona, and in the living world.

THE PYRENEES

WE came out from Spain in the most delightful fashion, and the last three days of travel there were full of the charm that belongs to leisurely journeying by post. We left Barcelona at six in the morning on the 26th of July. The fresh sweet morning air was a panacea for several recent ills which had assailed us and small discomforts disappeared in the glory of a new heaven and a new earth. With due regard to the custom of the country we devoted four hours to the railway journey of sixty miles, which brought us to the end of the line at Ripoll. Here a breakfast was provided, and we secured the most desirable seats in the clumsy diligence. The best seats are simply those that command the best view, and are in the "imperiale" to which we climbed with no little effort. The "imperiale" is a hooded bench above the driver, and, beside the high climb on the slippery old ladder, one encounters many projecting irons, loose straps, much bunched baggage, and other accumulations, and at length creeps under the leathern cover which the alternations of heavy rains and hot suns have converted into an in-

genious instrument of torture for the arms and legs of the unfortunate passenger.

We were bent and cramped in the strangest manner; in fact, I was packed away so thoroughly that it seemed impossible for me to extricate myself without breaking my back, so I remained on my perch the whole nine hours of the journey. But the exceptional grandeur of this mountain route absorbs sensations and creates conditions of mind which dominate those of the body. Mountain is piled on mountain, bleak hill-tops surmount fertile valleys, lofty crags of wildest form rear their heads above rushing streams, cascades leap down deep ravines, and forests clothe the lower hills. We drove through villages tumbling to pieces with age, and where the march of improvement, if it passed that way, would come to a sudden stop. We skirted under ruined walls and extinct fortresses, passed by rich fields of ripening grain, and flocks of sheep that represented wealth for some one. We shivered on the edge of precipices where we could look down a thousand feet, or clung to the sides of rough cliffs that rose another thousand feet above, while the road wound like a lengthening ribbon in and out of the narrow pathway. The distant views were of unrivaled sublimity, for the Pyrenees are built on an unusually ponderous and massive plan, occasionally varied by heaven-scaling sharp peaks white with snow.

The air was pure as that of Eden, clear as crystal, and of a temperature entirely delightful. My enjoyment would have been complete even when both feet were asleep, but for the cruel and incessant beating of the poor mules that drew us over the rough road. Each new driver excelled his predecessor in brutality, and no remonstrance had any effect. I do not know what sort of a being a Spanish muleteer can be — he certainly is not human in any civilized acceptance of the term. As each new specimen mounted the box, he seized the heavy whip, and, bawling out his various expletives, of which the keenest in irony was the ever recurring “*por Carità*,” he lashed and belabored the quivering animals till I grew sick and faint at the sight. I was more jaded and fevered and miserable from this long strain on my nerves than by my cramped position and the length of the journey. For six hours we toiled up the steep ascents, winding by zig-zags to a height of over six thousand feet, and then for two hours descended with great rapidity. There followed a season of hard driving through the valley, where the road was much damaged by recent floods and where the whip-lash and the oaths fell faster and heavier.

Great rocks had fallen from the hills, piles of sand had gathered in the path, rivulets had washed deep cuts across the road, and in many

places large tracts of cultivated soil had been undermined and slipped from their hold on the hillside, falling into some hollow below. It is the work of but a few hours to transform a pretty little farm into a ghastly rent in the mountain, with nakedness and ruin frowning on all sides. This only makes one wonder the more that such precarious sites are selected for cultivation. These little patches of grain or pasture look at a distance like garments hung at random on the peaks, and appear inaccessible to anybody who cannot walk like a fly on the ceiling.

At one time we got stuck in a particularly deep hole and I thought the animals would fall dead, so murderous was the assault on them by the drivers. At another spot where a sudden turn in the road occurred, we came upon a large wagon team, and our driver, with more zeal than wisdom, attempted to force a passage, dashing pell-mell into the string of advancing mules. The confusion was awful, and the view of it from my high seat was very exciting as the crazy old diligence jerked and swayed with contradictory spasms. To add to the danger, one of the maddened mules attacked one of our horses on his own account, biting him and striking at him with his fore feet, like a wild beast. It seemed for a while impossible to disentangle the snarl of animals and men, but in the same unaccountable way in which such things happen they sometimes

unhappen, and amid yells that would have done credit to the Apache Indians the mule was pulled off, the confusion subsided, the carriages were extricated and drawn their respective ways. But the naughty mule, who had doubtless regarded this as the opportunity of his life for expressing his sentiments, was savagely beaten. How these people can be in constant and equal companionship with the dumb animals, with whom they labor and often suffer together and on whom they are so dependent, and not develop sympathy or kindness is a wonder even to those who do not hold the highest opinion of human nature. We punish cruelly the beast that resents ill-treatment, — we applaud the man who slays the fellow-being who insults him.

Another long hill brought us to the quaint little walled city bearing the almost unpronounceable name Puigcerdà, with a strong accent on the last syllable. It was dark save for a young slip of a moon that coquetted behind the clouds; the jaded horses could hardly drag themselves along, even the drivers were weary with whipping, and the clumsy old vehicle creaked and groaned and wobbled over the stony way. The streets after we were within the town were worse than the gullied road. I closed the avenues to all my senses and accepted the swaying motion as we were evidently traversing all the pigsties of the town. At last we reached the summit of this

peak which it would seem should secure the town from communication with the rest of the world. We rattled across the inevitable plaza of every Spanish town, an ill-paved dirty square, and descended from our seat to find ourselves besieged by a small mob of staring, giggling, intruding men, women, children, and dogs. They seemed half-paralyzed with wonder at the appearance of passengers by the daily diligence and we were the only arrivals. The inn proved excellent and we were promptly supplied with a comfortable room. Though it was about ten o'clock an elaborate dinner of seven courses, admirably cooked, was prepared, of which it is hardly necessary to state I was utterly unable to partake. So our opinion of the possibilities of Spanish cooking underwent revision, but with the proviso that the nearness to the French frontier had something to do with it. The comfortable bed wooed me from the contemplation of the vast view just visible in the half-light from my balcony, and I sought the rest that only a tired traveler appreciates.

A heavenly morning rose on our last day in Spain. Such a magnificent prospect spread its charms before our eyes that the fatigues and annoyances of yesterday rolled away like a morning mist. To increase our satisfaction, Michael came in to say that he had obtained a new and commodious basket-carriage in which we were

to complete our journey to Ax, our next stopping-place. By ten o'clock we were seated in the roomy carriage, which was low and broad and light, and took us and all our luggage with ease. A good-looking young coachman and three stout horses made comfort possible and I am glad to record that at last we had a merciful driver.

We crossed the frontier about two miles from Puigcerdà but there were no signs of life at the custom-house, and we passed on undisturbed and undisturbing. The whole village was sound asleep in the summer sunshine. The scenery was more than enchanting, for there are very interesting peculiarities in the Pyrenean mountains; the high air was invigorating and we were at peace with all the world. Higher and higher climbed the road, and frequent were our pauses to rest and to admire, till we reached the hamlet of Portà, romantically situated in a tiny valley nestling among the hills and adorned with some fine castellated ruins. Michael had promised that here we should partake of the finest breakfast we had ever eaten, and as it was already high noon and we had had only early coffee we listened with interest to his description of "trout fresh from the river," etc. We drove in at a gateway and drew up in a spacious but silent barn-yard neatly swept; as no one appeared we followed Michael as he plunged into the

darkness of a deep archway leading into a carriage-house and general place of storage. Thence into a still darker passage, which proved to be a staircase leading to the inhabited upper quarters. The first room was a large, quaintly furnished kitchen, reminding one of the famous Dutch interior paintings. It wore an unmistakable air of accustomed and expectant hospitality, and we were welcomed as if we had responded to a formal invitation, by two polite little Frenchwomen, neatly dressed and with an air of alert interest and ready service quite in contrast to the manners we had recently left behind us in poor, proud, benighted Spain.

We felt at once that we could depend on their cheerful assurance that a good breakfast should be ready *tout de suite*. Where the materials were obtained in this isolated farm-house we could not guess, but in fifteen minutes we were served with a delicate omelet, a ham crispy and sparkling, a stew of fresh meat, trout from the brook, potatoes *sautés à merveille*, excellent bread, wine, cheese, and coffee. It was like the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. We knew that we had entered the land of culinary miracles and accepted our good fortune with almost precipitate haste. It is absolutely certain that what one has to eat or to go without eating on long journeys will affect the physical, mental, and moral condition of even those who are most

easily satisfied at home and who generally regard dinner as one of the minor emotional experiences under normal circumstances. The pleasure traveler is more dependent than he likes to be on a good dinner and a good bed.

All that day's journey in the comfortable carriage and its leisurely progress, enlivened by Michael's running commentary, historical, geographical, and romantic; our frequent stops at points of especial beauty; our small excursions from the highway for lovely bits of scenery which Michael alone knows of; the magnificence and variety of natural display, make of this whole day one unmingled delight in the memory. In the light of its splendor it is well to omit the colder and more definite researches of history and the actual names of places, and only to say that we saw every sort of landscape, and experienced every emotion connected with beauty and sublimity. We had the picturesque and pleasing; the sombre and sublime; the grand and the gloomy; the tremendous and the terrible. The mountain-gorges were stupendous, the cascades were busy feeding a turbulent river which was noisily tumbling back into the Spain we had left, and after we had passed the summit of the range we found other roaring waterfalls equally busy in swelling the waves of another river that was tumbling, even more noisily, into the France that was opening before us. The greatest height

of ascent was seven thousand feet. Our descent was into the valley of the Ariège, a river of very respectable dimensions and picturesque surroundings. We passed the road which leads to the famous republic of Andorra, which has retained its independence for six centuries, or since the days of Charlemagne. It is well known for its sturdy population and marked characteristics. It is shut in on all sides, except the Spanish, by very high mountains. Its whole population is but fifteen thousand, that of its capital only two thousand, but it prefers its independence to an increase of prosperity, and offers no welcome to outside barbarians. The people raise little but wood and iron, they do a snug little business at smuggling, and manage to obtain the simpler necessities of life.

At last we reached the venerable town of Ax, famous since the days of ancient Rome for its mineral springs, of which there are sixty. The place is frequented now chiefly by middle-class French people, but its waters retain their virtues though the aristocracy have deserted it. There is authentic record of baths here in A. D. 1200, one of which still bears the name of the Leper's Basin. Ax is a remarkably pretty place, as picturesque as mid-Japan; it has an excellent old-fashioned hotel kept by four sharp-witted little Frenchwomen, who serve up their rather exorbitant bills with so much sauce of

compliment, and seasoning of flattery, and volubility of explanation, that we paid with a smile of indulgence for our entertainment as a whole, and spent three restful days in this sequestered nook before pushing on to Tarascon, Toulouse, and the French Pyrenees. The beauty of those posting days, the zest of that mountain air, the wonder and sublimity of those stupendous heights will never be forgotten by those who have enjoyed them as we did.

A SUMMER DAY IN SPAIN

IT is the middle of July, and to those who are under bondage of certain traditions as to the scorching heats of a Spanish summer, it may, at first, appear that we are inviting them to a doubtful pleasure in asking them to wander over the streets of a city and to display the physical energy appropriate to that most active class — the travelers for pleasure. But we can assure our friends that neither comfort nor safety will be imperiled by this delicious day in the beautiful air of Tarragona.

The city is magnificently situated on a cliff which rises more than seven hundred feet above the blue waters of the Mediterranean. It commands a view over the sea — so wide, so clear, so grand, that no ocean can rival its perfection. The Romans knew how to appreciate the beauty, the fertility, and above all the salubrity of this favored spot, and they filled it with a busy population of a million souls. They enjoyed the sea-bathing and the fresh, clear air, and the fields sweet with wild lavender and thyme and all fragrant herbs, where pine woods and oak plantations still furnish a refreshing shade. Its

beauty is now not only that of the present natural loveliness, but also that of a remote past, made picturesque and interesting by the centuries which have passed over it. The crumbling walls, the ancient towers, the tall, many-storied mansions, tempt the artist; antiquities dating back to Phœnician occupation delight the archæologist; while pleasure travelers, like ourselves, are content to lean against the seaward parapet to gaze over the bluest of seas and watch the clouds as they float across the bluest of skies.

To turn from the enchanting prospect which can be seen on all sides, and to seek the dim shadows of the cathedral as the sun mounts into noonday brilliancy, is only to change the nature of one's enjoyment—not to lessen its amount. This cathedral ranks as one of the most noble specimens of Gothic architecture in a country where cathedrals are many and magnificent. Its influence upon the imagination of the spectator is most powerful, even though he has been seeing cathedral after cathedral for many days. The façade is full of individuality and dignity; its effect is much increased by the approach to it from the street below, which is made by a flight of steps nearly as broad as the church itself, and eighteen in number. The portal is deeply recessed, and is a museum of Scriptural sculpture and architectural adorn-

ment. Apostles and prophets, angels and saints gather there in effigy, as if to offer welcome to the pilgrim who draws near. Upon the heavy wooden doors, ancient and time-worn, there is a remarkable ornamental network of hammered iron, so delicate and elegant as to resemble embroidery — a quaint covering for the massive doors. We enter and find ourselves in a soft twilight shade, very grateful to the eyes that have just reached their limit with eager gazing on the glowing outside world. Low, massive piers stand simple and severe, as if intent only on the serious performance of their sustaining duties, and long and well have they borne the lofty arches which spring above them with so bold a freedom. This simplicity of the main outlines sets off to admiration the more elaborate development of the chapels on each side, and enhances the splendor of the radiant stained glass which flings great rainbows across the pavement of the floor. The retablo of the high altar has also, as usual, been seized as a fitting opportunity for decoration and costly workmanship. Many monuments, scattered here and there, recall the memory of kings and saints, from Jaime I., dragged from his peaceful seclusion at Poblet, to Cyprian, proud archbishop in Gothic days, and Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, best beloved of queens, to whom her sister, wife of Jaime I., long, long ago erected this stone

memorial. The cloisters, too, are as eloquent in beauty and grace as the church itself, and, as the monuments within tell of the peace which is the portion of the long-since dead, so do these quaint old gardens and these cloistered arches speak of a peace attainable by those who still dwell amid the toils and perplexities and cares of busy life. The door which leads to the cloister is architecturally the finest of all, and the sculptures of the cloister-capitals and graceful arches are all worthy of separate study. Even when the subject is grotesque (as a rat and cat funeral and a cock-fight), the manipulation is delicate and spirited.

We enjoyed a long stroll through the tumble-down old streets which seem to have forgotten their ancient crowds. We suffered little from the heat, for the lofty buildings keep the roadway in shade, the air from the sea was fresh and inspiring, and at every turn there were new objects of interest. We wandered outside the gates and climbed the rampart of San Antonio, gaining thereby not only another view of the sea, but of the wide fertile inland plain, and the thirty-nine arches of the old Roman aqueduct, and the so-called Tomb of the Scipios.

The return to our hotel took us through the older portions of the town, where an indiscriminate grouping of men, women, children, donkeys, and poultry filled each recess which offered

shade available for a siesta. An hour for noon breakfast, a brief season of rest, and we were again at the sea-wall watching the afternoon effects of light, and wandering beneath the lofty city walls, now oddly developed into houses by excavating behind them and piercing their solid masonry with modern windows, story above story. Their height makes them very imposing, and the views must be enchanting. A stately mansion, rising high even above these, and commanding the hill like a fortress, is said to have been the dwelling of Pontius Pilate, and the abode of the Roman emperors who came to visit their Spanish colonies. Its foundation walls are said to be twenty feet thick.

As the evening shadows creep on a solemn calm steals over earth and sky, and the stars watch over fair Tarragona by the sea.

A MEMORIAL LEAF

As the children of men wander over the earth and make homes for themselves far from the place of their birth, and so create traditions, myths, and ancestries for their descendants, so in lesser degree in the animal and vegetable world migrations occur which introduce favored specimens to a wider experience, and perhaps to a more personal importance. The canary of the Hartz Mountains finds its way to the log cabin of the Great West, and the elephant of the African jungle follows the fortunes of a circus through the villages of New England.

Our imaginations endow these wanderers with personal qualities, and invest them with emotions. Thus the willows which droop in graceful melancholy over the path to the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon seem to tremble with a more eloquent sadness because they are the offspring of trees which wept so long over the lonely grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

As if on purpose to form a contrast to this especial instance of transplanting, there went forth from that same Mount Vernon more than half a century ago, a little acorn which had

quietly ripened upon one of George Washington's oak-trees. It had prepared itself to exemplify the familiar adage of ancient copy-books — the "little acorn" was to grow into the "great oak" on an absolutely and incongruously foreign spot. The republican surroundings of its birth were to be exchanged for the most aristocratic of neighborhoods. Carried to St. Petersburg in 1838 by George Sumner (the supercargo of an American vessel), it was presented by him to the Czar, Nicholas I., who caused it to be planted in the garden of imperial Peterhof. Mother earth is as friendly to her young children in one hemisphere as in the other, and her Russian welcome was as life-giving as her American permission to exist. The little nursling grew apace, and in some manner unknown to us humans it transmitted its impressions to its brother acorns at home. It told them of the grand palace near-by, built by a man as great in Russia as their own master was in America. It babbled of stately pathways, over which princes and princesses stepped in gorgeous array, of magnificent fountains leaping high in air, of streamlets flowing over marble slabs and gathering in marble basins, of statues and conservatories, and all the splendors of an imperial *pleasance*. But the young oaks at home, though pleased with the pictures painted for them by their brother, were no whit daunted

by his descriptions of court etiquette and the omnipotence of the autocrat of all the Russias. They sent back stories as wonderful as his own. The banks of the Potomac were as fine as the Neva, the soil was warmer, the air was freer, and they were proud of their country. Above all, they told of their own hero Washington, who had created a nation even more successfully than Peter the Great had done, and whose ambition had been to be something greater than an anointed king. So enthusiastic were they, and so true is it that blood, even in an acorn, is thicker than water, that almost unconsciously the young oak took on an air of sturdy independence even while responding, as a gentleman should, to the hospitality which had sheltered him. He is still proud to wear an inscription in brass which sets forth his American origin, and when his countrymen, who leave no portion of the earth unvisited, pause before him, a rustle of sympathy stirs his leaves.

Among the visitors at Peterhof in the summer of 1895 was Miss Florence Bayard, daughter of our present ambassador at the English court. For her a friendly official plucked a leaf from "Washington's Oak" as a souvenir of her visit. Miss Bayard presented it to the writer of this sketch, who was also at St. Petersburg. The gift had especial significance, as the recipient is one of those who have for many years had in

their charge the home of Washington, at Mount Vernon. Under her care the leaf wandered over many countries, but crossed the Atlantic in season to appear at the Mount Vernon Council of 1896. It is now deposited among the relics stored in the mansion, where it will doubtless remain until, in peaceful decay, it mingles with its ancestral dust.

“ON THE HEIGHTS ”

THE heat of Calcutta on the twenty-eighth of March was too great to make a prolonged stay agreeable, in spite of certain attractions in this seat of British empire. The interval between our arrival in this torrid region (where the mercury stands at 103 Fahrenheit) and the date of our sailing allows ample time for a visit to the upper hills, whither all who are able to do so flee when the lowlands are sweltering under the too fervid rays of the pitiless sun. Not that Calcutta is not crowded with people undeterred by the hottest wave in the pursuit of wealth; the hotels are overflowing, the streets swarm with carriages and with foot passengers, the shops are tempting even to an overheated customer.

A few hours suffice to procure our welcome home letters, to refresh ourselves after our long journey, and to prepare for another. In the late afternoon we were once more on the train, and speeding across a very lovely country, pausing at stations surrounded by gorgeous gardens riotous in brilliant blossoms and climbing vines. We crossed the Ganges about eight in the evening, by which time the air had cooled to a deli-

cious freshness. The steamer was a large one, but adapted to the shallow water over which our voyage took us. We remained on board several hours, but finished the night on a railway train. In the morning we were transferred to the Himalayan Railway at Siliguri station. This road has a gauge of only two feet, and is a marvel of engineering skill. We ascend at the rate of a thousand feet an hour, progress being necessarily slow. The road is a succession of zig-zags, loops, and ox-bows, by which we attain about nine thousand feet. The scenery is magnificent, the foliage presents the leafage of every climate, the gorges, into which we look down, are profound and perilous, the heights rise heavenward above our heads, the temperature grows colder and colder, till all our wraps are in use.

Darjeeling is a famous watering-place, or rather a cooling-place, encamped among the clouds, and its houses look as if they came down in a thunder-shower and had adhered where they alighted. We stopped at the “Woodlands,” which is romantically situated on a bluff quite inaccessible to unathletic limbs, and so a boon to the bearers of the waiting swinging-chairs called here “dandies.” A part of our welcome at the hotel consisted of a bright coal fire in my room, by the side of which it was difficult to recall the recent sensations in Calcutta. A heavy fog obscured the distant view. It only

made the returning sunshine seem the more brilliant.

To gaze upon the heaven-scaling heights of the Himalayas and breathe the thin air of that wilderness of precipices, ravines, abysses, and mountain-peaks assembled at Darjeeling, some three hundred miles beyond hot and dusty Calcutta, was like visiting another planet. The town is perched like an eagle's nest upon the heights, the air is laden with breath from the ice-fields. From the filth of Benares to the pure serenity of this unsullied region is a long but lovely leap, and our lungs expand with deep relief. When the clouds gather we admire their massive gloom ; when they scatter we are ravished by the splendor they reveal. We are nine thousand feet in air ourselves, but there rise above us first a range of peaks fifteen thousand feet, and beyond these high in the heavens, glowing in the upper sunlight, dazzling with unsullied snows, we see with awe the mighty Himalaya mountains towering to a height of twenty-nine thousand, — the loftiest, the grandest, the most majestic in the world.

During a few days of cloudy weather we were fain to content ourselves with things immediately around us, and to explore the bazaars in the village ; we also visited a very dirty temple. A variety of different tribes assemble in this neighborhood, and annual fairs are held, which bring

together a strange medley of people and tongues. Their costumes include those appropriate to the arctic regions, the temperate zone, and even those suitable to the hot valleys below. Their religions are also represented by prayer wheels, idols, votive offerings, squalid worshipers, and dirty priests. The dingy paraphernalia of these degraded heathen, and the besotted superstition which holds a people in its thrall, make one wonder over the immense differences in the moral condition of human beings, which arise simply from the presence or the absence of a few healthful or morbid influences. It was pleasant to turn from these half brutes to the simplicity and beauty and cleanliness of the botanical gardens at Rungarum, which are most picturesquely situated, and where a fine collection of the trees and shrubs peculiar to the Himalaya region may be found. Our horseback excursions gave us a fair knowledge of the environs of Darjeeling, which is certainly one of the most picturesque places in the world. Its heights vary from four thousand to nine thousand feet above the sea, the climate is cool, not cold, and it is a meeting-place for very various races and conditions.

One brilliant morning we arose to watch the sun as he came forth from his pavilion in the east, and like a magician smote peak after peak with a roseate beam, and smiled upon a wel-

coming world ; — as the day wore on the glory of high noon flooded the masses of snow with molten gold ; and when the sunset hour came with hues of violet and rose, it suffused them with a tender radiance, till twilight gently covered them with soft obscuring shadows. Never can such a vision be forgotten, for the Himalayas so tower above all other mountains as to attain the uttermost sublimity of which the mind can take cognizance.

One horseback ride was to Tiger Hill, some nine miles away, from which, when a traveler is lucky, a magnificent view of Mount Everest and the rest of the upper peaks rewards him. The whole ride was interesting ; we skirted the edge of tremendous precipices, and the borders of deep ravines filled with luxuriant vegetation which concealed, by adorning, the enormous depths. Many points of especial interest made us pause on our way, and when we reached the summit of the hill we dismounted, and, seated on the ground, partook of a luncheon which our long ride made very welcome. The landscape all around us was enchanting, but the especial view for which we had come declined to appear ; neither Mount Everest nor Kinchinjunga would show his head. But, as I have said, there was one day of glorious sunshine when Kinchinjunga and his massive attendant summits, called The Treasuries of the Snows, robed in spotless

ermine, towered far, far above, and bade us, who had thought the Mexican Popocatpetl a mighty mountain, to pause and measure, and comprehend what twenty-nine thousand feet meant in comparison to eighteen thousand.

We left Darjeeling at ten in the morning, and were on the train all day and all night. The descent of the mountains is as impressive as the ascent, but frequently gives totally different views of the same picture. The heat had remained unbroken at Calcutta, but did not deter us from looking at its famous places. It was a long but charming drive to the Botanical Gardens, which claim to be the finest in the world. Indeed it would be difficult to surpass their attractions. “The area of the garden is two hundred and seventy-two acres with river frontage of a mile.” The orchid house was a mass of resplendent blossoms; the fern house looked like a beautiful antediluvian landscape; and the avenue of royal palms reminded us of Karnak’s majestic columns. The great banyan-tree covers an enormous extent of ground, has two hundred subsidiary roots, and produces the effect of a large and compact grove, under which a whole regiment could easily encamp. The drives and walks about the place are almost endless in extent, and the order and finished elegance in all ways beyond praise. The drive home at sunset was very beautiful.

Calcutta is an immense city, having a million of inhabitants, and an enormous commerce. The Government House is fine, the modern portion has broad streets and airy squares. In the Indian Museum we saw extremely interesting antiquities, particularly a figure of Buddha six feet high, with a carved floral halo around its head ; also some extraordinary human figures in a seated posture, and furnished with large wings. Also a fine frieze adorned with naked boys, not inferior to Greek art.

We left Calcutta not unwillingly, and set sail for Ceylon on the steamer Ganges.

A TRANSIT ACROSS INDIA

It was a very agreeable voyage, by which, on leaving Egypt (after a delightful winter in that interesting country), we were transported to India to make acquaintance with those gorgeous realities upon which so many of our visions had long been based, and to behold for ourselves the wonders of art and the glories of nature, which are comprised in that name, "The Orient."

We left Ismaïlia, midway on the Suez Canal, in the morning of the second of March, 1893, by the English steamship *Arcadia*, one of the largest vessels of the merchant fleet. She was a magnificent creature, and did indeed

"Walk the waters like a thing of life,
And seem to dare the elements to strife."

But the elements were not in a quarrelsome mood,—there was peace in the serene sky above, and in the placid emerald-hued waters of the canal below. We floated lazily along, for vessels are forbidden to go at greater speed than seven miles an hour, as a more rapid motion would wash away the soft sand of the shore. So we make only rippling wavelets, as it were, but

they are beaded with diamonds and pearls and rubies as they slip from under our huge keel, and glide away in the brilliant sunshine, which flashes down upon them. We have only thirty first-class and forty second-saloon passengers, for it is late in the season, and the trend of travel is in the opposite direction.

We sailed steadily southward on the tranquil bosom of the Red Sea, and by the end of the second day were well launched into a much ameliorated climate—a welcome change, for the early spring air had often been nipping. Now our wrappings are all discarded, the masculine passengers array themselves in snow-white summer vestments, and wipe their moistened brows; the ladies appear in gauzy, diaphanous textures; the officers of the ship are resplendent in white linen, the breezy punkahs wave over the dinner-tables, and complaints of heat abound.

We had smooth seas and summer sunshine to Aden, and the Strait of Bab-el-Mandib was not to us “The Gate of Tears.” Nor was the Red Sea tiresome, though it is fourteen hundred miles long and a trifle monotonous. At Aden we were transferred to the P. and O. steamer *Peninsula*, and took on board the Indian mail of six hundred and fifty big bags filled with letters and parcels, all of which were examined on board and stamped for distribution. This

process kept several postal clerks busy for three days, and their monotonous tap-tap was heard at night long after the other noises of the ship had died away.

We entered the beautiful harbor of Bombay at ten o'clock on a fine clear morning. The voyage of ten days had been so delightful that we felt none of the feverish eagerness to get on shore which usually besets one after confinement on board ship. A few hours sufficed to make us comfortable at a hotel, and then our sightseeing began. Now Bombay is a very splendid city — rich in magnificent buildings erected by the English Government ; the streets and squares in the European quarter are spacious and the shops are fine ; the Victoria Station cost a million of dollars and is a stone structure of imposing dimensions and pretentious but really successful architecture ; and other edifices worthy a traveler's attention are in sight. There await us also the novel attractions of the native city where by far the larger part of the population of eight hundred thousand is crowded into a small portion of the territory. But all these objects of interest pale into insignificance before the strange but irresistible fascination which draws us to one spot ; a spot dedicated to uses absolutely unique in religious significance and in human custom. We go straight to the famous Towers of Silence, the strange cemetery of the

Parsees. We drove past handsome residences and through the crowded streets of the native quarter; we climbed the ascent of Malabar Hill, on the summit of which these ghastly horrors stand. The approach by which funeral processions arrive is over a stone staircase of eighty steps, very gradual in ascent, and so long in use that it has been, as it were, adopted by the hillside as a portion of itself. Then come extensive and solemn gardens where unbroken silence reigns. A few buildings are near by, which serve for houses of prayer and other religious observances, but we give them only a hasty glance, and pass on under the shadow of funeral trees, conducted by the grave official who had received us at the top of the staircase. The impression upon the imagination is immediate, you surrender at once to the depressing influences which assail you. Five massive towers, circular in shape, ghastly white in color, unrelieved in outline, utterly bare, unadorned and melancholy, stand mysterious in naked gloom, but strangely suggestive of death and sorrow. Upon the top of the walls, otherwise unbroken in their bleached nakedness, there sit in mysterious silence scores of gaunt black vultures waiting for their dreadful feast. The branches of the neighboring trees are also resting-places for countless others that have either been recently gorged with human flesh or see no immediate

opportunity for obtaining a share in the next repast. Since there are forty thousand Parsees in Bombay, however, no vulture need go long hungry. We soon reach the largest of the towers ; it is two hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference, and twenty-five feet high, with no architectural pretensions, with no effort at dignity, no softening of lines, no disguise of its purpose. About eight feet from the ground is the only opening into this dreary receptacle for the dead, — a low doorway, reached by an inclined plane, over which the bearers of the dead alone may pass with their uncoffined burden. They are robed in white, the Parsee color for mourning. It is the belief of the Parsees that the soul does not leave the body till four days after death ; therefore it may be watching over this terrible disposal of its own deserted house. It is said that in half an hour after the body has been deposited in the groove intended for it, not a shred of flesh remains upon the bones, and a ghastly fascination is added to the picture by the statement that the first task of the swooping birds is to tear out the poor eyes that so lately looked love on those about them or wept tears of anguish or of sorrow. A model of the towers is shown by the keeper, so that we may understand the arrangements of the interior, which are admirable for the desired purpose. The form of the building

is like an immense circular gridiron, depressed in the centre and open to the sky. The largest grooves or conduits are for the bodies of men, the next for women, and those near the centre for children. The bearers of the dead wear gloves and handle the bones with tongs to avoid pollution. It is said that their robes are also burned, but even these precautions do not exempt them from social ostracism. The bones soon turn to dust or are washed by rains into a central well, with skillfully constructed sub-structures for disposing of all that remains, and for thorough cleansing of the whole premises. Doubtless this method is excellent from a hygienic point of view, but it has a cruelty of suggestion and a barbarity of execution that turn one faint to think of. But the Parsees regard the elements as sacred, they must not be polluted — and death brings about the deepest depth of pollution. The corpse, therefore, cannot be burned in fire, or drowned in water, or buried in earth, or allowed to poison the air in slow decay. So this strange, elaborate, repulsive but oppressively solemn place is set apart with its pathetic name, its gardens, in which the flowers fail to cheer, and the sunshine fails to smile; its silence, which pierces the heart; its Pariah attendants, whose aspect betrays the gloom of their lives and the isolation in which they dwell; above all the horror of foul birds

sitting in sleepy stupidity after their fearful feasting, or watching with keen-eyed eagerness for the coming of new victims. It is impossible to resist the morbid influences which assail the nerves as we stand in the hushed stillness of the waning afternoon, and think of all the associations connected with so strange a faith, so relentlessly carried into action. The Parsees are, however, reckoned among the most enlightened of the Indian races, and welcome modern ideas in general and adopt modern customs with extraordinary promptitude. How long this especial tradition from a remote past may retain its power is, of course, uncertain, but while it does maintain its dominion, it presents a most interesting problem. So far as this faith is a still living force its power is evidently permeating and apparently immovable. It is by no means free from superstitions, and has gathered around it the usual corruptions which too often obscure and belittle a once dignified religion. The Parsee priest prays for three days over the dead, on the fourth money is given away in the name of the deceased, and solemn religious ceremonies are performed.

One prominent superstition has a pathetic interest. It is a belief in the efficacy of a dog's gaze upon a dead body. Dogs are sacred creatures, and are supposed to guide the poor puzzled souls of men to heaven, and to defend

them on the way against evil spirits ; hence it is customary to lead a dog into the chamber of death that he may look at the corpse and know it before it is carried to the Towers of Silence.

It was difficult to shake off the impression of this melancholy place ; even the prayer-houses and long piazzas with their empty seats speak of the despair of the living, as they surrender their beloved dead to so terrible a fate. They firmly believe in the resurrection of the body and that these rudely scattered fragments will be brought together again in a glorified form ; — but — meanwhile, how bear the thought of the torn flesh, the flowing blood, the exposed and bleaching bones ! And, for me, another and more immediate anguish was added, by the subtle, insidious, sickening odor which pervades the air, or did for me, in spite of all the scientific sanitation ; it exhaled from earth and air and sky, it stole in upon my senses — a breath, faint and intangible, but overwhelming and persistent, since, having once entered at my nostrils, I can never quite forget it or get away from it. And yet — and yet, I long to go there again, to reach once more that emotional climax of pathos and of pain.

We drove away over the brow of the hill, passing lovely flower-embosomed homes (for the Towers of Silence are surrounded with the dwellings of the wealthy and the most fashion-

able portion of society); we met gay equipages and pretty children with picturesque nurses; the western heavens softened in the tender haze of coming night; a fresh pure breeze came from the sea; the sounds of life in work or play were all around us; the earth was fair, the heavens were serene, and man was forgetful or indifferent, — but for us, the pain of an unutterable sorrow, and the gloom of an impenetrable mystery, will forever enshroud the Towers of Silence.

Another peculiar but quite different institution in Bombay is the Pinjra Pol, or infirmary for animals. It covers several acres of ground, and is divided into districts for different classes of patients. It is in the quarter dedicated to the Lord of the Simple, who has a temple within the inclosure. We were much interested, not only in the invalids themselves, who were, some of them, in sorry plight, but also in the mild-mannered, soft-voiced young Mohammedan attendant, who waited on us and gave us many particulars concerning his charge. The animals are evidently shielded from all possible ills.

But we shall see little of India if I detain you so long at its entrance gate; so I will only tell you of an excursion to the wonderful Caves of Elephanta. We took a small steam launch and set forth under a smiling sky and in apparently calm weather, but the island of Elephanta is six

miles distant from the city, and soon the winds piped shrilly, the waves arose, and we shipped frequent seas. Our boat was evidently unseaworthy, but it was as bad to go back as to go forward, so we pushed on under circumstances of very perceptible danger. In fact, we were in much more threatening conditions than we had ever been in crossing the Atlantic. After more than an hour of discomfort we arrived at the landing, but were still far from the shore. We had to reach it on foot over a stone causeway standing high above the dancing waves which make an ordinary landing-place impossible. The big square stones were set about a foot apart, in order to allow the force of the waves to expend itself between them; the outer stones were slippery with seaweed, and in stepping from one to the next, the rushing water beneath made us extremely dizzy. The stones are about six feet square and stand four or five feet above water even when the waves dash high among them. The whole affair, however, was entirely harmonious in its way. The risks from which we had escaped, the wild and tossing sea, the scurrying clouds, the half-naked natives, and the tropical vegetation were all in contrast to our usual surroundings. The cave-temples are high up in the cliffs, the approach to them is made by a succession of those grand out-of-door stairways so dear to the oriental mind. The labor is tremendous

to all but oriental agility, so I took a chair borne in air by two natives, and was soon at the top of the ascent where a splendid view of sea and shore awaited me.

The deeply excavated caves are wonderful places and present vividly the different expression given to religious ideas in ancient India and those of the Egypt we have recently been studying. Here we find absolutely grotesque representations of beings half monsters and half gods, and sculptured stories from the complex mythology of the Hindoos. The entrance is between two massive pillars left standing as the porphyry rock was cut away, and the roof inside is supported by a score of the same rough-hewn columns. On one side of the entrance is the shrine containing the Lingam stone, polished very smooth by the reverent kisses of many generations of worshipers. But it is the spirited sculpture all around us that is most interesting. The amount of expression which those old artists succeeded in bringing to the colossal faces of Shiva and Parabati while their wedding ceremony is going on partakes of the supernatural, and indeed many devout Hindoos believe these sculptures to be the work of the gods themselves and to far transcend any possible human skill. It seems impossible that the modestly downcast eyelids of the bride and the air of conscious pride of the bridegroom should be chiseled from

that coarse black-gray stone. Here appears the most striking contrast from the calm, impassive countenances and restful majesty of Egyptian statues. Life and passion, and variety, even dramatic effect, characterize the numerous scenes here set forth. The three-faced Shiva is nineteen feet from brow to chin, and admirably worked out by the chisel; the groups scattered about represent great events in the history of gods and goddesses quite unlike our old friends Isis and Osiris, and the great Ammon Ra. Much learning is necessary to expound them, but a very little suffices to make one catch at their general meaning and to appreciate their weird fascination. The mythological legends are carried out with great elaboration, and every one of the numerous accessories has its own deep significance. It would require many pages of description to give an adequate idea of the extraordinary narratives set out in this colossal picture-book.

Our next stopping-place of importance was the ancient and honorable city of Ahmedabad, which many travelers pass by, but which richly deserves examination. It was once the greatest city in Western India and retains many indications of bygone splendor. It is especially rich in old carved woodwork, which, being in the remarkably hard wood of the East, resists decay. One sees exquisite brackets, balustrades, and

cornices upon buildings long ago abandoned to base uses — and a rich harvest might no doubt be reaped by any one who would extricate them from their low surroundings and cleanse them from the dirt which may have helped to preserve them.

Our first visit was paid to the tombs of the queens across the street from that of Ahmed Sha, their lord and master. The architecture is elaborate and beautiful, the windows of perforated stone and delicate in tracery; the pure white marble and the airy and fanciful outlines begin to reveal to us the peculiar grace and beauty of Indian architecture. A long visit to the Jumma Musjid or Great Mosque greatly deepens this impression. Its roof is supported by two hundred and sixty columns; it has fifteen cupolas and many galleries connecting them. Descriptions of buildings are thankless efforts and I will not weary you with measurements. I will only repeat for you the inscription over the prayer-niche. It runs thus: "This high and far-stretching Mosque was raised by the slave who trusts in the mercy of God, the compassionate, the alone-to-be-worshipped."

The most delicate stonework even in Ahmedabad is that in the two renowned windows of Sidi Said's mosque, now used for official purposes. They are like the tracery that the frost spreads over our own windows in mid-winter.

We spent delightful hours in examining these ancient edifices and time-stained relics of a glorious past, and then turned to the modern splendors of the temple of Hathi Sing, which is regarded as proof that modern Hindoo art has not degenerated from its ancient skill either in conception or execution.

Indeed it would be difficult to surpass its elaborate and intricate ornamentation. This sumptuous temple consists of an outer court and inner shrine upon which a million of rupees has been expended. Built of the purest white marble, it has fifty-three domes, which cover as many gorgeously adorned altars, whereon sit the wise-looking statues of the twenty-four wise and holy men called Tirthankas and other images of saints and deities. They are decked with all imaginable lavishness; they have precious stones for eyes, and gold and silver and enamel for their scanty raiment. Lamps burn perpetually above them; flowers and fruits are offered on their altars, priests and doorkeepers watch over their safety and their sanctity. The marble pavements over which we glide in the woolen slippers provided for us are so beautiful in tint and polish that even so softly shod, we hesitate to tread upon them. The exterior of the temple is overloaded with sculptured figures in miniature proportions and infinite variety, while the building itself is so secluded from public view and sur-

rounded by so many other buildings that it has the effect of a jeweled casket under lock and key, only to be exhibited under certain prescribed conditions.

We have now reached the country where water becomes of prime importance, and the symbol of all that is refreshing and invigorating. So when our carriage stops at an imposing structure where arches rise above arches, and galleries hang in air, we learn without astonishment that we are at the wells of Dada. An ascent from the road leads to a platform which surrounds the immense well and permits us to look down into its cool and shadowed depths. "A domed portico supported by twelve pillars gives entrance to three tiers of finely constructed galleries, which lead to the two wells, one of which is for the city's use, and the other for more general irrigation. The beauty of the building is greatly enhanced by the mosses and ferns and climbing vines which cover the walls and rejoice in the moisture, to which they owe their birth." The place was cool and fresh even at the noontide hour.

We took shelter from the intense heat in our room at the Dak Bungalow, or station apartment which is furnished for transient travelers. It was comparatively cool, but was frequented by mosquitoes as lively and as attentive as those in Bombay. But as yet we have seen no cock-

roaches to compare with the athletic giants that obstructed our path in that city. As for crows they are everywhere in multitudes, they darken the air with their flying squadrons and exasperate the nerves with their incessant squawking. They alight in the most impertinently familiar fashion, they investigate all the performances going on beneath their perch, examining each phenomenon in an apparently scientific spirit and with a frank and trustful desire for knowledge which demands your approval and your sympathy. And then there are the merry monkeys with preternaturally solemn faces, but free and mischievous, slinging themselves from limb to limb in the tall trees or chattering and munching nuts on the house-tops. Many such creatures we saw while driving out from the town to the wonderful "tank" or artificial lake built in 1451. There is a little island in the middle, with a royal palace and gardens, and a driveway all around it more than a mile in length. The sweet shade of trees, the sparkling water, the finely hewn stone steps leading into the lake, the dusky natives scattered in groups, and the sylvan air of the whole scene presented the realization of many an oriental dream. So we return to our quarters filled with romantic ideas — we find the rooms close and stuffy, and, in spite of our membership of the Humane Society, we immediately secure two natives to pull our punkahs all night. This

service was cheerfully and faithfully performed, and the men were perfectly satisfied with a payment of four annas (eight cents) apiece.

The railway carriages were extremely spacious and comfortable, and traveling at night was rather agreeable. The compartments allow one to lie at full length, and as we had one to ourselves always, we could wander from side to side as the view tempted us or the shade invited us ; the air was soft, and all the windows open ; our lunch-basket was well filled, and at every stopping-place our Indian servant, John Emanuel, appeared for orders. Even in the middle of the night hot tea could be had, and empty soda-water bottles could be replaced with full ones. Fatigue was impossible, and the novelty of the scenes amused us when awake, and mingled in our dreams when asleep.

It is hard to refrain from giving the whole of my diary, since every day has its chronicle of delightful sights and interesting incidents. A wonderful museum has been established at Jeypore, which contains antiquities and curiosities truly fascinating to the student of India. It will do much towards the preservation of relics invaluable to artists and historians. Jeypore is the residence of a Maharajah, and has its palaces and gardens ; its hospitals, and colleges, and mosques ; its manufactories of exquisite brass-work and strange fabrics, the finer specimens of

which are held at tantalizingly high prices. Many of the shops and salesrooms require a guide to discover the obscure buildings in what, to a foreigner, would appear an inaccessible locality. They are arranged on a diametrically opposite principle to that which fills our spacious streets with gay and conspicuous shops.

The architecture of Jeypore is often pretentious in color and fantastic in form, but the material is flimsy and the condition dilapidated. We drove through one long street where all the buildings were pink; another street was all in blue; another green, but the walls, and turrets, and pinnacles were of wood and plaster, and dropping to pieces. The show apartments of the royal palace were as gaudy as a second-class café, but the gardens were beautiful, and the zenana or harem is, at least in outside effect, a fine affair, towering to a height of seven stories, and looking all the more imposing from contrast with the usually low dwellings of the country. One can ride to the top of the palace over an inclined plane.

We visited the sultan's stables containing three hundred horses, each one tied by the hind legs in what seemed to us a cruel fashion. They were otherwise well cared for, but the grooms were stuffing the mouths of some with a nauseous mixture of grease and grain. The elephants belonging to the Rajah make a fine

display ; he has also huge tanks where hideous crocodiles disport themselves or come out of their hiding-places at the call of their keeper, who makes a sound weird enough to call spirits from the vasty deep. Perhaps the crocodiles are spirits in penitential disguise.

Jeypore is an extremely important and active commercial centre, but we are determined that no money-getting and prosaic present shall obscure for us the romance and the glory of ancient India. In this mood we inform (officially) the courteous Rajah of a wish near our hearts, and he sends an elephant to take us up the steep ascent leading to the long deserted city of Amber, which in the olden days was the stronghold of his ancestors, and the seat of more than imperial magnificence. All that now remains of the once populous city is a spacious palace superbly situated high above the valley, where many sumptuous apartments are kept in order for the visit of the Rajah on state occasions. The many-columned Hall of Audience glows in color ; all the rooms are rich in mosaic, and gilding, and enamel, and the effect is heightened by the inlaying of countless bits of looking-glass which sparkle like diamonds. Here, too, is the shrine where once a human being was daily sacrificed ; his place is now supplied by a poor goat, whose blood stains every morning the marble pavement before the altar. We just escaped

the dismal performance. We wandered through numerous apartments where many generations of harem inmates have lived, and perhaps loved in their splendid prison, from which the magnificent prospect must often have awakened hopeless yearning for freedom. The ride up and down the long hill road on the immense elephant was very comfortable, and the courtesy of the Rajah in supplying travelers so fine a conveyance without charge, except small fees to the drivers, is a rare sort of incident in a traveler's experience.

Once more on the railway we make occasional stops, when everything becomes like a scene at the opera, and where color, and light, and movement produce a series of kaleidoscopic pictures. The Indian races, once so indolent, have been rendered very uneasy by the facilities which modern railroads furnish for cheap traveling, and the third-class carriages are crowded with people going great distances to attend religious festivals, which, under the old régime, were inaccessible to them. They troop past our car windows by hundreds, clad in every color of the rainbow, carrying every conceivable article of household, domestic, personal, and private use. In fact our methods for compressing traveling equipage into small dimensions find no favor in the East; the servants of a traveler and the employés of the railway company com-

bine to jam into a heterogeneous mass inside the car the odd muddle which constitutes a gentleman's traveling outfit. As ladies do not travel unless they are benighted foreign barbarians, we do not know what they would insist on bringing with them, or rather what they might be persuaded to leave at home.

Delhi is an enchanting place, where one would like to linger. We had there the services of a Lilliputian valet-de-place named Chunna, who, in a white linen frock starched to pasteboard stiffness, and sticking out on both sides like the surcoat of the old Jack of spades, and with his pipestem legs encased in the tightest of black stockings, looked like a beetle on its hind feet. It was impossible to look at him without laughing, but nothing disturbed his calm superiority. He appeared to be a growing boy, but soon introduced us to his wife and children.

The history of Delhi is a continuous narrative of war and glory, till the pathetic story of the Indian Mutiny seems to close the history of bloodshed. The terrific tragedies of a remote past, the mysterious and shameless crimes, the wholesale butcheries which have stained fair field and smiling river in scarlet, have passed away, — but the mutiny of 1857 still stirs the blood with living memories, and it is in the ruins of the last siege of Delhi that we are most deeply moved; it is the procession of ghosts that once

were English men and women that now appears in the dusk of twilight or sits at midnight on those blood-stained graves. Volumes have been written on the great mutiny, and many hearts have thrilled at the terrible story, but when we stand upon the ground made sacred by such suffering, nobly borne, and read upon these tablets the names that rang through Christendom only half a century ago, the memories awakened cease to be a simple historic narrative, and enter into the secret places of our hearts like some intense, intolerable personal experience.

The old fort is a grand fortification still ; its massive battlemented walls of dark freestone still frown sternly on the intruder. We enter at the Lahore gate, a portal worthy of the grand scenes it has witnessed. Within the citadel are the old palaces, the halls of audience, the ancient harem buildings, and from the ramparts may be seen fine views of the river and the surrounding country. Here, also, once stood the famous peacock throne carried to Persia by Nadir Shah in 1739. Two peacocks covered with gold, and studded with gems, a canopy supported by golden pillars, and so on, and so on ; — but to describe these objects of oriental luxury, these apartments of fairy-like ornamentation, and the incomparable workmanship of the artists, is simply to exhaust superlatives, and fail to depict. No written account conveys a faithful idea of

these things, nor will the most careful enumeration of particulars present the grand whole. I can only say that the palaces and mosques are vast, gorgeous, resplendent with polished marble, and mosaic, and painting, and enamel, and gold, and silver, and color ; that arches succeed arches, and columns follow columns ; that the detail is as delicate as the size is majestic.

I will take you, for a contrast, into the quiet shops, in the out-of-the-way places I have spoken of, where we shall find a hushed silence and an impressive twilight ; where slim attendants bring out, at a sign from the dignified potentate who rules over the establishment, treasures of immense value, over which commercial conversation must be made. In these often small and unattractive shops there lie gems as if they were pebbles on a shore, embroideries heaped up like bales of cotton, priceless rugs, and satins whose sheen is set off by the soft fleeces of Cashmere. There are ivory carvings delicate as Mechlin lace ; cloth of gold stiff as ancient armor ; metal-work shimmering as woven sunbeams.

Our rooms at the hotel open directly on a portion of the old city wall, and give us a view of the country beyond. The little passage between allows the unheralded approach of many so-called merchants, doubtless agents of the big shops. They come upon you in the most startling manner, their unshod feet make no sound,

their motion is catlike and stealthy ; you look up, and black eyes are gleaming at your open window ; or a dark form comes between you and the light, and lo, in the twinkling of an eye a huge bundle falls apart at your feet, and shawls, and rugs, and portières, and muslins, or embroideries, and silver work, and gold work, and inlaid work tumble forth, or photographs unfold in myriads. These men are in fact an absolute and irritating nuisance, at which the traveler actively rebels. And yet they are amusing for a time ; they swarm on the piazzas, they encamp on the steps, they interpose between you and your carriage, they hang their goods on your shoulders, they bow and smile, they coo and cackle, they entreat and beseech, they remonstrate and reproach. They will not be denied, or take any number of noes for an answer. A stony stare over their heads, a deaf ear to their wailings, and an undaunted advance over their prostrate forms is your only hope.

The mosques and tombs and palaces of Delhi are numerous and beautiful, and serve well to educate the eye and prepare the taste for the appreciation of that crown and glory of sublunary architecture which awaits us at Agra, our next stopping-place. Among the most interesting objects at Delhi, there is Humayum's Tomb, an imposing structure with two massive stone gateways of colossal proportions, and with a

splendid dome ; and the beautiful mausoleum of the poet Khusrau, called " The Parrot of Persia," who lies beneath constantly renewed silken canopies, and is guarded by the faithful with undying reverence ; and the sweet resting-place of the daughter of Shah Jehan, the heavenly-minded Jehanna, whose touching epitaph loses nothing of its sweetness with the lapse of years.

Agra has a thousand charms, and one could spend many days there profitably and pleasantly in research into the past or more indolent enjoyment of the present. But I shall only tell you of that glory of art whose existence is a wonder of the world ; whose charm unites transcendent beauty with the melancholy of permanent pathos and the tender sweetness of a sentiment that the world delights to honor centuries after its memorial arose. In the Taj Mahal of Shah Jehan, we have not only the most exquisite building in the world, but one whose meaning has never been obscured, whose sweet seclusion recalls the memory of the fair woman who sleeps beneath its dome. It seems absurd to try to paint this picture, but not to try would be an unforgivable omission from a record of Indian travel.

Our first view of the Taj Mahal happened to be at an hour regarded as the best for one's first impressions, — in the late afternoon. Everything conspires to prepare you for the final vision of beauty. The picturesque drive over an ad-

mirable road and through scenes of sylvan freshness, the luxuriance of nature, and, at length, the stupendous gateway through which you enter the immense courtyard (eight hundred and eighty feet by four hundred and forty), are each and all indications of the splendid consummation. Stretching far on either side of the great gate, built of red sandstone and surmounted by twenty-six white marble cupolas, and really an enormous building itself, there extends a noble arcade, which forms the caravanserai used during great religious festivals. It supplies the countless pilgrims with all that a Hindoo asks of an inn,—room to stretch out his bed and to say his prayers. Having passed through the gate, we enter a garden—and such a garden! A stream of water runs through it, twenty-three fountains toss their bright bubbles in the sunlit air, water-lilies rest on the still waters of the tanks, which mirror the sky above, and gold fishes glide beneath like broken rainbows. Long walks over marble pavements or clean-swept gravel paths open on every side, the flowers of all lands and the trees of every zone thrive as in a terrestrial paradise. Slowly you wend your way amid all this beauty and freshness and holiness; for indeed the place is sacred. Before you rises in grace and majesty the peerless pearl of architecture, the pure white glory of the Taj Mahal. Its full name well befits it. It is the

Crown Lady's Tomb, erected over the Chosen of the Palace. Here Shah Jehan immortalized himself, as well as the wife he loved, by building (in 1630 A. D.) this grandest of mausoleums in these most exquisite surroundings. One has always heard of this tomb, and known the rough outline of its history ; one has seen many pictures of it, some of them tawdry, many models of it in marble and alabaster ; one has even wearied of minute descriptions, which leave only a confused and imperfect image ; one has half resolved not to join in the universal chorus of admiration, and to remain unmoved before it, letting others ejaculate and break forth in stilted and hackneyed terms of praise ; but when the majesty of its proportions, the purity of its outlines, the glory of its dome, and the mighty massiveness of its walls, are there before your eyes, — the Taj Mahal arises like Aphrodite from the sea, cleansed of all foolish flights of word eloquence, untouched by hyperbole, superior even to devout admiration ; and as a vague wave of wonder overwhelms you, it sweeps from your memory, as it has swept from the monument itself, the thought of all the useless words that have been wasted upon it, and you receive its beauty into your soul, new-born and exquisite as though no other human eye had ever gazed upon it, no other human heart had found it fair. If you think I talk wildly, go there and sit in those

gardens and open your eyes and your heart as I did mine, and you will find, as I have done, the fairest vision that ever blest a mortal's sight.

Shall I mention some of the plain and simple facts which, based on fundamental principles of pure art, combine to create an edifice which not only leads one to enthusiasm, but is able to maintain its supremacy with the architect and the expert? It may be that Shah Jehan builded better than he knew, but there was a perfect taste and a perfect knowledge somewhere in direction, and it must have been a joy to soften imprisonment and a satisfaction to soothe his heart, as from his palace prison across the river he watched the beauteous dream take tangible and well-nigh indestructible form. Seventeen years were spent in its construction, and millions of rupees were doled out in the scanty wages of the innumerable workmen.

This jewel of architecture stands upon a marble-paved and marble-walled platform about eighteen feet above the general level of the gardens before it and sixty feet above the river Jumna, which flows behind it. As the feature that surprised me most was the grandeur of the edifice, I will mention a few of its measurements to explain the variety of its charms, which appeal to one's sense of majesty as well as, on close examination, to one's perceptions of the utmost delicacy of finish. The platform on which the

mausoleum stands is three hundred and thirteen feet square ; the building itself is one hundred and eighty feet square. The dome which crowns it is fifty-eight feet in diameter and eighty in height. It resembles a gigantic flower rejoicing in the sunlight. Under the centre of the dome, enclosed by a trellis-work screen of white marble wrought in delicate open arabesques of intricate interweavings, are the inlaid sarcophagi of Shah Jehan and his beloved wife, Arjmand Banu. Here, if nowhere else, she takes precedence of her husband, her monument being not only larger but much more finely decorated. These sarcophagi, however, are not those in which the dead repose ; they lie below in a crypt. The only light admitted into the peaceful inclosure where we stand comes through a marble lattice inside, still further tempered by a scarcely less elaborate open-work in the outer walls. The result is that in the funeral chapel there reigns a soft but scarcely dim twilight, which adds much to the chastened solemnity of the place. The inside decorations are made of the mosaic so dear to the oriental taste, which fills all spaces with flower-work and arabesques, whether upon the inner or the outer walls, and presents a miracle of patience and costliness. This profuse decoration of such stately buildings especially characterizes the work of the Mogul period, and won for those princes the reputation of design-

ing like Titans and finishing like jewelers. Shah Jehan was a great builder, and to him we owe the Pearl mosque in the fort at Agra, his own beautiful palace there, with its Hall of Audience, and many another sumptuous structure. But the Taj Mahal surpasses all others. One runs the risk, as may be seen, of appearing to exaggerate because only superlatives occur to the mind when a description is attempted; but to those who have studied it, no language seems powerful enough to set forth its charm or to explain the hold it obtains upon the imagination and the heart, — this gem of art set in a garden of Eden, and telling its romance to generation after generation as the centuries go by.

Of Cawnpore and Lucknow I have little space to speak, and will come at once to Benares, where Nature has done much which man has contrived to spoil. If cleanliness is next to godliness, the inhabitants of Benares must be the most heathenish creatures in the world. Magnificently situated on the Ganges, endowed with temples and traditions which make it the sacred city of the Hindoos, it reeks with filth, it overflows with degradation, it shames every sense, and revolts every heart. The salvation supposed to flow in the Ganges is befouled with corruption; the idols surpass in coarse hideousness all that we have seen before, and its holiest temples are approachable only through

slums of inconceivable and indescribable nastiness. The devotees descend in hundreds to the river; they bathe amid the refuse of the markets; they wash their garments, their dogs and their pots and pans therein; and after much gossiping and plunging about, they drink deep draughts from the turbid water for the purification of their souls. At the Burning Ghât the corpses are said to be burned only as long as the wood purchased at an exorbitant price holds out; the scorched bodies are then thrown into the river still further to pollute the water. Meanwhile awaiting the scorching they lie on the ground till the careless officials choose to give them attention. The Monkey Temple is overrun with monkeys that look as if they were a thousand years old and had learned new malice with every year of their existence; the dingy priests, the unclean garland-weavers; the frightful idols, and the sacred cows are muddled into an indiscriminate mass, and the prayers which may start heavenward are drawn back to earth upon altars degraded by pollution and superstition. The ancient glory of the Sacred City is no more — it is a place to look at hastily and leave in disgust. In the recollection long afterwards it is possible to recall the loveliness of the sky, the picturesqueness of the shores, and the tarnished splendor of many of the ancient buildings, but one must have time to

recover from the immediately overwhelming impressions of the city of Benares and its abominations.

As if to rebuke an unbeliever in the sanctity of the present generation of Hindoos, we were allowed to see and honestly admire a saintly hermit whose pure life is testimony to better possible results from the same teachings differently understood. We stopped before a small door, in an otherwise dead wall, which opened and admitted us into a lovely garden, with gay flowers and branching trees and running water, pure as from a mountain spring. This garden is the abode of a very learned and pious man, one who has "attained Buddha," and whose shrine for worship has already been erected during his life. He responded courteously to our request for an audience, and came to meet us with outstretched hands. If ever man bore full saintship on his countenance it was this sweet and gentle being. Spiritual peace was as an atmosphere around him; his usual costume is that of Adam before the fall, but (probably in deference to Western prejudices) on this occasion he had wrapped a square of soft matting around his emaciated shoulders, wearing it with the dignity of a Roman toga. He is a well-known Brahmin of the highest caste, a learned Pundit familiar with all sacred lore, and in frequent correspondence with our

own clergymen and philosophers. His name is Bhasera Mund Shamee. He gave us a flower apiece, and divided an orange among us, and though no common tongue could be spoken by us, we understood his friendly words without our interpreter. He showed us some letters urging him to attend the congress of nations at Chicago. In the half hour of our interview the anger we had felt at the degradation of a people faded away, and the glimpse of a pure and naked soul dwelling unsullied by earthly stains in a place like that we had just seen redeemed even Benares from utter condemnation.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM

JAFFA enjoys the almost unique distinction of being a seaport without a harbor — a frequent stopping place for ships, without a haven for their shelter. The sea runs high at all times, and vessels are often detained for days, unable to land passengers or freight. Our own steamer, although we left Alexandria so early that we reached Jaffa in the late afternoon, kept slowly on her way up the coast for another hundred miles (it was said at the expense of a thousand dollars), and returned to Jaffa next morning. We were even then landed under adverse circumstances, and a steamer that arrived a few hours later was beating about in the offing for two days, when her passengers came to our hotel with doleful stories of their experiences.

It was about nine in the morning when we were told to hurry up to get on shore while the tide served. Passengers are always being hurried up on journeys, and the timid and the good-natured obey the order with alacrity, only to wait wearily for the lazy and the laggard. We took one of the early boats, and were soon

upon the briskly bounding billows. A few harmless-looking clouds partially obscured the sun, but to the inexperienced only added to the beauty of the scene. Before we had accomplished half our distance the weather and the waves took possession of us, and treated us in a most inhospitable manner. The windows of heaven opened upon us from above, the rushing waters gathered against us from below; the rain soaked us, the sea drenched us, and we emerged from under the salt breakers only to be pelted by the fresh-water showers. These two sources of supply soon filled the bottom of the boat for a foot-bath, the seats for a sitz-bath, and the shedding power of our uplifted umbrellas for a shower-bath. I have never seen a more complete hydropathic experiment.

A sorry-looking group were we as we were literally fished up by the brawny arms of the men who manage, with a skill born of long experience, to pull passengers out of a rocking boat over a slippery mass of sea-weed to a rough stone pier. It really takes a few minutes of reflection, after these crowded experiences, to resume our individuality and recover the use of our limbs.

And so we landed, a drenched and discouraged crowd. Our umbrellas had served no purpose, save more skillfully to direct the errant streams to the back of our neighbor's neck.

The big waves had mashed us into a compact mass of shivering humanity. The pelting rain continued, but at least we were free from the cataracts of salt water. Our trials were not yet over. We were obliged to walk over a rough pathway in the outskirts of the town, and across narrow lanes, which apparently serve as sewers for all its filth. This accumulates in dry weather, and when a flood like that which was descending upon us comes, the mass is swept along in great quantities, or swashed about in a way that baffles description. When we reached the better streets, we found carriages, and drove the rest of the way to the station. Here we had time to examine the extent of the damage incurred during our warfare with the elements. The car we captured assumed a very odd appearance as the dripping garments were hung on pegs or spread in all directions. My fur coat looked like a drowned puppy, but I suppose I looked like another. For a little while we were all very forlorn, but the sun soon came forth like a bridegroom from his chamber, the tardy passengers arrived, cheerfulness was restored, and we started for Jerusalem. It was a leisurely journey. We stopped often, and, save for our chilly dampness, not unwillingly. The scenery was picturesque in outline. Everything about us, except the freshly blossoming flowers, which spangled the fields, spoke of the past rather than of the pre-

sent, and of a sad and dilapidated past. Brilliant scarlet poppies and many other wild flowers smiled upon us in every direction, and seemed to say that there was still something of freshness and beauty in the neglected wastes of the Holy Land of Palestine, and that the far-off naked hills and rocky slopes frowned down in vain. We had ample time to observe them all, for we were five hours in going over the forty miles between Jaffa and Jerusalem, which shows how slowly a railway train can go.

Jaffa is worth seeing, but was out of our itinerary. It has a famous history, and has borne several different names, as Joppa, Jaffa, Yaapu, Yafa, etc. It belonged to the land of the Philistines. Andromeda was, as we all know, bound to a rock in this vicinity, and would have been devoured but for the arrival, just in time, of the gallant Perseus. Her chains are said to have hung on the rock for many years. The Prophet Jonah also had just left Joppa when he was swallowed by the whale, as there was no hero at hand to rescue him. Joppa was the place where Hiram of Tyre landed the timbers of the cedars of Lebanon for the building of Solomon's temple. Vespasian destroyed it as a nest of pirates, and it was nearly obliterated several times, and saw much hard fighting. Its chief claim now is on account of the fifteen thousand pilgrims that pass through it annually.

There are many convents, monasteries, and chapels, and in the Armenian monastery is pointed out the room in which tradition declares that Napoleon poisoned his prisoners. At this point of the journey we first see the pure Semitic cast of countenance, the Hebrew of the Hebrews.

Everywhere around us are evidences of antiquity and long occupation of the land. Indeed, much of it looked as if it were weary of the human race, and the quarrels continually disturbing its peace. Wretched towns and squalid villages shelter a crowded population of hook-nosed men and pitiful-looking women, and the whole scene proclaims that the ancient glory has departed, perhaps never to return. We pass over the possessions of the Philistines of old, and finally reach Jerusalem.

The streets through which we drove were fairly conditioned, and we drew up at the New Grand Hotel. Think of that in a city that Jesus wished to gather under his wing! But the truly majestic walls and towers of the holy city are so venerable and dignified that one is reconciled to some of the modern improvements which conduce to the traveler's comfort. In Jerusalem, of all places, one desires to be free from discomfort in order to abandon one's self to the associations of the mighty past.

One would like to feel only one's very best emotions in entering the sacred inclosure of

Jerusalem, and to be elevated, for a while at least, above sublunary cares and earthly weaknesses. But exhausted nature claimed indulgence, and rest and food seemed the only things to be thought of or desired. Dinner and sleep shut out the spiritual cravings, and not until next morning was it possible to revive our historical associations, or our reverence for this most holy city.

The morning light, however, brought renewal of our better nature, and to be in Jerusalem was once more a privilege to be prized and an opportunity to be eagerly welcomed. But, first of all the sacred places to be visited is Bethlehem, and we were soon on the way. The drive is picturesque, with quaint features from time to time, but the country is evidently yielding to modern influences and acquiring modern ideas. We left the city by the Jaffa Gate, which is usually crowded with busy tourists and busier beggars. Itinerant peddlers swarm in all directions here as elsewhere. The road through the Valley of Hinnom leads past the railway station on one side, and the Hill of Evil Counsel on the other, also within view of a spurious House of Caiaphas. You understand that in sightseeing, as in other branches of business, the supply must meet the demand, and if there is not enough of the genuine article the spurious must be called on to supply the deficiency. For a further instance

you are shown the tree on which Judas hung himself, a certain verisimilitude being present in the fact that this tree extends several horizontal branches, offering a free hospitality to a man thinking of suicide. Small villages, and settlements of many nationalities, dot the way. A Roman Catholic convent elbows an Arabian hamlet; a Greek settlement turns up its nose at both by claiming to be the House of Simeon. We behold a well which we are expected to believe is that from which the Holy Family once drank. The varying traditions and rival dates often get mixed, and produce a sad muddle in the mind of the reverent traveler, upon whose brain too much information is poured at once. Soon we come to the Hill of Peas, so-called because Jesus asked a farmer what he was sowing; the man curtly replied "Stones." In consequence of his rudeness the poor hill has to bear "peas of stone" forevermore, but as all the other hills hereabout bear a similar crop, the curse seems less individual in its application.

Far away may be seen a glimpse of the Dead Sea, like a silver edge to the horizon. The Tomb of Rachel is such a flagrant bit of Mohammedan architecture that even here we blush for its name. It is, however, much revered, and visited by pilgrims, "Muslims, Christians, and Jews, and the Bedouins bring their dead to be buried here." Bethlehem means "the place of

bread," or "of food," owing its name to the fact that it has a more fertile surrounding country than other villages. Aside from its deepest interest, it is the scene of the sweet story of Ruth, and famous as the home of the family of David. Constantine, Justinian, and the Crusaders have all been here before us, and have befogged its later history.

We are well above the sea here, — twenty-five hundred feet, — and the town of eight thousand inhabitants stands on two hills. It lives chiefly on its interesting past, but still consents to serve as a market-town for the surrounding region. The church of St. Mary is built on the spot where Christ was born, and is the joint property of Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. The architecture proves it of early Christian date. We are by this time very glad of a genuine antiquity, for it disturbs the reverent remembrance of Scripture to find a Greek monastery, a chapel of St. Nicholas, a church of St. Catherine, an Armenian monastery, and a host of other comparatively modern localities close together, not only in space, but also in the reverence of the public. One is almost driven into absolute disbelief in them all. We must also purchase rosaries, and crosses and pious emblems of many sorts, or appear, even to ourselves, extremely hard hearted.

On Christmas day, 1101, Baldwin was

crowned king of Jerusalem in this church. Its whole history is interesting, and many monarchs have piously restored it, and passed on. Oddly enough it was Napoleon III. who procured permission in 1852 for the Latin race to enter it after long exclusion. It is full of associations, and well worthy of study; but we cannot pause for that. We hasten down a staircase to the chapel of the Nativity, which is lighted by thirty-two lamps; the right to keep them burning is divided among the different sects. The pavement is of marble, the walls of masonry. Under the altar a silver star is set in the pavement with a Latin inscription, stating that Christ was born there. Opposite are three steps which lead to the chapel of the manger. The manger, in which Jesus is declared to have lain, is of marble, the front brown, the bottom white; a wax doll represents the infant. The genuine manger is said to have been carried to Rome by the Empress Helena. We are underground here, of course, and the idea seems to be that the caverns, natural or artificial, were used as stables. So far as you have yet seen this is plausible, but a doubtful passage now leads to five more descending steps, and you are in the Chapel of the Innocents, where Herod is said to have killed children concealed here by their mothers. We returned to Jerusalem in the early afternoon.

Walking through the usual narrow ill-paved passages, crowded with small shops and a mass of human beings, to the Mosque of Omar, we were overtaken by a heavy shower which came suddenly upon us. There was no available shelter, and our guide proved as stupid as he was dirty. There is so much real interest attaching to every foot of the spot where Solomon's temple actually stood, that the rain was disregarded. The Holy Rock must be genuine. Christian tradition, as usual, runs parallel with Mussulman facts — the temple was sacred to Jehovah — the equally beautiful mosque is sacred to Allah and his Prophet. The central ideal spot is the Sacred Rock, now inclosed in the interior of the octagon mosque, and surrounded by a low railing. It is fifty-eight feet long, forty-four wide, and rises about six and a half feet above the pavement. The earliest reference to it is in the Talmud, which proves the antiquity of its sacred character. Abraham was on the point of slaying Isaac here. The Ark of the Covenant rested here, and it was regarded as the very central spot of the world. The sacred rock is supposed to be the site of the altar of burnt offerings, which was outside the sanctuary. The dome of the mosque is fine, and the whole effect of the interior is dignified, solemn, and yet very decorative.

The extensive inclosure, within which stand

the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque of El-Aksa, is entered through seven gates, bearing each its especial name, as the gate of ablution, the chain gate, the prison gate, the gate of the seraglio, etc. There are many small buildings scattered about for various uses, as well as mounds for prayer and fountains for ablution. Mohammed was very reverent towards Jerusalem, and it stands next to Mecca in the estimation of his followers. It was for this reason that Christians were so long excluded from it.

On the holy rock was written the unspeakable name of God. Jesus was able to read it and so to perform miracles. Abraham, David, and Solomon all came here to pray in a cavern below the rock, and Mohammed left the impression of his head on the rocky ceiling. Perhaps he received an impression on his head in return. He declared that one prayer offered here was worth one thousand prayers offered anywhere else. It was in the course of his own direct journey to heaven, to obtain his revelation, that he made the round hole in the roof.

The octagon with its lofty dome was for a while believed to be the veritable temple of Solomon, and the Knights Templar took their name as "The Order of the Temple" from it. It appears in the painting by Raphael of the "Marriage of the Virgin."

Let us go back to daily present life by a don-

key ride to David's tomb, which does not need a long string of stories to embellish it. The rides outside the walls are delightful and bring back a sense of reality and cheerfulness to those who are at once amused and pained at the extraordinary narratives glibly recited by the guides. I quote here from the guide-book, which all travelers should read, the following, "From a religious point of view, the impressions a traveler receives in Jerusalem are anything but pleasant. The native Christians of all sorts are by no means equal to their task, the bitter war which rages among them is carried on with very foul weapons, and the contempt with which the Orthodox Jews and Mohammedans look down on the Christians is only too well deserved."

The walls of Jerusalem are about forty feet high, and add greatly to the picturesqueness of the general view. From the Mount of Olives especially the effect is much enhanced, and in riding over the narrow and irregular pathways just beneath these walls there is more of the impression produced which a reverent mind wishes to receive than in any other spot that the traveler visits. The heavens above and the earth beneath have not been fatally desecrated by superstition and fanaticism.

The domestic architecture of the city is peculiar. A dwelling-house consists of a variety of separate apartments, over each of which there is

a dome-shaped roof. Sometimes there is over this dome another roof, which is flat and is utilized as a promenade or a garden. But the chief feature of the whole structure is the cistern in the court, for the absence of the usual water supply of a city makes it necessary to collect all the water which falls directly from the clouds. "In some of the houses there are no glass windows, and chimneys are by no means universal." The floors are of cement and the older houses are heated only by braziers filled with lighted charcoal. The cistern water is said to be safe and palatable when the cistern itself is kept clean.

The number of Jews in Palestine steadily increases, but a large proportion of them are supported by the charity of their European brethren and they are not a thrifty people. They have about seventy synagogues. The list of worshiping places includes almost every nationality, and presents a wonderful medley of contradictory opinions. In order to obtain any definite impression of the mosques and other buildings which cover the ground once occupied by the temple, it is necessary to study the careful descriptions to be found in books. In fact, everywhere in Jerusalem it is desirable frequently to consult authorities of many sorts if hopeless confusion is to be avoided. There are so many points of interest, and the examination of each

so leads to an increased imaginative charm in the others, that time fails both in seeing and in describing. We visit the House of Pilate, and the Armenian church, the church of St. Anne, and the Golden Gate. We glance over the new church of the Redeemer recently dedicated with much pomp by the Kaiser, and roam from one epoch to another and from the most reverent to the most skeptical emotions.

The Via Dolorosa or "way of pain," over which Jesus dragged his heavy cross, can never be followed without a thrill of sympathetic remembrance. Its stations are indicated by tablets in the walls. At the third station Christ sank under the weight of the cross, at the fourth he met his mother, at the fifth Simon took the cross from him, and so on in the sad story. In fact, sadness becomes the prevailing emotion as one takes up the thread of history. You turn sadly from one neglected spot to another, and feel almost as much distressed at the tawdry over-decoration of others.

You can see the chamber of the Last Supper, you can put your face against the grand old wall and wail with the pilgrims over the lost glory of Jerusalem, or you can explore the more modern churches, convents, and sacred places, that recall the wide divisions which make a battleground of religious worship. It is pitiful that Christians should have rent the teachings of

Christ as the Roman soldiers rent his garments.

As an antidote to the exhaustion caused by too heavy demands on our mental digestion, the donkey rides already spoken of are the only real remedy. The narrow paths meander about, the ancient walls are wonderfully impressive, the scenery is quaintly dreary, the sky is blue and very far above, the silence is restful, and a renewal of reverence aids us to resist the thickly crowding absurdities from which we have emerged. The Mount of Olives is full of a sad appeal, Bethany shows us the deep hole in the hill-side from which Lazarus must have found it hard to scramble even at the call of his Master, and so we are once more under thrall of superstition.

The Pool of Siloam where sweet the lily once grew is now a mass of rubbish ; the tombs of the kings are neighbors to the Tomb of Absalom and that of Jehoshaphat is on the way. And there is the Well of Mary where Mary washed the swaddling clothes of little Jesus, the sight of which brings back our kindly feeling, and we vouchsafe a glance also at Job's well, and refuse to wonder how they happened to be so close together.

The drive from Jerusalem to Jericho and the Dead Sea is one never to be forgotten, and, in many respects, never to be paralleled. It

is an epitome of Palestine, — its scenery, its poetry, its associations, its dignity, and its pathos. The grand sweep of its heaven-kissing hills; the sombre gloom of its deep ravines; the smile of the sunshine that gilds by turns the tiny oases of green and the huge masses of rock and sand, form a picture alike impressive and unique. The silence which broods over the vast landscape; the scarcity of human and animal life upon it; the narrow road which traverses it, and connects its past desertness with its present readoption into the living world, — all combine with its sacred associations to stimulate the imagination and arouse the emotions of the traveler.

The gray solemnity of the Dead Sea impresses one with a vague sadness, as of an extinct existence, and we turn to the sweet peace of the ford of the Jordan, and bless God that the scene of baptismal consecration has never lost its gracious beauty, but offers perennial renewal to the still waters, and the waving trees, and the shining sands. It is in this especial region that the scriptural narrative asserts its power over the heart, and the dream of piety becomes the assured and glorified fact of history. And when, as evening drew on, we turned from the contemplation of this picture to the quaint whiteness of the little inn, and watched from our windows the setting of the sun, and the rising of the

moon, and the serene on-going of the night hours, a great calm took possession of soul and body, and dreamless sleep brought welcome rest.

The gates and towers of Jerusalem are all the more interesting, because their traditions smack less of superstition. The walls are really venerable, and were evidently a strong defense against all early weapons of war. The mellowed creamy tint, the battlemented towers, the clinging weeds and climbing vines that get occasional foothold, the great height above the path at their feet, all have a charm and a reality. In fact there is a subtle and daily increasing fascination in this scenery and in this atmosphere. The gently undulating slopes, the wide and sandy waste places, strewn with millions of loose stones, and with promise of millions more beneath the surface, the sharp cut outlines of the distant hills, and the far-stretching roads, the exhausted soil, the calm of ended effort, the indifference to modern improvement, unite with that shadowy remembrance of Scripture which nearly all tourists possess, and which becomes more distinct as the days go by, to make Jerusalem redeem itself from tawdry tales and false traditions when one stands before its walls or wanders through the valleys which surround it. St. Stephen's gate resumes its tragic interest, and the Damascus gate whispers that at least St. Paul was real.

I have purposely left the church of the Holy Sepulchre and its many adjuncts till the close of my very imperfect sketch. That and the Garden of Gethsemane must be treated with an indulgence towards degrading influences, a patience towards unworthy superstitions, a charity towards human excitability and ferocity of religious faith, that are not forthcoming in civilized human breasts at the first demand, but which ultimately chasten the judgment and soften criticism.

Any one who has seen a photograph of the Garden of Gethsemane will need no description of its profane and trivial treatment. Yet we bring away a sprig of evergreen, a tiny blossom, a shining leaf, with the hope that when we have left the spot itself behind us the remembrance of it may again resume those colors with which a pious faith has always painted it, and that even now, when twilight steals over it, it may be more worthy to have witnessed the agony of Jesus. The garden is in the custody of the Franciscans. Here the disciples slept, here Judas gave the traitorous kiss, and here Jesus gathered fresh strength under the midnight heaven. There are a few venerable olive-trees which do their best to redeem the modern flower beds. The oil from them is sold at a high price, and rosaries are made of the wood.

The church of the Sepulchre, called also the

Anastasis, because Christ rose from the dead here, has such a tremendous history that ordinary records fail to chronicle all its claims to religious homage. Near it is the supposed site of Golgotha; beneath its roof the tomb of Christ was discovered by the Empress Helena in the third century. The true cross was also revealed to her in a dream. A sumptuously decorated church was dedicated here in A. D. 336. The usual sieges and destroyals by barbarians followed, but in 1099 the Crusaders marched into a splendid reconstruction, "bare-footed, and with songs of praise." Again destroyed, again restored, desecrated, and reconstructed, so goes the tale. I can best describe it by enumerating the places it is declared to embrace: the Chapel of Melchizedek, Armenian Chapel, Coptic Chapel, Chapel of Mary of Egypt, Greek Church of St. James, Chapel of Mary Magdalene, Church of the Forty Martyrs, Stone of Anointment, Place from which the Woman witnessed the Anointment, Angel's Chapel, Chapel of the Sepulchre, Chapel of the Syrians, Chamber of the Rock, Passage to the Coptic Monastery, to the Cistern, Chapel of the Apparition, Latin Sacristy, Chapel Prison of Christ, Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, of the Derision, Altar of the Penitent Thief, Chapel of the Agony, Abyssinian Chapel, and so on to the number of forty.

The stone of anointment is a reddish marble slab eight and a half feet by four feet ; it was placed there in 1808 — it has often been changed.

In the rotunda is the sepulchre. It stands on the old foundations, but was rebuilt in 1810 and again in 1868. The hanging lamps which light the various shrines are divided among the different sects, and jealously claimed by them. Soldiers pace up and down in the Armenian Chapel to prevent the members of the Greek Church from stepping on their sacred floors. But the air thickens with superstition — let us leave it unbreathed.

Only outside the walls is the air pure, the sky serene ; there the thousands of graves are silent beneath their crumbling stones, generations have come and gone over this forlorn country, each with its quarrels and its unchristian Christianity. The olive-trees shiver under their overloaded memories. The sacred places groan beneath the heavy tread of ignorant or careless feet. We turn back to the Scripture readings of our childhood and slowly revive our reverence, renew our philanthropy, and remember that Jesus loved even such people as these who now inhabit his country and dishonor his name.

EGYPT: ITS ART, ITS HISTORY, ITS FASCINATION

THE phrase "Egyptian Darkness" has long been shorn of its old significance, and there is perhaps no other country which at the present day is placed under a stronger light of research than Egypt, or which has received more attention from the public. Scientific curiosity has lighted there a torch, whose flame is more brilliant than that of the magnesium wire wherewith travelers explore her pyramids and her tombs, and in its glare the most remote monuments reveal their history, the stones by the wayside translate their hieroglyphics, and buried cities yield up the treasures which the sands have so long jealously hidden. I may not add to the knowledge which my reader possesses of the country, but I shall be well pleased if I can convey some impression of the charm of its atmosphere, of the shimmering vastness of its shining sands, of the solemn stillness of its vanished empires. There, as elsewhere, history is written in works of art; there, as elsewhere, that art was born of the surroundings accessible to the imagination of its artists; and the fea-

tures of the landscape on which we look to-day are in harmony with the monuments created by those who gazed upon it centuries ago. The air which expands the lungs of the traveler in Egypt now is fraught with a mysterious fragrance as of myriads of faded flowers; the sunshine which glorifies the noonday sky has blest the land with the beneficence of uncounted harvests; the very ground beneath our feet is the dust of extinct nations; and the sombre midnight heavens gloom above us like the pall beneath which "Ozymandias, king of kings" slept his last sleep.

What I have to say about Egypt is the result of several visits to that country under constantly increasing enthusiasm concerning it, and an equally increasing conviction that in that land are to be found health and renewal for wearied nerves, sick hearts, and exhausted vitality. The restfulness of the air, the stillness of the desert, the serenity of the sky, and the ever present sense of a mighty past long laid at rest, all combine to soothe the soul and to quiet a too eager spirit by correcting the measurements which prevail where the activities and the perplexities of the absorbing present obscure the judgment and harass the heart. Therefore the country that impresses my mind with the highest meaning, my imagination with the grandest suggestions, and my heart with the profoundest interest, is Egypt, and it is none the less inter-

esting because it kept its secrets from the world so long. Therefore, also, I desire to utter from my own heart that which may similarly impress others ; to transfer my enthusiasm of seeing to their enthusiasm of hearing. I would fain become the medium through which the Sphinx may offer greeting ; the Nile may hint at the secrets of its mysterious flow ; the sunsets may impart a glimpse of their amber splendors ; and Egypt, as a whole, may appear what it will always be for me — a land of exhaustless beauty, of ever-varying interest, and of supreme fascination.

There is always strong sympathy between true national art and the scenery and the social surroundings which environ and educate the artist. To the Venetian it gave color born of the sunset, and the glowing noonday and the sparkling water ; to the Florentine, reared amid the strife of factions and the clash of arms, it gave the terrors of the last judgment ; to the cloistered monk walking among the lilies of his garden, or praying in the midnight silence of his cell, it brought the gentle face of the Virgin or the beatific vision of the heavenly host. On a larger scale it brings to the Englishman the pictures of rural life or the record of historic greatness ; to the Russian it fills the imagination with dark deeds of despotism, and the horrors of Siberian exile. So to the Egyptian, who gazed upon the

calm flowing of the beneficent Nile, who saw the sun set in soft splendor behind the Libyan hills, which lightly ripple the distant horizon, and scarcely interrupt the majestic pathway to an illimitable West, there must have come from the ever-shifting hills of sand, and the annual increasing and diminishing of the great river a suggestion of the necessity for something more stable which could resist those changes and rise above those plains. It was inevitable that he should heap together masses huge enough to serve as permanent landmarks in the wind-swept desert, and lift the slender obelisk above the storms of sand. The pyramids and the temples tell of gigantic resistance to time and change, and the vast spaces of unyielding stone, thus furnished, supplied opportunity for the expression of another element in the Egyptian character — its love of glory. All of those spaces were utilized for telling their exploits to the world, and repeating the names of their kings and great men.

Upon the threshold of Egypt stands the ancient city of Alexandria of which it has been said "the history of Alexandria is half the intellectual history of the world for nine hundred years." Commercially it retains great importance, but for the tourist it is merely the gate-way to the land beyond. A glance at its antiquities and we pass on. Pompey's Pillar

has looked down for two thousand years upon the struggle of rival creeds and rival empires. Greek and Roman, Turk and Arab, Infidel and Christian, Jew and Moslem, have each struggled at its foot; and in the city where Cæsar and Bonaparte triumphed it remains the one memorial which has survived the British occupation. But the antiquity and the experience of Pompey's Pillar are eclipsed by the older and grander monuments with which the Egypt that awaits us is so richly adorned.

With all its many changes of dynasties and peoples, and with a history that reads like a romance, we involuntarily think of it as one immense, continuous whole. Its individuality as a country is as vivid as that of the grand colossus of Rameses, wherever we come upon his majestic images, guarding his temples or engraved on the walls that bear witness to his military renown. The English writer, Milner, has well said, "Amidst countless changes Egypt retains one unchanging attitude. Alike in its greatness and in its impotence, in prosperity and in ruin; whether split up among a number of petty rulers or united under one gigantic despotism; whether prostrate before the fantastic images of a thousand gods, or plunged in fanatical devotion to a Divine Unity of which any image is a desecration, Egypt remains unalterably, eternally abnormal."

The journey of one hundred and thirty-one miles to Cairo is interesting to a newcomer but without striking features. The soft airs of Egypt begin to fill the lungs with oxygen and the influences of the land to soothe the senses. To those who have enjoyed it before it comes with the welcome due to an old friend. As we approach the city the grand landmarks of the pyramids on one hand and the minarets of Mehemet Ali on the other rise above the horizon level. But before studying in detail the features of the landscape, which will grow upon your imagination and imprint itself on your memory ever deeper and deeper, I would like to say something of the main character of the art in which this country of all countries expressed its imaginative power, its religious faith, and its wonderful mechanical and manual dexterity.

The most immediately apparent peculiarity of Egyptian architecture is the mammoth scale of its construction. The massiveness of its masonry has resisted the adverse action of ages, while the symmetrical management of its huge blocks of stone is proof that, although multitudes of workmen may have worn out their lives in combined effort, their strength would have been useless but for the aid of mechanical contrivances of a high order. No amount of labor ever deterred these people, no obstacle was regarded as insuperable. If it is a temple the

vastness of its area is paralleled by the number and solidity of its pillars and the grandeur of its gates. If it is a tomb, no mountain rock is deemed impenetrable, no subterranean gallery too intricate ; if it is a statue it must be so colossal that it may be seen from afar sitting serenely on the broad, broad plain, its rough-hewn hands resting upon its mighty knees, its brow kissed by the rising sun, its feet bathed in the shadows of the valley. So, too, the Sphinx, with solemn and mysterious face, must rise above the sands which bury a temple at its base, and agile Arabs may climb its monstrous brow and tired travelers rest in the grateful shadow of its chin. To make manifest to future generations the grandeur of its monarchs, the Egyptians built the pyramids in mocking rivalry of the distant summits, or caused gallery after gallery to wind its slow length into the bowels of the mountain to find a safe resting-place for the royal corpse. These characteristics make a deep impression on the imagination and add to the sense of solemnity which has been previously awakened by the vastness of the hushed landscape, the silence of the desert expanse, and the unclouded glory of the azure heavens. There is no levity apparent in any direction, for even the most grotesque hieroglyphics would rebuke a smile ; there is no excitement save that of the intellect at the problems it meets ; the immensity of the past is more

to us than the pettiness of the present ; and we are more in the presence of the dead than of the living. There is nothing trivial, for these ruins are those of mighty dynasties which fell to dust before our era had begun.

As the Nile is the mainspring of the material prosperity of Egypt, so it must always have been an important factor in those results which are the outcome of inward meditation, educational association, and spiritual aspiration, — in other words, of all those things which combine to elevate and individualize a nation. Perhaps nowhere are its subtle suggestion better set forth than in the sonnet of Leigh Hunt, which I venture to quote : —

THE NILE

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands
Like a grave, mighty thought, threading a dream,
And times and things as in that vision seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands ; —
Caves, pillars, pyramids, — the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young earth, — the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris and the Southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands !
Then comes a mightier silence stern and strong
As of a world left empty of its throng —
And the void weighs on us ; and then we wake
To hear the frightful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages ; — and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

It is to this river, so poetical in its serene breadth, so beneficent in its ministrations, so

beautiful in its palm-crowned banks, so grand in its temple ruins — yet so terrible in its cruelty when it withholds its waters from the budding grain, so mysterious in its birth-place among the untrodden recesses of the far-off mountains, so grotesque in its animals, from the awkward camel, likened to a soul in purgatory, or the lazy gaping crocodile sprawling in the sun, to the clumsy hippopotamus that wallows in the mud, and the crane that stands on one slim leg in profound contemplation of nothing, — it is to this great, permeating highway of the country, old Father Nile, that the distinguishing characteristics of Egyptian life and thought are to be attributed.

But the Cairo of the present day puts forth almost as many claims to attention as the Ancient Egypt that has fascinated so many generations of travelers from the days of Herodotus. Its busy streets, its cosmopolitan crowds, its brilliant skies, its antiquities side by side with the most modern of European fashions, its oriental characteristics absolutely interwoven with the simplest Western daily life, harmonize as completely as the highly contrasted costumes of Arab gorgeousness and London severity blend and mingle in the never-ending stream of passers-by. All day the brilliant pageant keeps up the panorama, and as the afternoon sun descends in the west, and the shadows

lengthen, we seek the far-famed citadel heights, and from the courtyard of the mosque of Mehemet Ali, look over the teeming city to the serene horizon far beyond. Let another's words do the scene better justice than my own. "As the sun sets behind the pyramids and bathes the myriad minarets in a flood of golden light ; as that wonderful afterglow, seen nowhere but in Egypt, rises over the horizon, and seems to shed its benediction on all the valley beneath to soothe the swiftly flowing waters of the Nile, and to lull to sleep the city to the sound of the muezzin's call, one seems to stand above it all in a dreamland, and to deem no legend too strange to be true."

To most travelers, however, the first attraction draws towards the pyramids. The method of getting there rests with the traveler himself. Stout little donkeys will transport you in old-time fashion to the music of the donkey-boy's objurgations to the unheeding animal, as they did your fathers, or a European landau will take you, or even, ye gods ! an English tallyho. The great pyramid cares not for your method of approach, the Sphinx moves not an eyelid, however gorgeous the trappings or dignified the official. The pyramid of Cheops has resigned its long-enjoyed supremacy as the loftiest building in the world, but in no other direction does it lessen its unique charm. A statement of its dimensions gives an accurate

idea of its external appearance, of course, but of the interior no description is adequate. Of the intricacy, the darkness, the impending gloom, the mystery, the absolute terror of those stifling galleries, and ascending and descending passages and solemn chambers where only the dead have lain, where the breath fails, and the knees tremble, and the heart stands still — no one who has not seen them, felt them, crept through them, and suffered from them can form an adequate idea. Enceladus under Mount *Ætna* may have felt as I did with the consciousness of that mighty mass of stone above my head, crushing me to slow but certain suffocation. The nerves and the imagination conquer the reason, and the empty sarcophagus seemed to reproach me with having stolen the king's body, until a sense of guilt assailed me, and suffocating and shuddering I yielded to the hallucination. The sudden flash of the magnesium wire, as it illuminated the swarthy and eager faces of the Arab guides, added to the weird features of the scene, and, although I was prosaically aware that the eagerness meant only a demand for "bak-sheesh," in a moment like that it was easily translatable into a murderous intent.

It is not well to be too precise in giving a date for any Egyptian event, but we may assume that Cheops built the great pyramid more than five thousand years ago, and made of its central

chamber not only an appropriate resting-place for his august mummy, but the finest specimen of careful masonry in the world. The king's chamber is forty-six feet long, twenty-seven feet broad, and eleven feet high, and consists of enormous blocks of polished granite worked down and laid together with the greatest exactness. Every joint is as perfect as when it was first fitted to its neighbor. Some distance beneath is the queen's chamber much smaller, but equal in solemn suggestion. Tradition says that three hundred and sixty thousand men and twenty years of time were needed to build this stupendous monument, and after emerging from its depths and beholding the height one has to climb upon the outside (looking all the loftier for the dark plunge beneath), one finds the story easy of belief.

The only entrance into the pyramid is from the thirteenth stage of the ascent, or about forty-five feet from the ground. The stages or steps are from two to six feet in height, and are stripped of the limestone covering with which the architect concealed the coarse granite, of which the massive structure is composed. They now form a giant staircase by which we climb to the summit. Many of these stones are thirty feet long, and the labor of placing them in the upper rows must have been enormous. If you will consent to be pulled up by three native guides, you can

see for yourself how grandly the old Egyptians expressed their ideas of solidity and strength and honest workmanship, and what good right they had to believe that they were building for eternity. For even now, spite of the silent warfare of the centuries, spite of the more furious ravages of man, spite of the rude tearing away of its protecting covering to build the puny palaces of the present, "that house shall stand, for it is builded upon a rock," and its massive stones are welded together with the treasure of kingdoms and the blood of nations. The mechanical ingenuity displayed, the certainty that such work could not have been accomplished without an advanced knowledge of mathematical principles and practical engineering, is proof of the long-established civilization of Egypt. Indeed, no matter how far back the present means of research lead, — and long backward strides have been made in these latter days, — we find always the arts of civilized life and the certainty of a developed language. The pyramid of Chephren retains a portion of the creamy limestone covering that once covered them all; and we can imagine how these grand peaks must have looked when their shining sides caught the bright rays of the setting sun. But all the world knows a pyramid, so we turn from them to the Sphinx, which at a little distance gazes over the desolate landscape with the same calm steadfast-

ness as when she saw unmoved the placing of those mighty stones on one another, as pyramid after pyramid rose up before her. If there is a time in one's life, — if there is a spot on the earth when and where to feel what a small matter a few centuries can seem, — it is when one looks up at this colossal face, with its impenetrable expression as of one accustomed to nothing less than an eternity. Of her own age, — for the Sphinx is always a lady in spite of the beard she once wore, — we know something by aid of an inscription on a tablet discovered by M. Mariette. This tablet states that Cheops wishes it to be generally known that he “has cleaned out the temple of Isis, ruler of the pyramid, which is situated at the spot where is the Sphinx;” and we may conclude that she was then so old a resident as to have become convenient as a landmark. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, that, although her nose is broken and her complexion a little weather-beaten, she possesses a strange beauty and an indescribable charm. She is still, as the old poet sang of her, “Like Vulcan powerful and like Pallas wise.” With a head thirty feet high and fourteen feet across the brow, she may well have had room for the countless thoughts that have been stored up in her mighty brain during all these days and nights under the beautiful sky of her own Egypt. It was a brilliant freak of fancy in an artist, one

for which the world owes him a debt of gratitude, to carve this majestic creature in the living rock and clothe her with the mystic attributes of sovereignty, and furnish her with limbs so powerful that her outstretched paws could enfold a temple within their protecting sweep. It has been found by recent excavations that an idea even grander than the Sphinx alone was carried out by the audacious architect; and she stood in the centre of a vast amphitheatre or rocky excavation, the upper edge of which was on the level of her chin. The sands have repeatedly covered it from sight, and it has been more or less uncovered from time to time. The full height of the head from the true level is one hundred feet.

While the pyramids and the Sphinx are the grandest monuments of the plain of Ghizeh, it also presents some admirable specimens of tomb architecture. The tomb of Ti ranks with the finest, and dates to the Old Empire, *i. e.* between 2700 and 2200 B. C. The Mastabah or chapel on the surface was long ago destroyed, and the present entrance is obstructed by drifts of sand. The interior is in excellent condition and deeply interesting. It has been preserved by the fine dry sand which has filtered into all the chambers and concealed them so long, and they have suffered more from the wet squeeze-paper of modern tourists than from the action of centuries pre-

vious. The doorway now used is at the foot of an inclined plane of yielding sand, which often forces the traveler to an unexpectedly rapid rush forward, for this sand is always accumulating and varying. It is kept within bounds by the guardians, and is, indeed, so beautiful a golden dust in the shade, and so like powdered diamonds in the sun, that it is worth while to sink ankle-deep in its glittering beauty, and watch it rippling away from your steps in small cascades of light. The innumerable wall-pictures within, whether, as some have thought, they depict the life the owner really lived, or, as later authorities hold, are the symbols of the experiences through which he was to pass after death, are admirable representations of ancient Egyptian manners and customs. The architectural and painted signification of tombs in this land of symbols deserves long and careful study. History is indebted to it for some of its most important and interesting records.

“ But if the tombs of kings were magnificent, and those of lesser men were full of valuable information, what shall be said of the mausoleum of the god Apis — the subterranean burial-place of many generations of sacred bulls? ” Living, the sacred bull was worshiped in a magnificent temple at Memphis, and lodged in a palace adjoining ; dead, he was buried in excavated vaults at Sakharah, and worshiped in a temple built

over them, the Serapeum." Some idea of the great extent of the burial galleries may be gathered from the fact that those of the third division, which are open to visitors, cover an extent of eleven hundred and fifty feet, and the great gallery is six hundred feet long. The splendor of the original construction was shown by the excavations of M. Mariette, in 1861. He uncovered one hundred and forty-one complete sphinxes and the fragments of many more, all of which adorned the main avenue, at the end of which stood one of the pro-pylons of the temple, with two lions crouching before it. The labor of excavation was enormous, some of the ruins being buried under seventy feet of compacted sand. The usual drawback to Egyptian excavation occurs here, for the jealous sands soon reëngulf their treasures. Of the dark cells beneath, however, there remain open to examination many interesting monuments. Twenty-four huge sarcophagi are still in place, each weighing about sixty-five tons, and each suggesting the historic question, "How the devil did it get in?" Each one is thirteen feet long, seven and a half wide, and eleven feet high. Most, if not all, are hewn from a solid block of close-grained stone, and they actually appear to be wider than the galleries through which they must have been brought, though this may be an optical illusion. Near by are the massive stones that served as

covers, each a single slab of great thickness, which no doubt appeared to the priests a sufficient safeguard against man as against time. The first division contained the bulls from the eighteenth dynasty to the twenty-first; the second to the twenty-fifth; the third from the reign of Psammetichus First of the twenty-sixth dynasty to 50 B. C.

The obelisks played an important part in temple architecture, but are perhaps of still greater antiquity. It has been the fate of several of these products of Egyptian art to wander into other lands, but they never seem at home there.

Of the temples of Egypt, it would be useless to attempt a description in less than a volume. Scattered up and down the great valley, crowning the river banks, or nestling in the shadow of the mighty hills, — their huge fragments jutting from the mounds of sand, and marking the site of some once populous city, — these ruined shrines are eloquent with memories of ancient days. The temple was intended to be an epitome of the world, as it was regarded by the Egyptian philosopher, who believed it to be a flat plain, much longer than it was wide. It was upheld by immense pillars, and the sky was some sort of a permanent ceiling. The floor of the temple represented the ground, the different divisions were decorated appropriately, as the wainscot,

dado, etc., and were adorned with pictured vegetation ; the base of the pillars bore painted leaves and branches, and the long stems of lotus and papyrus, with animals sporting among them. In the representations of a watered country, the fish swam and the wavelets rippled. The ceilings were painted blue and sprinkled with stars ; the huge vultures of Nek-heb and Uati, goddesses of the north and of the south, crowned with emblems, soared above the naves of the hypostyle halls, and on the under side of the lintels of the great doors, seemed to hover over the head of the king, as he passed through on his way to the inner sanctuary. The firmament opened above to devout contemplation. Sometimes the ceilings were decorated with the zodiac ; sometimes only the stars glistened on the azure field. A celestial ocean was navigated by the sun and moon moving among constellations and planets and the genii of the months and days. The decorations of the temples have furnished volumes of material for the archæologist ; the ceremonies of worship and the residence of the priests within the sacred inclosure have made of them an inexhaustible treasure-house for posterity. The temples bore no resemblance to a Christian church or to a Grecian temple. The whole worship consisted of processional ceremonies. The edifice was erected by a king in honor of a special deity, although dedicated to the Egyptian

Triad, but the king was the medium through which alone the nation offered homage. Even the priests had narrow limits in their office. The king alone, as Son of the Sun, could enter into the inner sanctuary, to contemplate the sacred symbols, and utter the prayers of the people, and the king was the living incarnation of Osiris.

The colossal character of Egyptian workmanship is constantly in evidence. Lintels of doorways are sometimes forty feet long, statues weigh eight hundred tons, roofing-stones are thirty feet long and weigh sixty tons, and so on. Another feature is the profuse decoration either in deep-cut hieroglyphics or in highly colored frescoes. To this taste we are indebted for much information, and when Egypt made herself a vast picture-book, she supplied the nations who succeeded her with much knowledge that might otherwise never have been recorded.

Every one of the many temples deserves separate mention, but they are already enshrined in admirable volumes by competent authorities. I only venture to quote a paragraph which brings out the peculiar features of the symbols and the worship at a later day, when foreign influences are beginning to appear. The temple of Denderah was the abode of Hathor, the Greek equivalent for Aphrodite. "From the hieroglyphics that cover the walls

we can learn much of the religious rites of later days, imitated, no doubt, like the temples themselves from those of an earlier age. There is the large portal, through which, clothed in his long robes, with sandaled feet and leaning on his staff, the king alone could pass; but before even he could do so, and so penetrate into the temple itself, it was necessary that the gods should recognize him as king of Upper and Lower Egypt. Thoth and Horus must anoint him with the emblems of power; Ouate and Suan must crown him with the double crown; Mout of Thebes and Toun of Heliopolis must conduct him into the sacred presence of the goddess Hathor herself. Here, within, sombre and silent, are the priests assembled, passing in solemn procession, ascending the terraces and descending them again, in order to encompass the encircling wall, according to prescribed rites, with the four boats holding, carefully concealed, the sacred emblems. Here is the court containing the offerings, and the limbs of the victims of the sacrifice. The king consecrates the offerings, and, followed by thirteen priests, carrying on high poles the emblems of the divinities, ascends the northern staircase, stops on the terrace of the twelve columns, and descends by the southern staircase. Below the temple are the secret hiding-places of the treasures of the gods, statues in gold, silver,

and lapis-lazuli only brought out on the rare occasions of the most solemn ceremonies."

After accepting the enormous labor of the pyramids, and inspecting the monstrous slabs of the Apis Mausoleum, and measuring the great monoliths of the obelisks, and wondering over the massive fragments of the colossus of the Rameseum, and finally spending many hours in vain attempts to master the plan of the mighty temple of Karnak, we sit down and ask ourselves the meaning of this profuse expenditure of human strength, skill, and labor.

Is it not the earlier and more tangible expression of that instinct which in later times led to the almost equally interminable prayers and sacrifices and penances exacted as the price of a difficult salvation? That an immutable belief in the efficacy of willing toil, and trust in its propitiatory power, prevailed is evident from the fact that an enormous block of stone, which had required the labor of two thousand boatmen to transport it to Saïs, was abandoned at the very entrance of the temple because the architect was heard to utter a sigh as if fatigued by the length of time employed and the labor undergone in getting it there.

If, however, in contemplating the grand outlines of the pyramids, the vast halls of the temples and the colossal features of the sphinx the conclusion is reached that size and its con-

sequent treatment were inevitable accompaniments of Egyptian work, a glance at the sculpture that has come to light will soon convince one that the Egyptian was an adept in delicate manipulation, and knew how to conquer the most rebellious materials. "Nowhere, save in the Nile Valley, is it possible to follow the evolution of the sculptor's art through a series of several thousands of years." The history and religious importance of the portrait statues of Egypt cannot be dwelt upon here, but adds another chapter to the fascination of the literature of this land. The magnificent collections at Ghezireh will arrest the attention and arouse the enthusiasm of the most careless visitor.

Turning from the study of these great landmarks, we enter upon the wonderful voyage which unfolds the panorama of a thousand miles of the incomparable Nile Valley. I can almost hear again the ripple of the waves that made music in the soft air of morning, and see the stars that gleamed in the dark brow of night. As we read the pages written by ancient travelers over the same route we accepted the old traditions, and loved to think, with Plutarch, that Isis and Osiris were indeed the powers by whose semi-human beneficence all life was preserved and protected. We feel with the Egyptian that "Osiris is the Nile, who accompanies Isis, which is the earth; and Typhon is the sea,

into which the Nile falling is thereby destroyed and scattered, excepting only that part of it which the earth receives and drinks up, by means whereof she becomes prolific.”

Whether we glide over the quiet waters in dreamy enjoyment and watch the changing views on the river banks, or land at some stopping-place and encounter the turmoil of the jostling crowd and the strife of donkey boys, the experience is novel and interesting. Our steamer was a small one and the passengers of the better sort. The superior luxury of the large steamers is procured by giving up other advantages arising from the simpler processes in landing and from the greater ease with which the demand for donkeys is supplied. The passage up the river gave us new ideas of the variety and beauty of the scenery and especially of the grandeur of the overhanging cliffs. The Nile is, as we know, the longest river in the world without tributaries, and in its twenty-five hundred miles of unimpeded flow, passes through much picturesque country. One of its bold bluffs is called Gebel-el-Tayr or Mountain of the Birds, with a Coptic convent on the summit. “All the birds of the country are said to assemble here annually, and, having selected one of their number to remain here until the following year, they fly away into Africa, returning the next year to release their comrade and substitute another.”

Many of the cliffs are perforated with caves, sometimes as tombs, sometimes as dwellings for the living. We explore the famous tombs of Beni-Hassan, which are remarkable for their architectural peculiarities. They are copies in a measure of wooden buildings, hewn in the rock and often entering far into it.

We were fortunate in having a kindly moon to light us on our way, and scenes were each night painted in quite other colors than those used by the sun. Many of the days between Cairo and Assouan were veiled in soft gray clouds, but when the smiling regent of the heavens appeared these clouds were rent apart or heaped themselves together like a crowd awaiting the approach of royalty. As the moon rose higher in the sky and the night hours wore on these clouds often assumed strange forms, spreading out like giant broadwinged birds, or like gleaming peaks of snow-crowned hills, or faint outlines of a distant city,—while dark shadows bathed the shores and the rippling of the waves added charm to the trip to dream-land. No other scenes can ever obscure the memory of that delightful voyage when we were completely isolated from the world we had left behind, and in which the prosaic present gives place to the solemn dignity of an immeasurable past. It was all like reading a delightful book filled with exquisite illustrations of a story

which was our own daily life. The scenes we were beholding recalled the history of long-past ages, and the vivid beauty of our surroundings invested the driest chronological records with the charm of immortal human interest, and the halo of undying sentiment. Tombs, pyramids, and temples are pages in the veritable book of history, and they are so rich in sculptured and painted records that they seem to have been thus arranged for the very purpose of stimulating and satisfying the curiosity of later ages. Take, for example, Belzoni's tomb, with galleries extending more than three hundred feet into the rock, its descending stairs leading deeper and deeper; its walls covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions; its ceilings illustrative of Egyptian theology; its many chambers, each dedicated to some mysterious purpose of final concealment of the owner's body. People at a distance have read of the wonderful discovery of the mummies of the priests of Ammon in 1881, but when we cross the wide sun-heated desert sand, and enter upon the utter desolation of the Valley of the Kings, a new sense of the terrible importance attached to the preservation of the human form which had enshrined a human soul, comes with bewildering power over the imagination. One feels almost regretful for the rough audacity with which this sacred seclusion was invaded, and the success with which such untiring and

reverential guardianship has been broken down. We read Maspéro's account of the labor and ingenuity required to bring these sixty helpless creatures to the surface, with mingled satisfaction and sorrow — they appeal to the most tender and sublime instincts, their dignity has "suffered loss," and even their present magnificent abode hardly makes amends for their destroyed inaccessibility.

We were a month at Luxor, — how tell of the glorious ruins of Karnak as they stand silent, solemn, and vast beneath the noonday sun, or glisten mysteriously in the silver moonlight, when the mighty columns of the great hall seem indeed to support the sky, and the dark shadows to conceal the approach of one of those countless processions with whose tread the now silent spaces once echoed? And what of the magnificent plain of Thebes and the sympathetic statues of Memnon, which still sit listening for the coming of the great Ammon-Ra, while the grain of a thousand harvests ripens at their feet and the recurring Nile bathes them annually with the fresh waters of far-off streams? The elegant proportions of the Rameseum near by welcome the traveler to its shady recesses, and to the study of its pictured walls; perhaps also to pity the prostrate kingly statue which the malice of war, rather than the slow waste of time, has overthrown. Medinet-Abou and Dahr-

el-Bahri assert their claims, and whisper their eloquent secrets to a reverent ear, and every day serves to rivet more closely the chains which bind the heart to this enchanting and pathetic land.

A week at Assouan opens a new chapter in this rich volume: — Philæ and Elephanta; the gentle river and the fertile fields; the waving palms and shining waves. The tiny steamer that conveys our little group to the second cataract gives us visions of surpassing beauty. This is a voyage the gods themselves may have desired to take, when Isis and Osiris reigned over Egypt, and Rameses the Great strode over the necks of conquered tribes. The air was keen and cold at times, but a few wrappings made us perfectly comfortable, for there was no malice in the air. We floated past graceful palm-groves; we watched the groups of camels, donkeys, and men; the sakiyahs creaked, and the buckets of the shadoofs poured their fertilizing floods; while many white-winged feluccas dotted the river. We go near enough to shore to recognize the supercilious sniffing of the camels, the deeply contemplative expression of the donkeys and the astonishingly slim legs of the Arabs. At times we land, and drink deep draughts of history in the study of a temple, a tomb, or a village overflowing with the howling descendants of the pyramid builders. Mammon is now the god of

their worship ; Baksheesh is his prophet, and their own name is Legion. Silence returns when we are once more on the river, and the sunset hour draws near, and heaven opens its gates to let the inner glory flash across the oft ungrateful earth. The sunsets are not like ours robed in crimson and violet, and " trailing clouds of glory from afar ; " — here the sun descends with stately step and slow, through an unclouded sky, until the western hills hide him from sight, or the remote horizon serves as his journey's end. As his last beams disappear the heavens are suffused with an amber glow, the earth is bathed in golden haze, and the placid river reflects the tawny splendor, till we almost tremble at the mighty blending of earth and heaven. We poor mortals are transfigured in the universal radiance ; a reverent hush is in the air, and the glory dreamed of by inspired poets, but unpainted of mortal pencil, dawns upon our dazzled eyes. Evening after evening this vision rose before us and all on board watched for its coming, and paid homage to its transcendent charm. It bore no resemblance to our familiar pageant ; but it lasted more than an hour, and the brilliancy slowly faded away to paler gold and cooler tints ; the hills became dim in lilac outlines, and the Nile recovered the blue-gray of its normal coloring.

Each of the eight days spent on this portion

of the river deserves a separate description, but one crowning point absolutely demands an attempt at portraiture. The rock temple of Ipsamboul stands almost alone in stately grandeur, and in the perfection with which the original idea was carried out. The grandeur, the dignity, the serene solemnity of this magnificent monument in far-off Nubia, is finely commemorative of the religious energy and exhaustless patience of this people. We anchored just beneath the lofty cliff into whose bosom the great temple has cleft its way, and landed eagerly to climb the steep ascent which now leads to the portal. The ancient approach was over a broad platform hewn from the rock, but now encumbered with sand and debris. The pilgrims who yearly visit the deserted shrine are very different from those who once brought offerings to revered deities; but it would seem impossible that any should fail to offer some tribute of respect to this splendid example of a great nation's expression of its religious faith.

Nothing could be more impressive than the façade of this temple. Four colossal statues sixty feet in height and massive in proportion sit in silent guardianship, and gaze with absorbed intentness towards the river, as if expectant of the arrival of priests and people in many ships. They are, like the temple itself, hewn from the living rock, and attest the genius and

the skill of those who thus discovered the hidden possibilities of this mountain-side, and, as it were, released from their rocky prison these majestic representations of the great king, which their prophetic eyes beheld ere chisel touched the stone or hammer struck its blow. The immense front of the temple, a full hundred feet in height, must have been first outlined; the rock before it then cleared away for a platform of approach ninety feet broad, and last of all the magnificent statues sculptured in the face of the rock, and the cornices chiseled, the high portal opened, and the statue of the Sun-god, the great Ammon-Ra, placed above. The entrance hall is supported by eight statues of Rameses the Great, seventeen feet high, and a dignified group they are. Halls and galleries succeed each other, till a depth of two hundred feet is reached. The divisions diminish in breadth until the final sanctuary-chamber dwindles to a small cell. Eight rooms open upon the great hall, irregularly excavated, probably used for the minor offices, and connected together by corridors, which must have always depended upon artificial light. The inner shrine is very impressive in spite of its small size; perhaps an added awe was obtained by the complete privacy and protection thus afforded the king when left alone in the presence of the gods. At the upper end of this apart-

ment, and marking the limit of the excavation, there is a bench cut in the rock, and on this bench four statues, hewn in the same way, sit in everlasting silence and mystical serenity. They are Ammon-Ra, Horus, Rameses, and Phtah, the shaper and framer of the material universe. They await the offerings which have ceased to come, and the offering table is overturned as if in derision. The only light that enters comes through the main entrance door two hundred feet away, but in direct line with it.

Our first visit was in the afternoon, and after long study of the interior, we, with great labor, climbed the sand-swept pathway to the top of the high cliff which contains the temple. It is seven or eight hundred feet high, and the sunset view from the summit is extensive and beautiful. The immeasurable quantity of sand which drifts continually over the side of the cliff makes constant resistance to the excavator, and even to the lighter demand of the tourist. But the reward awaits the toiler, and the rapidity of the descent makes up for the slow climbing.

We watched the twilight shades later on from the deck of the vessel as they enfolded temple and hill in concealing drapery. Our crowning enjoyment was to come later still. About three o'clock in the morning a summons echoed through the steamer, which brought us all on deck. As fitting preparation for the approaching scene

we found the Southern Cross resplendent in the heavens, the waning moon more pallid in the west, and a solemn hush pervading the air as we awaited the coming of the dawn. The reflection of the stars in the smooth mirror of the river was more pronounced than I have ever seen it anywhere else, and seemed to emphasize the harmony of earth and sky. We clambered up the rough ascent to the temple door, and with one companion I penetrated, with many stumbles in the darkness, to the distant shrine. We took our seats on the rough rock, in the dread presence of the unseen deities, to await with them the morning smile of the Sun-god. It came at last, this welcome beam; the sitting gods were revealed to our sight, and seemed to glow with a responsive inward light. We thrilled with magnetic sympathy and bowed our heads in mute, religious awe. The sun passed on upon his daily task, the rest of the party entered, the spell was broken, we were again in the present, but the memory of that dawning light will always retain its power.

The smaller temple near Ipsamboul, also excavated in the cliff, was dedicated (like a chapel in a cathedral) to Hathor, "the mother of Ra," whose emblem is the sacred cow. "Hathor — or more correctly Hat-hor, *i. e.*, the abode of Horus — is not merely the Aphrodite of ancient Egypt, she is the pupil of the eye of the sun;

she is the goddess of that beneficent planet whose rising heralds the waters of the inundation ; she represents the eternal youth of nature ; and is the direct personification of the beautiful. She is also goddess of truth. " I offer the truth to thee, O Goddess of Denderah ! " says the king in one of the inscriptions in the sanctuary of the Sistrum ; " for truth is thy work and thou thyself art truth."

The temples of Egypt are intrinsically alike in spite of many superficial differences. The sanctuary is essential, and is sufficient to make a temple ; it might be only a low small obscure rectangular chamber accessible only to Pharaoh and the priests. It contained neither statue nor emblem, but only the sacred boat or a tabernacle of painted wood on a pedestal. A niche in the wall formed of a single block of stone received on certain days the statue of the local god or the living animal sacred to him. From this simple chamber grew all the complex architecture of the grandest temples and all the innumerable buildings ultimately comprised in the divine house.

But the temples and the tombs, grand as they are, are not all of Egypt, and the Nile Valley has a thousand other fascinations. The lovely island of Philæ, the cataracts and groves, the donkey rides in the desert, the excursions by land and by water, each and all have something

exquisite and possess a charm unlike one's experience in other places. The second cataract, far up in Nubia, is on the verge of the black country, where the "abomination of desolation" has an abode. There is in it such a frank admission of its complete freedom from adornment by nature or by art, such unquestioning acceptance of its own unloveliness, that, taken as contrast to the beauty to which our eyes have grown accustomed, it becomes oddly and seriously interesting. It is reached by railway from the head of navigation, the military post of Wady-Halfah. The road passes over a sandy plain, among hundreds of graves marked by rough stones or a heap of pebbles which the shifting sands soon conceal, or worse still, leave bare the bodies of the dead for vultures to swoop down upon or for jackals and dogs to fight over. This excursion ends the journey of the ordinary traveler on the Nile, and the return down the river presents for examination the monuments omitted on the upward voyage.

Abandoning the useless attempt to describe more fully the scenes of the present or the reminiscences of the past, and remembering that no matter how much may be said, the untold will always be grander and more beautiful than that which is put into words, I content myself with an attempt to give an idea of the vast treasures contained in the museum in the Ghizeh

Palace, a few miles from Cairo. It may be regarded as the full exposition of the records of Egypt and the confirmation of all that has been asserted of her ancient grandeur and advanced civilization. There are ninety-one rooms filled with the excavations of Mariette Bey and his successors. From the earliest dynasties, which fill thirteen rooms, and the collections of the so-called New Empire which occupy seventeen rooms, we enter various courtyards filled with statues and sarcophagi and sphinxes. Here the history and the art of Egypt may be studied in a congenial atmosphere. The eloquence of that vast array of statues; of stelæ; of manuscripts; the long ranges of animal-headed deities; the tender grace of the statuettes; the wonderful realism of those wooden men and women, and the subtle but evident connection which binds them all together in harmony of sequence as parts of one great national record — fill heart and mind with the desire to learn more and more of the history of this land.

Of the endless collection at Ghizeh there are some specimens which appeal strongly to the imagination. Look at the famous Nubian couple immortalized in stone, who have been sitting in affectionate proximity ever since the reign of Seneferoo, last king of the third dynasty, the predecessor of Cheops. Ra-ho-ta and the princess Nefer-t are “carved in limestone

and colored to the life ; they must have sat to one of the ablest artists in portraiture who ever lived." Their eyes are inserted in the stone sockets, and though of quartz and crystal, seem "to return one's gaze with an answering intelligence almost appalling."

The summit of archaic skill is attained in the statue of Chephren, builder of the second pyramid. It was hewn from a single block of the finest and hardest diorite, and was found in the ancient temple of the Sphinx. The king is in a sitting posture ; behind his head is a hawk with widespread wings in sign of divine protection ; the left hand lies open upon his thigh, the right holds a papyrus roll. The arms of his chair or throne are carved lions' heads, and the lotus and papyrus plants, symbols of Upper and Lower Egypt, cluster at the sides. The beauty and dignity and exquisite finish are all the more wonderful when we examine closely the adamantine stone which stubbornly resists the stroke of the sculptor.

In contrast to this grand embodiment of the kingly spirit, stands the wooden statue known as Sheik-el-Beled or Ra-em'-Ka, the alertness of whose walking attitude suggests that his promenade across the ages is still in progress. Aside from the skill of the carver in creating so delightful an individual from a block of wood, one can hardly fail to fancy that in giving such

spirit to the portrait the artist endowed this usually perishable material with a vitality which enables it to survive the passing centuries.

Some of the finest sculpture of Egypt was long ago transferred to European museums, but enough has been retained to permit complete study of its development and appreciation of its excellence. One especial fragment challenges the utmost admiration. It is the head of Menephthah, supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It is of fine black basalt, is heavily burdened by the huge double crown of sovereignty, and is only a head whose body has suffered loss, but even the Apollo Belvedere might envy the calm serenity of that royal face.

There are so many of the larger objects of interest, so many colossi, mummy-cases, stelæ, and sarcophagi, and the *catalogue raisonné* gives so much information concerning them, that there is risk of overlooking the smaller objects which reward the closest scrutiny. The statuettes of animals are simply marvelous: a cow in red jasper, a dog in agate, a hippopotamus in lapis-lazuli, an endless variety of monkeys, fish, and frogs. The scarabæus figures in all materials; one in green porphyry is of priceless value. Delicate sculpture adorns the handles of mirrors, one of which represents a woman swimming; perfume-boxes, toilet articles, and surgical instruments abound; needles, scissors, and knives show do-

mestic habits. The jewels of Queen Aah-ho-tep are accompanied by an unusually fine example of the sacred bark of gold, with wheels of bronze and tiny oarsmen of silver.

There is a still deeper charm in the exquisite statuettes of Isis, Osiris, and Horus under their different forms, and also in the votive offerings found in the tombs. One represents Isis in the form of a wonderfully idealized cow; against her breast and beneath her protecting chin there stands a tiny Psammetichus, the king, beloved of gods and men, wearing an equally idealized apron covered with delicate hieroglyphics, probably his certificate of good behavior. The Christian Madonna has no more divine gentleness in her eyes, no fonder attitude of protecting tenderness. With this, and forming a single group, stands Osiris eternally unmoved, and safe from the emotions which still agitate the mother-heart of Isis, and Horus, the junior member of the Egyptian Triad, in immortal youth and grace. Of the votive offerings the most interesting is a small sarcophagus of basalt. It is covered on the side with hieroglyphics, and bears a mummy portrait on the lid. The face of the mummy is serene with the peace of death, its arms are folded as in welcome rest, and by its side, watching over it with eternal vigilance and seeming to gaze into an eternal future, sits a little figure which is at once hawk and human

form. This is the soul which must protect the body till both are called to the judgment-seat of Osiris. Of this power to idealize animal forms the Egyptians were supreme masters; the grandest examples are the lions of Gebel-Barkal, now in the British Museum, pronounced by competent critics to be the finest in the world; the minor specimens are almost as admirable.

In the midst of the solemn and far-reaching thoughts which crowded my mind as I wandered through the interminable attractions of this remarkable collection, my eyes caught sight of a cabinet filled with the toys of children, who had played with them before the pyramids had risen on the plain, and with the perfume-boxes and scissors of the mothers who rocked them to sleep as the sun, going down in the west, looked for the first time upon the shadow cast by the finished profile of the sphinx. Mrs. Browning has said that all the philanthropy of women may be resolved into pity for one particularly well-known red-headed boy, so, to me, there was more immediate pathos in a little shabby ball dropped from the tired hand of some poor little boy-mummy, who perhaps left his mother desolate six thousand years ago, than in the jewels of Queen Aah-ho-tep or the colossal Chephren, as he sits again in daylight after his nap of sixty centuries.

But it is the discovery of the royal mummies only a few years ago that supplies the climax of interest to the great museum. The account of the difficulties attending their disinterment has been graphically narrated by Maspéro, who conducted the laborious process, and secured this priceless harvest. There are seventy-five sarcophagi (with about three hundred cases, coverings, and boxes belonging to them), which were selected from about twice that number found at Bab-el-Molook. They now occupy the gorgeous rooms where Ismail Pasha once dwelt. A sarcophagus comprised usually four or five parts, a single or double coffin with covers, a flat "cartonnage," or *papier maché* wrapping placed immediately over the mummy, and under the covering of the inside coffin. All sorts of articles were found in the chambers that sheltered these fugitive mummies in their hiding-place; palm-leaf fans, foot-gear in leather of different colors; straw sandals, canes with ivory heads, whips with wooden handles, and other trifles. In one sarcophagus, which contained the remains of a priestess of Ammon, there were two little wooden statuettes of Isis and Nepthys, who are ever weeping for Osiris. The linen wrappings were of the finest quality, bordered with blue trimmings. Flowers were in the coffin, and had retained a remarkably fresh appearance, but dropped to dust when exposed to the outside air.

Some of the outer cases are so richly adorned that they have been much injured by thieves for the sake of the gold used on them ; some are painted on a brilliantly yellow groundwork, and some on a sort of white enamel. The texts and inscriptions upon them are very interesting. At times the "cartonnage" is elaborately carved in open work ; some of the ornamentation is in high relief, and the whole effect is heightened by the increased size of each added coffin or case, which sometimes reaches colossal proportions. Two of the largest contained a king and a queen, who obtained divine honors of some unusual sort. The history of each mummy is known, as each coffin is inscribed with a biography of its occupant. Some of the bodies are wrapped in orange-colored linen ; one is enveloped from head to foot in garlands of flowers. A wasp was found among them. It must have flown in before the closing of the coffin, and made itself famous as the only one ever to be mummified. In the burial-chamber, there was also the funeral pavilion of Queen Isomkheb, folded and laid in a corner as if in haste. One of the coffins is almost entirely covered with heavy gold-leaf, and its ornamentation is heightened by fragments of precious stones and enamel.

The original occupants of these gorgeous coffins arouse an undying interest, and reveal

invaluable secrets of the remote past. The bodies of Seti I., of Thothmes III., and above all, that of Rameses the Great, are here in actual and undisputed sovereignty and verity. We bow our heads in willing homage to this king among kings, and hero among heroes. He lies in a magnificent coffin, which is made in the image of Osiris, the eyes and other features tinted with black enamel, the hands still holding the sceptre. Upon the breast is painted the cartouche of Rameses. Maspéro uncovered the mummy, and found not only indisputable evidence of the authenticity of the great monarch's corpse, but an account of an accident which happened to the first coffin, of a much earlier date than the present one, and of the transfer of the body to the case it now occupies, which had greatly perplexed Maspéro. Rameses is declared to have been the handsomest man that ever lived — a man of brilliant intellect, a statesman, a warrior, and — a beauty. These claims are all granted in the presence of this dark-brown, fleshless, gaunt, but most majestic mummy, whose splendid height and haughty bearing indicate clearly his royal supremacy.

Thus even in the gay and beautiful Cairo of the present or while enjoying the freshness of the desert, and the palms of Luxor, and the fascination of the Egypt of to-day, we linger longest among the relics of its ancient glory ; we reclothe

the long-silent kings with flesh and spirit, and re-live in them the glorious epochs of the past. We listen as the waves of the Nile repeat the story that they learned when the world was young ; we hear the echo of ancient music in the corridors of the temples and the sighs of the mourners as they sit in the seclusion of these funeral chapels.

It is fitting that so grand a nation should have left so many monuments ; that its history should have been inscribed in such various records, and that each of its conquerors, though sweeping violently over its early dynasties, should yet never really obliterate the characteristics of its original inhabitants. Their individuality, and even their physical traits, have never failed to assert themselves, and are recognized in the twentieth century after Christ as intrinsically the same as they were sixty centuries before Christ's coming. Their history opens ever farther and farther behind us, and the exhaustless interest of the theme continues to lure the student to the hopeless attempt to portray the outlines of their grandeur.

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